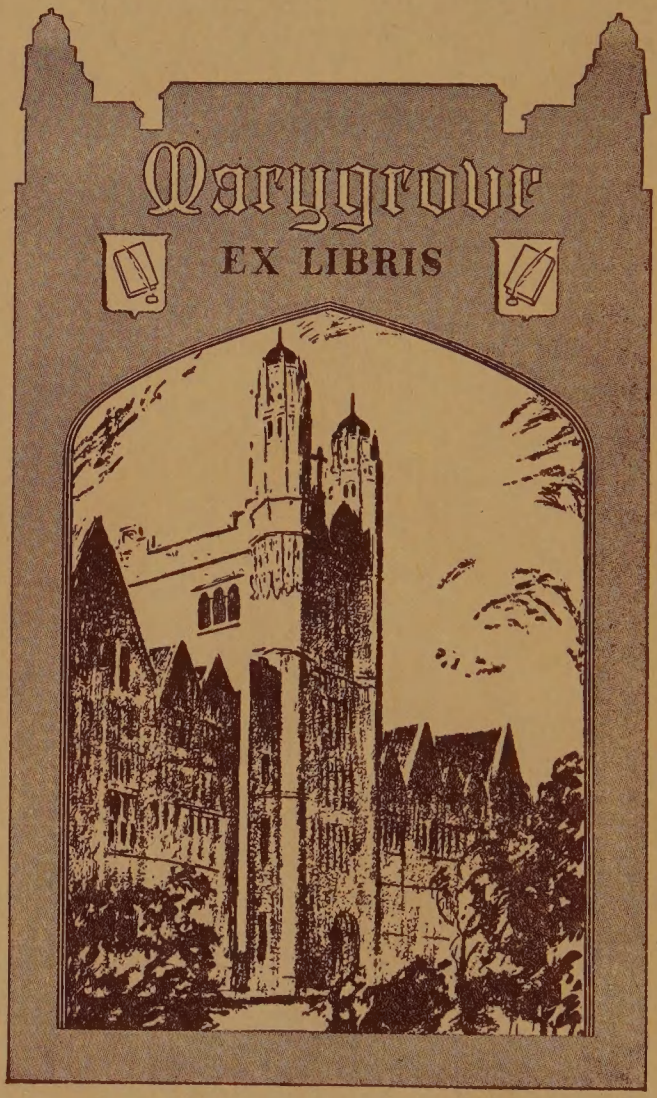
THE WRITINGS OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE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Riverside Edition

THE WRITINGS OF

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTIONS
PORTRAITS, AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME IV


J. WEST CLINEDINST

The Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe

Riverside Edition

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

DRED

A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp

TOGETHER WITH

ANTI-SLAVERY TALES AND PAPERS, AND LIFE IN FLORIDA AFTER THE WAR

BY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds:
His path was rugged and sore, —
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tears, that nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew."

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The frontispiece (Tiff's prayer, page 32), is from a drawing by B. West Clinedinst.

The vignette (Mrs. Stowe's home at Mandarin, Florida) is from a drawing by Charles Copeland.

DRED

A TALE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE TIE BREAKS

Clayton remained at Canema several days after the funeral. He had been much affected by the last charge given him by Nina, that he should care for her people; and the scene of distress which he witnessed among them, at her death, added to the strength of his desire to be of service to them.

He spent some time in looking over and arranging Nina's papers. He sealed up the letters of her different friends, and directed them in order to be returned to the writers, causing Harry to add to each a memorandum of the time of her death. His heart sunk heavily when he reflected how little it was possible for any one to do for servants left in the uncontrolled power of a man like Tom Gordon. The awful words of his father's decision, with regard to the power of the master, never seemed so dreadful as now, when he was to see this unlimited authority passed into the hands of one whose passions were his only law. He recalled, too, what Nina had said of the special bitterness existing between Tom and Harry; and his heart almost failed him when he recollected that the very step which Nina, in her generosity, had taken to save Lisette from his lawlessness, had been the

means of placing her, without remedy, under his power. Under the circumstances, he could not but admire the calmness and firmness with which Harry still continued to discharge his duties to the estate; visiting those who were still ailing, and doing his best to prevent their sinking into a panic which might predispose to another attack of disease. Recollecting that Nina had said something of some kind of a contract, by which Harry's freedom was to be secured in case of her death, he resolved to speak with him on the subject. As they were together in the library, looking over the papers, Clayton said to him: —

"Harry, is there not some kind of contract, or understanding, with the guardians of the estate, by which your liberty was secured in case of the death of your mistress?"

"Yes," said Harry, "there is such a paper. I was to have my freedom on paying a certain sum, which is all paid in to five hundred dollars."

"I will advance you that money," said Clayton, unhesitatingly, "if that is all that is necessary. Let me see the paper."

Harry produced it, and Clayton looked it over. It was a regular contract, drawn in proper form, and with no circumstance wanting to give it validity. Clayton, however, knew enough of the law which regulates the condition in which Harry stood, to know that it was of no more avail in his case than so much blank paper. He did not like to speak of it, but sat reading it over, weighing every word, and dreading the moment when he should be called upon to make some remark concerning it; knowing, as he did, that what he had to say must dash all Harry's hopes, — the hopes of his whole life. While he was hesitating a servant entered and announced Mr. Jekyl; and that gentleman, with a business-like directness which usually characterized his movements, entered the library immediately after.

"Good-morning, Mr. Clayton," he said, and then, nodding

patronizingly to Harry, he helped himself to a chair and stated his business, without further preamble.

"I have received orders from Mr. Gordon to come and take possession of the estate and chattels of his deceased sister without delay."

As Clayton sat perfectly silent, it seemed to occur to Mr. Jekyl that a few moral reflections of a general nature would be in etiquette on the present occasion. He therefore added, in the tone of voice which he reserved particularly for that style of remark: —

"We have been called upon to pass through most solemn and afflicting dispensations of Divine Providence lately. Mr. Clayton, these things remind us of the shortness of life, and of the necessity of preparation for death!"

Mr. Jekyl paused, and, as Clayton still sat silent, he went on: —

"There was no will, I presume?"

"No," said Clayton, "there was not."

"Ah, so I supposed," said Mr. Jekyl, who had now recovered his worldly tone. "In that case, of course the whole property reverts to the heir-at-law, just as I had imagined."

"Perhaps Mr. Jekyl would look at this paper," said Harry, taking his contract from the hand of Mr. Clayton, and passing it to Mr. Jekyl, who took out his spectacles, placed them deliberately on his sharp nose, and read the paper through.

"Were you under the impression," said he to Harry, "that this is a legal document?"

"Certainly," said Harry. "I can bring witnesses to prove Mr. John Gordon's signature, and Miss Nina's also."

"Oh, that's all evident enough," said Mr. Jekyl. "I know Mr. John Gordon's signature. But all the signatures in the world could n't make it a valid contract. You see, my boy," he said, turning to Harry, "a slave, not being a

person in the eye of the law, cannot have a contract made with him. The law, which is based on the old Roman code, holds him *pro nullis, pro mortuis;* which means, Harry, that he 's held as nothing, — as dead, inert substance. That 's his position in law."

"I believe," said Harry in a strong and bitter tone, "that is what religious people call a Christian institution!"

"Hey?" said Mr. Jekyl, elevating his eyebrows; "what 's that?"

Harry repeated his remark, and Mr. Jekyl replied in the most literal manner: —

"Of course it is. It is a Divine ordering, and ought to be met in a proper spirit. There 's no use, my boy, in rebellion. Hath not the potter power over the clay, to make one lump to honor and the other to dishonor?"

"Mr. Jekyl, I think it would be expedient to confine the conversation simply to legal matters," said Clayton.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Jekyl. "And this brings me to say that I have orders from Mr. Gordon to stay till he comes, and keep order on the place. Also that none of the hands shall, at any time, leave the plantation until he arrives. I brought two or three officers with me, in case there should be any necessity for enforcing order."

"When will Mr. Gordon be here?" said Clayton.

"To-morrow, I believe," said Mr. Jekyl. "Young man," he added, turning to Harry, "you can produce the papers and books, and I can be attending to the accounts."

Clayton rose and left the room, leaving Harry with the imperturbable Mr. Jekyl, who plunged briskly into the business of the accounts, talking to Harry with as much freedom and composure as if he had not just been destroying the hopes of his whole lifetime.

If, by any kind of inward clairvoyance, or sudden clearing of his mental vision, Mr. Jekyl could have been made to appreciate the anguish which at that moment over-

whelmed the soul of the man with whom he was dealing, we deem it quite possible that he might have been moved to a transient emotion of pity. Even a thorough-paced political economist may sometimes be surprised in this way by the near view of a case of actual irremediable distress; but he would soon have consoled himself, by a species of mental algebra, that the greatest good of the greatest number was nevertheless secure; therefore there was no occasion to be troubled about infinitesimal amounts of suffering. In this way people can reason away every kind of distress but their own; for it is very remarkable that even so slight an ailment as a moderate toothache will put this kind of philosophy entirely to rout.

"It appears to me," said Mr. Jekyl, looking at Harry, after a while, with more attention than he had yet given him, "that something is the matter with you this morning. Are n't you well?"

"In body," said Harry, "I am well."

"Well, what is the matter, then?" said Mr. Jekyl.

"The matter is," said Harry, "that I have all my life been toiling for my liberty, and thought I was coming nearer to it every year; and now, at thirty-five years of age, I find myself still a slave, with no hope of getting free!"

Mr. Jekyl perceived from the outside that there was something the matter inside of his human brother, — some unknown quantity in the way of suffering, such as his algebra gave no rule for ascertaining. He had a confused notion that this was an affliction, and that when people were in affliction they must be talked to; and he proceeded accordingly to talk.

"My boy, this is a dispensation of Divine Providence!"

"I call it a dispensation of human tyranny!" said Harry.

"It pleased the Lord," continued Mr. Jekyl, "to foredoom the race of Ham" —

"Mr. Jekyl, that humbug don't go down with me! I 'm no more of the race of Ham than you are! I 'm Colonel Gordon's oldest son — as white as my brother, who you say owns me! Look at my eyes and my hair, and say if any of the rules about Ham pertain to me!"

"Well," said Mr. Jekyl, "my boy, you must n't get excited. Everything must go, you know, by general rules. We must take that course which secures the greatest general amount of good on the whole, and all such rules will work hard in particular cases. Slavery is a great missionary enterprise for civilizing and christianizing the degraded African."

"Wait till you see Tom Gordon's management on this plantation," said Harry, "and you'll see what sort of a christianizing institution it is! Mr. Jekyl, you know better! You throw such talk as that in the face of your Northern visitors, and you know all the while that Sodom and Gomorrah don't equal some of these plantations, where nobody is n't anybody's husband or wife in particular! You know all these things, and you dare talk to me about a missionary institution! What sort of missionary institutions are the great trading-marts where they sell men and women? What are the means of grace they use there? And the dogs and the negro-hunters! — those are for the greatest good, too! If your soul were in our souls' stead, you 'd see things differently."

Mr. Jekyl was astonished, and said so. But he found a difficulty in presenting his favorite view of the case, under the circumstances; and we believe those ministers of the gospel, and elders, who entertain similar doctrines would gain some new views by the effort to present them to a live man in Harry's circumstances. Mr. Jekyl never had a more realizing sense of the difference between the abstract and concrete.

Harry was now thoroughly roused. He had inherited the violent and fiery passions of his father. His usual ap-

pearance of studied calmness and his habits of deferential address were superinduced; they resembled the thin crust which coats over a flood of boiling lava, and which a burst of the seething mass beneath can shiver in a moment. He was now wholly desperate and reckless. He saw himself already delivered, bound hand and foot, into the hands of a master from whom he could expect neither mercy nor justice. He was like one who had hung suspended over an abyss by grasping a wild rose; the frail and beautiful thing was broken, and he felt himself going, with only despair beneath him. He rose and stood the other side of the table, his hands trembling with excitement.

"Mr. Jekyl," he said, "it is all over me! Twenty years of faithful service have gone for nothing. Myself and wife, and unborn child, are the slaves of a vile wretch! Hush, now! I will have my say for once! I 've borne, and borne, and borne, and it shall come out! You men who call yourselves religious and stand up for such tyranny, — you serpents, you generation of vipers, — how can you escape the damnation of hell? You keep the clothes of them who stone Stephen! You encourage theft, and robbery, and adultery, and you know it! You are worse than the villains themselves, who don't pretend to justify what they do. Now go, tell Tom Gordon — go! I shall fight it out to the last! I 've nothing to hope, and nothing to lose. Let him look out! They made sport of Samson, — they put out his eyes, — but he pulled down the temple over their heads, after all. Look out!"

There is something awful in an outburst of violent passion. The veins in Harry's forehead were swollen, his lips were livid, his eyes glittered like lightning; and Mr. Jekyl cowered before him.

"There will come a day," said Harry, "when all this shall be visited upon you! The measure you have filled to us shall be filled to you double, — mark my words!"

Harry spoke so loudly in his vehemence that Clayton overheard him, and came behind him silently into the room. He was pained, shocked, and astonished; and, obeying the first instinct, he came forward and laid his hand entreatingly on Harry's shoulder.

"My good fellow, you don't know what you are saying," he said.

"Yes, I do," said Harry, "and my words will be true!"

Another witness had come behind Clayton, Tom Gordon, in his traveling-dress, with pistols at his belt. He had ridden over after Jekyl, and had arrived in time to hear part of Harry's frantic ravings.

"Stop!" he said, stepping into the middle of the room; "leave that fellow to me! Now, boy," he said, fixing his dark and evil eye upon Harry, "you did n't know that your master was hearing you, did you? The last time we met, you told me I was n't your master! Now, we 'll see if you 'll say that again! You went whimpering to your mistress, and got her to buy Lisette, so as to keep her out of my way! Now who owns her? — say! Do you see this?" he said, holding up a long, lithe gutta-percha cane. "This is what I whip dogs with, when they don't know their place! Now, sir, down on your knees, and ask pardon for your impudence, or I 'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"I won't kneel to my younger brother!" said Harry.

With a tremendous oath, Tom struck him; and, as if a rebound from the stroke, Harry struck back a blow so violent as to send him stumbling across the room against the opposite wall; then turned, quick as thought, sprang through the open window, climbed down the veranda, vaulted on to Tom's horse, which stood tied at the post, and fled as rapidly as lightning to his cottage door, where Lisette stood at the ironing-table. He reached out his hand and said, "Up, quick, Lisette! Tom Gordon's

here!" And before Tom Gordon had fairly recovered from the dizziness into which the blow had thrown him, the fleet blood-horse was whirling Harry and Lisette past bush and tree, till they arrived at the place where he had twice before met Dred.

Dred was standing there. "Even so," he said, as the horse stopped, and Harry and Lisette descended; "the vision is fulfilled! Behold, the Lord shall make thee a witness and commander to the people!"

"There's no time to be lost," said Harry.

"Well I know that," said Dred. "Come, follow me!"

And before sunset of that evening Harry and Lisette were tenants of the wild fastness in the centre of the swamp.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE PURPOSE

It would be scarcely possible to describe the scene which Harry left in the library. Tom Gordon was for a few moments stunned by the violence of his fall, and Clayton and Mr. Jekyl at first did not know but he had sustained some serious injury; and the latter, in his confusion, came very near attempting his recovery by pouring in his face the contents of the large inkstand. Certainly quite as appropriate a method, under the circumstances, as the exhortations with which he had deluged Harry. But Clayton, with more presence of mind, held his hand and rang for water. In a few moments, however, Tom recovered himself, and started up furiously.

"Where is he?" he shouted, with a volley of oaths, which made Mr. Jekyl pull up his shirt-collar, as became a good elderly gentleman, preparatory to a little admonition.

"My young friend" — he began.

"Blast you! None of your young friends to me! Where is he?"

"He has escaped," said Clayton quietly.

"He got right out of the window," said Mr. Jekyl.

"Confound you! why did n't you stop him?" said Tom violently.

"If that question is addressed to me," said Clayton, "I do not interfere in your family affairs."

"You *have* interfered, more than you ever shall again!" said Tom roughly. "But there 's no use talking now; that fellow must be chased! He thinks he 's got away

from me, — we 'll see! I 'll make such an example of him as shall be remembered!" He rang the bell violently. "Jim," he said, "did you see Harry go off on my horse?"

"Yes, sah!"

"Then why in thunder did n't you stop him?"

"I tought Mas'r Tom sent him, — did so!"

"You knew better, you dog! And now, I tell you, order out the best horses, and be on after him! And if you don't catch him, it shall be the worse for you! — Stay! Get me a horse! I 'll go myself."

Clayton saw that it was useless to remain any longer at Canema. He therefore ordered his horse, and departed. Tom Gordon cast an evil eye after him as he rode away.

"I hate that fellow!" he said. "I 'll make him mischief one of these days, if I can!"

As to Clayton, he rode away in bitterness of spirit. There are some men so constituted that the sight of injustice which they have no power to remedy is perfectly maddening to them. This is a very painful and unprofitable constitution, so far as this world is concerned; but they can no more help it than they can the toothache. Others may say to them, "Why, what is it to you? You can't help it, and it 's none of your concern;" but still the fever burns on. Besides, Clayton had just passed through one of the great crises of life. All there is in that strange mystery of what man can feel for woman had risen like a wave within him; and, gathering into itself for a time the whole force of his being, had broken, with one dash, on the shore of death, and the waters had flowed helplessly backward. In the great void which follows such a crisis, the soul sets up a craving and cry for something to come in to fill the emptiness; and while the heart says no person can come into that desolate and sacred inclosure, it sometimes embraces a purpose, as in some sort a substitute. In this manner, with solemnity and earnestness, Clayton resolved

to receive as a life-purpose a struggle with this great system of injustice, which, like a parasitic weed, had struck its roots through the whole growth of society, and was sucking thence its moisture and nourishment.

As he rode through the lonely pine woods, he felt his veins throbbing and swelling with indignation and desire. And there arose within him that sense of power which sometimes seems to come over man like an inspiration, and leads him to say, "This shall not be, and this shall be;" as if he possessed the ability to control the crooked course of human events. He was thankful in his heart that he had taken the first step, by entering his public protest against this injustice, in quitting the bar of his native State. What was next to be done, how the evil was to be attacked, how the vague purpose fulfilled, he could not say. Clayton was not aware, any more than others in his situation have been, of what he was undertaking. He had belonged to an old and respected family, and always, as a matter of course, been received in all circles with attention, and listened to with respect. He who glides dreamily down the glassy surface of a mighty river floats securely, making his calculations to row upward. He knows nothing what the force of that seemingly glassy current will be when his one feeble oar is set against the whole volume of its waters. Clayton did not know that he was already a marked man; that he had touched a spot in the society where he lived which was vital, and which that society would never suffer to be touched with impunity. It was the fault of Clayton, and is the fault of all such men, that he judged mankind by himself. He could not believe that anything, except ignorance and inattention, could make men upholders of deliberate injustice. He thought all that was necessary was the enlightening of the public mind, the direction of general attention to the subject. In his way homeward he revolved in his mind immediate measures of action. This evil should

no longer be tampered with. He would take on himself the task of combining and concentrating those vague impulses towards good which he supposed were existing in the community. He would take counsel of leading minds. He would give his time to journeyings through the State; he would deliver addresses, write in the newspapers, and do what otherwise lies in the power of a free man who wishes to reach an utterly unjust law. Full of these determinations, Clayton entered again his father's house, after two days of solitary riding. He had written in advance to his parents of the death of Nina, and had begged them to spare him any conversation on that subject; and therefore, on his first meeting with his mother and father, there was that painful blank, that heavy dullness of suffering, which comes when people meet together feeling deeply on one absorbing subject which must not be named. It was a greater self-denial to his impulsive, warm-hearted mother than to Clayton. She yearned to express sympathy; to throw herself upon his neck; to draw forth his feelings, and mingle them with her own. But there are some people with whom this is impossible; it seems to be their fate that they cannot speak of what they suffer. It is not pride nor coldness, but a kind of fatal necessity, as if the body were a marble prison in which the soul were condemned to bleed and suffer alone. It is the last triumph of affection and magnanimity when a loving heart can respect that suffering silence of its beloved, and allow that lonely liberty in which only some natures can find comfort.

Clayton's sorrow could only be measured by the eagerness and energy with which, in conversation, he pursued the object with which he endeavored to fill his mind.

"I am far from looking forward with hope to any success from your efforts," said Judge Clayton, "the evil is so radical."

"I sometimes think," said Mrs. Clayton, "that I regret

that Edward began as he did. It was such a shock to the prejudices of people."

"People have got to be shocked," said Clayton, "in order to wake them up out of old absurd routine. Use paralyzes us to almost every injustice; when people are shocked, they begin to think and to inquire."

"But would it not have been better," said Mrs. Clayton, "to have preserved your personal influence, and thus have insinuated your opinions more gradually? There is such a prejudice against abolitionists; and when a man makes any sudden demonstration on this subject, people are apt to call him an abolitionist, and then his influence is all gone, and he can do nothing."

"I suspect," said Clayton, "there are multitudes now in every part of our State who are kept from expressing what they really think, and doing what they ought to do, by this fear. Somebody must brave this mad-dog cry; somebody must be willing to be odious; and I shall answer the purpose as well as anybody."

"Have you any definite plan of what is to be attempted?" said his father.

"Of course," said Clayton, "a man's first notions on such a subject must be crude; but it occurred to me, first, to endeavor to excite the public mind on the injustice of the present slave law, with a view to altering it."

"And what points would you alter?" said Judge Clayton.

"I would give to the slave the right to bring suit for injury, and to be a legal witness in court. I would repeal the law forbidding their education, and I would forbid the separation of families."

Judge Clayton sat pondering. At length he said, "And how will you endeavor to excite the public mind?"

"I shall appeal first," said Clayton, "to the church and the ministry."

"You can try it," said his father.

"Why," said Mrs. Clayton, "these reforms are so evidently called for by justice and humanity, and the spirit of the age, that I can have no doubt that there will be a general movement among all good people in their favor."

Judge Clayton made no reply. There are some cases where silence is the most disagreeable kind of dissent, because it admits of no argument in reply.

"In my view," said Clayton, "the course of legal reform, in the first place, should remove all those circumstances in the condition of the slaves which tend to keep them in ignorance and immorality, and make the cultivation of self-respect impossibe; such as the want of education, protection in the family state, and the legal power of obtaining redress for injuries. After that, the next step would be to allow those masters who are so disposed to emancipate, giving proper security for the good behavior of their servants. They might then retain them as tenants. Under this system, emancipation would go on gradually; only the best masters would at first emancipate, and the example would be gradually followed. The experiment would soon demonstrate the superior cheapness and efficiency of the system of free labor; and self-interest would then come in, to complete what principle began. It is only the first step that costs. But it seems to me that in the course of my life I have met with multitudes of good people, groaning in secret under the evils and injustice of slavery, who would gladly give their influence to any reasonable effort which promises in time to ameliorate and remove them."

"The trouble is," said Judge Clayton, "that the system, though ruinous in the long run to communities, is immediately profitable to individuals. Besides this, it is a source of political influence and importance. The holders of slaves are an aristocracy supported by special constitutional privileges. They are united, against the spirit of the age, by a

common interest and danger, and the instinct of self-preservation is infallible. No logic is so accurate.

"As a matter of personal feeling, many slave-holders would rejoice in some of the humane changes which you propose; but they see at once that any change endangers the perpetuity of the system on which their political importance depends. Therefore they'll resist you at the very outset, not because they would not, many of them, be glad to have justice done, but because they think they cannot afford it.

"They will have great patience with you — they will even have sympathy with you — so long as you confine yourself merely to the expression of feeling; but the moment your efforts produce the slightest movement in the community, then, my son, you will see human nature in a new aspect, and know more about mankind than you know now."

"Very well," said Clayton, "the sooner the better."

"Well, Edward," said Mrs. Clayton, "if you are going to begin with the ministry, why don't you go and talk to your Uncle Cushing? He is one of the most influential among the Presbyterians in the whole State; and I have often heard him lament, in the strongest manner, the evils of slavery. He has told me some facts about its effect on the character of his church members, both bond and free, that are terrible!"

"Yes," said Judge Clayton, "your brother will do all that. He will lament the evils of slavery in private circles, and he will furnish you any number of facts, if you will not give his authority for them."

"And don't you think that he will be willing to do something?"

"No," said Judge Clayton, "not if the cause is unpopular."

"Why," said Mrs. Clayton, "do you suppose that my brother will be deterred from doing his duty for fear of personal unpopularity?"

"No," said Judge Clayton; "but your brother has the interest of Zion on his shoulders, — by which he means the Presbyterian organization, — and he will say that he can't afford to risk his influence. And the same will be true of every leading minister of every denomination. The Episcopalians are keeping watch over Episcopacy, the Methodists over Methodism, the Baptists over Baptism. None of them dare espouse an unpopular cause, lest the others, taking advantage of it, should go beyond them in public favor. None of them will want the odium of such a reform as this."

"But I don't see any odium in it," said Mrs. Clayton. "It 's one of the noblest and one of the most necessary of all possible changes."

"Nevertheless," said Judge Clayton, "it will be made to appear extremely odious. The catch-words of abolition, incendiarism, fanaticism, will fly thick as hail. And the storm will be just in proportion to the real power of the movement. It will probably end in Edward's expulsion from the State."

"My father, I should be unwilling to think," said Clayton, "that the world is quite so bad as you represent it, — particularly the religious world."

"I was not aware that I was representing it as very bad," said Judge Clayton. "I only mentioned such facts as everybody can see about them. There are undoubtedly excellent men in the church."

"But," said Clayton, "did not the church, in the primitive ages, stand against the whole world in arms? If religion be anything, must it not take the lead of society, and be its sovereign and teacher, and not its slave?"

"I don't know as to that," said Judge Clayton. "I think you 'll find the facts much as I have represented them. What the church was in the primitive ages, or what it ought to be now, is not at all to our purpose in making practical calculations. Without any disrespect, I wish to speak of

things just as they are. Nothing is ever gained by false expectations."

"Oh," said Mrs. Clayton, "you lawyers get so uncharitable! I'm quite sure that Edward will find brother ready to go heart and hand with him."

"I'm sure I shall be glad of it, if he does," said Judge Clayton.

"I shall write to him about it, immediately," said Mrs. Clayton, "and Edward shall go and talk with him. Courage, Edward! Our woman's instincts, after all, have some prophetic power in them. At all events, we women will stand by you to the last."

Clayton sighed. He remembered the note Nina had written him on the day of the decision, and thought what a brave-hearted little creature she was; and, like the faint breath of a withered rose, the shadowy remembrance of her seemed to say to him, "Go on!"

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE NEW MOTHER

THE cholera at length disappeared, and the establishment of our old friend Tiff proceeded as of yore. His chickens and turkeys grew to maturity, and cackled and strutted joyously. His corn waved its ripening flags in the September breezes. The grave of the baby had grown green with its first coat of grass, and Tiff was comforted for his loss, because, as he said, "he knowed he's better off." Miss Fanny grew healthy and strong, and spent many long sunny hours wandering in the woods with Teddy; or, sitting out on the bench where Nina had been wont to read to them, would spell out with difficulty, for her old friend's comfort and enlightenment, the half-familiar words of the wondrous story that Nina had brought to their knowledge.

The interior of the poor cottage bore its wonted air of quaint, sylvan refinement; and Tiff went on with his old dream of imagining it an ancestral residence, of which his young master and mistress were the head, and himself their whole retinue. He was sitting in his tent door, in the cool of the day, while Teddy and Fanny had gone for wild grapes, cheerfully examining and mending his old pantaloons, meanwhile recreating his soul with a cheerful conversation with himself.

"Now, Old Tiff," said he, "one more patch on dese yer, 'cause it ain't much matter what you w'ars. Mas'r is allers a-promising to bring some cloth fur to make a more 'specable pair; but, laws, he never does nothing he says he will. Ain't no trusting in dat 'scription o' people, — jiggeting up

and down de country, drinking at all de taverns, fetching disgrace on de fam'ly, spite o' all I can do! Mighty long time since he been home, anyhow! Should n't wonder if de cholera 'd cotched him! Well, de Lord's will be done! Pity to kill such critturs? Would n't much mind if he should die! Laws, he ain't much profit to de family, coming home here wid lots o' old trash, drinking up all my chicken-money down to 'Bijah Skinflint's! For my part, I believe dem devils, when dey went out o' de swine, went into de whiskey-bar'l. Dis yer liquor makes folks so ugly! Teddy sha'n't never touch none as long as dere 's a drop o' Peyton blood in my veins! Lord, but dis yer world is full o' 'spensations! Por, dear Miss Nina, dat was a-doin' for de chil-'en! she 's gone up among de angels! Well, bress de Lord, we must do de best we can, and we 'll all land on de Canaan shore at last."

And Tiff uplifted a quavering stave of a favorite melody: —

"My brother, I have found
The land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna.
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclined
To shout and sing hosanna!"

"Shoo! shoo! shoo!" he said, observing certain long-legged, half-grown chickens, who were surreptitiously taking advantage of his devotional engrossments to rush past him into the kitchen.

"'Pears like dese yer chickens never will larn nothing!" said Tiff, finding that his vigorous "shooing" only scared the whole flock in, instead of admonishing them out. So Tiff had to lay down his work; and his thimble rolled one way, and his cake of wax another, hiding themselves under the leaves; while the hens, seeing Tiff at the door, instead of accepting his polite invitation to walk out, acted in that provoking and inconsiderate way that hens generally will, running promiscuously up and down, flapping their wings,

cackling, upsetting pots, kettles, and pans, in promiscuous ruin, Tiff each moment becoming more and more wrathful at their entire want of consideration.

"Bress me, if I ever did see any kind o' crittur so shaller as hens!" said Tiff, as, having finally ejected them, he was busy repairing the ruin they had wrought in Miss Fanny's fanciful floral arrangements, which were all lying in wild confusion. "I tought de Lord made room in every beast's head for some sense, but 'pears like hens ain't got the leastest grain! Puts me out, seeing dem crawking and crawing on one leg, 'cause dey hain't got sense 'nough to know whar to set down toder. Dey never has no idees what dey 's going to do, from morning to night, I b'lieve! But, den, dere 's folks dat 's just like 'em, dat de Lord has gin brains to, and dey won't use 'em. Dey 's always settin' round, but dey never lays no eggs. So hens ain't de wust critturs, arter all. And I rally don' know what we 'd do widout 'em!" said Old Tiff relentingly, as, appeased from his wrath, he took up at once his needle and his psalm, singing lustily and with good courage, —

> "Perhaps you 'll tink me wild,
> And simple as a child,
> But I 'm a child of glory!"

"Laws, now," said Tiff, pursuing his reflections to himself, "maybe he 's dead now, sure 'nough! And if he is, why, I can do for de chil'en raal powerful. I sold right smart of eggs dis yer summer, and de sweet 'tatoes allers fetches a good price. If I could only get de chil'en along wid der reading, and keep der manners handsome! Why, Miss Fanny, now, she 's growing up to be raal perty. She got de raal Peyton look to her; and dere 's dis yer 'bout gals and women, dat if dey 's perty, why, somebody wants to be marrying of 'em; and so dey gets took care of. I tell you, dere sha'n't any of dem fellers dat he brings home wid him have anyting to say to her! Peyton blood ain't for der

money, I can tell 'em! Dem fellers allers find 'emselves mighty onlucky as long as I 's 'round! One ting or 'nother happens to 'em, so dat dey don't want to come no more. Drefful poor times dey has!" and Tiff shook with a secret chuckle.

"But now, yer see, dere 's never any knowing! Dere may be some Peyton property coming to dese yer chil'en. I 's known sich things happen, 'fore now. Lawyers calling after de heirs; and den here dey be a'ready fetched up. I 's minding dat I 'd better speak to Miss Nina's man 'bout dese yer chil'en; 'cause he 's a nice, perty man, and nat'rally he 'd take an interest; and dat ar handsome sister of his, dat was so thick wid Miss Nina, maybe she 'd be doing something for her. Anyway, dese yer chil'en shall neber come to want 'long as I 's above ground!"

Alas for the transitory nature of human expectations! Even our poor little Arcadia in the wilderness, where we have had so many hours of quaint delight, was destined to feel the mutability of all earthly joys and prospects. Even while Tiff spoke and sung, in the exuberance of joy and security of his soul, a disastrous phantom was looming up from a distance,—the phantom of Cripps's old wagon. Cripps was not dead, as was to have been hoped, but returning for a more permanent residence, bringing with him a bride of his own heart's choosing.

Tiff's dismay — his utter, speechless astonishment — may be imagined when the ill-favored machine rumbled up to the door, and Cripps produced from it what seemed to be, at first glance, a bundle of tawdry, dirty finery; but at last it turned out to be a woman, so far gone in intoxication as scarcely to be sensible of what she was doing. Evidently she was one of the lowest of that class of poor whites whose wretched condition is not among the least of the evils of slavery. Whatever she might have been naturally — whatever of beauty or of good there might have been in

the womanly nature within her — lay wholly withered and eclisped under the force of an education churchless, schoolless, with all the vices of civilization without its refinements, and all the vices of barbarism without the occasional nobility by which they are sometimes redeemed. A low and vicious connection with this woman had at last terminated in marriage, — such marriages as one shudders to think of, where gross animal natures come together, without even a glimmering idea of the higher purposes of that holy relation.

"Tiff, this yer is your new mistress," said Cripps, with an idiotic laugh. "Plaguy nice girl, too! I thought I'd bring the children a mother to take care of them. Come along, girl!"

Looking closer, we recognize in the woman our old acquaintance, Polly Skinflint.

He pulled her forward; and she, coming in, seated herself on Fanny's bed. Tiff looked as if he could have struck her dead. An avalanche had fallen upon him. He stood in the door with the slack hand of utter despair; while she, swinging her heels, began leisurely spitting about her, in every direction, the juice of a quid of tobacco which she cherished in one cheek.

"Durned if this yer ain't pretty well!" she said. "Only I want the nigger to heave out that ar trash!" pointing to Fanny's flowers. "I don't want children sticking no herbs round my house! Hey, you nigger, heave out that trash!"

As Tiff stood still, not obeying this call, the woman appeared angry; and, coming up to him, struck him on the side of the head.

"Oh, come, come, Poll!" said Cripps, "you be still! He ain't used to no such ways."

"Still!" said the amiable lady, turning round to him. "You go 'long! Did n't you tell me, if I married you, I should have a nigger to order round just as I pleased?"

"Well, well," said Cripps, who was not by any means a cruelly disposed man, "I did n't think you 'd want to go walloping him the first thing."

"I will, if he don't shin round," said the virago, "and you, too!"

And this vigorous profession was further carried out by a vigorous shove, which reacted in Cripps in the form of a cuff, and in a few moments the disgraceful scuffle was at its full height. And Tiff turned in disgust and horror from the house.

"Oh, good Lord!" he said to himself, "we does n't know what 's 'fore us! And I 's feeling so bad when de Lord took my poor little man, and now I 's ready to go down on my knees to thank de Lord dat he 's took him away from de evil to come! To think of my por sweet lamb, Miss Fanny, as I 's been bringing up so carful! Lord, dis yer 's a heap worse dan de cholera!"

It was with great affliction and dismay that he saw the children coming forward in high spirits, bearing between them a basket of wild grapes which they had been gathering. He ran out to meet them.

"Laws, yer por lambs," he said, "yer does n't know what 's a-coming on you! Yer pa 's gone and married a dreffuL low white woman, sich as ain't fit for no Christian children to speak to. And now dey 's quar'ling and fighting in dere, like two heathens! And Miss Nina 's dead, and dere ain't no place for you to go!" And the old man sat down and actually wept aloud, while the children, frightened, got into his arms, and nestled close to him for protection, crying too.

"What shall we do? what shall we do?" said Fanny. And Teddy, who always repeated reverentially all his sister's words, said after her, in a deplorable whimper, "What shall we do?"

"I 's a good mind to go off wid you in de wilderness,

like de chil'en of Israel," said Tiff, "though dere ain't no manna falling nowadays."

"Tiff, does marrying father make her our ma?" said Fanny.

"No, 'deed, Miss Fanny, it does n't! Yer ma was one o' de fustest old Virginny families. It was jist throwing herself 'way, marrying him! I neber said dat ar 'fore, 'cause it wa'n't 'spectful. But I don't care now!"

At this moment Cripps's voice was heard shouting: —

"Hallo, you Tiff! Where is the durned nigger? I say, come back! Poll and I's made it up, now! Bring 'long them children, and let them get acquainted with their mammy," he said, laying hold of Fanny's hand, and drawing her, frightened and crying, towards the house.

"Don't you be afraid, child," said Cripps; "I've brought you a new ma."

"We did n't want any new ma!" said Teddy, in a dolorous voice.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Cripps, coaxing him. "Come along, my little man! There's your mammy," he said, pushing him into the fat embrace of Polly.

"Fanny, go kiss your ma."

Fanny hung back and cried, and Teddy followed her example.

"Confound the durn young uns!" said the new-married lady. "I told you, Cripps, I did n't want no brats of t' other woman's! Be plague enough when I get some of my own!"

CHAPTER XL

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

THE once neat and happy cottage, of which Old Tiff was the guardian genius, soon experienced sad reverses. Polly Skinflint's violent and domineering temper made her absence from her father's establishment rather a matter of congratulation to Abijah. Her mother, one of those listless and inefficient women whose lives flow in a calm, muddy current of stupidity and laziness, talked very little about it; but, on the whole, was perhaps better contented to be out of the range of Polly's sharp voice and long arms.

It was something of a consideration, in Abijah's shrewd view of things, that Cripps owned a nigger — the first point to which the aspiration of the poor white of the South generally tends. Polly, whose love of power was a predominant element in her nature, resolutely declared, in advance, she 'd make him shin round, or she 'd know the reason why. As to the children, she regarded them as the incumbrances of the estate, to be got over with in the best way possible; for, as she graphically remarked, "every durned young un had to look out when she was 'bout!"

The bride had been endowed with a marriage portion, by her father, of half a barrel of whiskey; and it was announced that Cripps was tired of trading round the country, and meant to set up trading at home. In short, the little cabin became a low grog-shop, a resort of the most miserable and vicious portion of the community. The violent temper of Polly soon drove Cripps upon his travels again, and his children were left unprotected to the fury of their

stepmother's temper. Every vestige of whatever was decent about the house and garden was soon swept away; for the customers of the shop, in a grand Sunday drinking-bout, amused themselves with tearing down even the prairie-rose and climbing-vine that once gave a sylvan charm to the rude dwelling. Polly's course, in the absence of her husband, was one of gross, unblushing licentiousness; and the ears and eyes of the children were shocked with language and scenes too bad for repetition.

Old Tiff was almost heart-broken. He could have borne the beatings and starvings which came on himself, but the abuse which came on the children he could not bear. One night, when the drunken orgy was raging within the house, Tiff gathered courage from despair.

"Miss Fanny," he said, "jist go in de garret, and make a bundle o' sich tings as dere is, and throw 'em out o' de winder. I 's been a-praying night and day, and de Lord says *He* 'll open some way or oder for us! I 'll keep Teddy out here under de trees, while you jist bundles up what por clothes is left, and throws 'em out o' de winder."

Silently as a ray of moonlight, the fair, delicate-looking child glided through the room where her stepmother and two or three drunken men were reveling in a loathsome debauch.

"Hallo, sis!" cried one of the men after her, "where are you going to? Stop here and give me a kiss!"

The unutterable look of mingled pride and fear and angry distress which the child cast, as, quick as thought, she turned from them and ran up the ladder into the loft, occasioned roars of laughter.

"I say, Bill, why did n't you catch her?" said one.

"Oh, no matter for that," said another; "she 'll come of her own accord one of these days."

Fanny 's heart beat like a frightened bird as she made up her little bundle. Then, throwing it to Tiff, who was

below in the dark, she called out, in a low, earnest whisper, —

"Tiff, put up that board and I 'll climb down on it. I won't go back among those dreadful men!"

Carefully and noiselessly as possible, Tiff lifted a long, rough slab, and placed it against the side of the house. Carefully Fanny set her feet on the top of it, and, spreading her arms, came down, like a little puff of vapor, into the arms of her faithful attendant.

"Bress de Lord! Here we is, all right," said Tiff.

"Oh, Tiff, I 'm so glad!" said Teddy, holding fast to the skirt of Tiff's apron and jumping for joy.

"Yes," said Tiff, "all right. Now de angel of de Lord 'll go with us into de wilderness!"

"Ther 's plenty of angels there, ain't there?" said Teddy victoriously, as he lifted the little bundle, with undoubting faith.

"Laws, yes!" said Tiff. "I don' know why dere should n't be in our days. Any rate, de Lord 'peared to me in a dream, and says he, 'Tiff, rise and take de chil'en and go in de land of Egypt, and be dere till de time I tell dee.' Dem is de bery words. And 't was 'tween de cockcrow and daylight dey come to me, when I 'd been lying dar praying, like a hailstorm, all night, not gibing de Lord no rest! Says I to him, says I, 'Lord, I don' know nothing what to do; and now, ef you was por as I be, and I was great king like you, I 'd help you! And now, Lord,' says I, 'you *must* help us, 'cause we ain't got no place else to go; 'cause, you know, Miss Nina she 's dead, and Mr. John Gordon, too! And dis yer woman will ruin dese yer chil'en ef you don't help us! And now I hope you won't be angry! But I has to be very bold, 'cause tings have got so dat we can't bar 'em no longer!' Den, yer see, I dropped 'sleep; and I had n't no more 'n got to sleep, jist after cockcrow, when de voice come!"

"And is this the land of Egypt," said Teddy, "that we 're going to?"

"I spect so," said Tiff. "Don't you know de story Miss Nina read to you once, how de angel of de Lord 'peared to Hagar in de wilderness, when she was sitting down under de bush? Den dere was anoder one come to 'Lijah, when he was under de juniper-tree, when he was wandering up and down, and got hungry and woke up; and dere, sure 'nough, was a corncake baking for him on de coals! Don't you mind Miss Nina was reading dat ar de bery last Sunday she come to our place? Bress de Lord for sending her to us! I 's got heaps o' good through dem readings."

"Do you think we really shall see any?" said Fanny, with a little shade of apprehension in her voice. "I don't know as I shall know how to speak to them."

"Oh, angels is pleasant-spoken, well-meaning folks, allers," said Tiff, "and don't take no 'fense at us. Of course, dey knows we ain't fetched up in der ways, and dey don't 'spect it of us. It 's my 'pinion," said Tiff, "dat when folks is honest, and does de bery best dey can, dey don't need to be 'fraid to speak to angels, nor nobody else; 'cause, you see, we speaks to de Lord hisself when we prays, and, bress de Lord, he don't take it ill of us, noways. And now it 's borne in strong on my mind dat de Lord is going to lead us through the wilderness and bring us to good luck. Now, you see, I 's going to follow de star, like de wise men did."

While they were talking, they were making their way through dense woods in the direction of the swamp, every moment taking them deeper and deeper into the tangled brush and underwood. The children were accustomed to wander for hours through the wood; and, animated by the idea of having escaped their persecutors, followed Tiff with alacrity, as he went before them, clearing away the brambles and vines with his long arms, every once in a while wading

with them across a bit of morass, or climbing his way through the branches of some uprooted tree. It was after ten o'clock at night when they started. It was now after midnight. Tiff had held on his course in the direction of the swamp, where he knew many fugitives were concealed; and he was not without hopes of coming upon some camp or settlement of them.

About one o'clock they emerged from the more tangled brushwood, and stood on a slight little clearing, where a grapevine, depending in natural festoons from a sweet gum-tree, made a kind of arbor. The moon was shining very full and calm, and the little breeze fluttered the grape leaves, casting the shadow of some on the transparent greenness of others. The dew had fallen so heavily in that moist region that every once in a while, as a slight wind agitated the leaves, it might be heard pattering from one to another, like raindrops. Teddy had long been complaining bitterly of fatigue. Tiff now sat down under this arbor, and took him fondly into his arms.

"Sit down, Miss Fanny. And is Tiff's brave little man got tired? Well, he shall go to sleep, dat he shall! We 's got out a good bit now. I reckon dey won't find us. We 's out here wid de good Lord's works, and dey won't none on 'em tell on us. So now hush, my por little man; shut up your eyes!" And Tiff quavered the immortal cradle-hymn, —

> "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
> Holy angels guard thy bed;
> Heavenly blessings without number
> Gently falling on thy head."

In a few moments Teddy was sound asleep, and Tiff, wrapping him in his white great-coat, laid him down at the root of a tree.

"Bress de Lord, dere ain't no whiskey here!" he said, "nor no drunken critturs to wake him up. And now, Miss

Fanny, por chile, your eyes is a-falling. Here's dis yer old shawl I put up in de pocket of my coat. Wrap it round you, whilst I scrape up a heap of dem pine leaves yonder. Dem is reckoned mighty good for sleeping on, 'cause dey's so healthy, kinder. Dar, you see, I's got a desput big heap of 'em."

"I'm tired, but I'm not sleepy," said Fanny. "But, Tiff, what are you going to do?"

"Do!" said Tiff, laughing, with somewhat of his old, joyous laugh. "Ho! ho! ho! I's going to sit up for to meditate, — a-'sidering on de fowls of de air, and de lilies in de field, and all dem dar Miss Nina used to read 'bout."

For many weeks, Fanny's bedchamber had been the hot, dusty loft of the cabin, with the heated roof just above her head, and the noise of bacchanalian revels below. Now she lay sunk down among the soft and fragrant pine foliage, and looked up, watching the checkered roof of vine leaves above her head, listening to the still patter of falling dewdrops, and the tremulous whir and flutter of leaves. Sometimes the soft night-winds swayed the tops of the pines with a long swell of dashing murmurs, like the breaking of a tide on a distant beach. The moonlight, as it came sliding down through the checkered, leafy roof, threw fragments and gleams of light, which moved capriciously here and there over the ground, revealing now a great silvery fern leaf, and then a tuft of white flowers, gilding spots on the branches and trunks of the trees; while every moment the deeper shadows were lighted up by the gleaming of fireflies. The child would raise her head awhile, and look on the still scene around, and then sink on her fragrant pillow in dreamy delight. Everything was so still, so calm, so pure, no wonder she was prepared to believe that the angels of the Lord were to be found in the wilderness. They who have walked in closest communion with nature have ever found that they have not departed thence.

The wilderness and solitary places are still glad for them, and their presence makes the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

When Fanny and Teddy were both asleep, Old Tiff knelt down and addressed himself to his prayers; and, though he had neither prayer-book, nor cushion, nor formula, his words went right to the mark, in the best English he could command for any occasion; and, so near as we could collect from the sound of his words, Tiff's prayer ran as follows: —

"O good Lord, now please do look down on dese yer chil'en. I started 'em out, as you telled me; and now whar we is to go, and whar we is to get any breakfast, I 's sure I don' know. But, O good Lord, you has got everything in de world in yer hands, and it 's mighty easy for you to be helping on us; and I has faith to believe dat you will. O bressed Lord Jesus, dat was carried off into Egypt for fear of de King Herod, do, pray, look down on dese yer por chil'en, for I 's sure dat ar woman is as bad as Herod any day. Good Lord, you 's seen how she 's been treating on 'em; and now do pray open a way for us through de wilderness to de promised land. Everlasting — Amen."

The last two words Tiff always added to his prayers, from a sort of sense of propriety, feeling as if they rounded off the prayer, and made it, as he would have phrased it, more like a white prayer. We have only to say, to those who question concerning this manner of prayer, that, if they will examine the supplications of patriarchs of ancient times, they will find that, with the exception of the broken English and bad grammar, they were in substance very much like this of Tiff.

The Bible divides men into two classes: those who trust in themselves, and those who trust in God. The one class walk by their own light, trust in their own strength, fight their own battles, and have no confidence otherwise. The

other, not neglecting to use the wisdom and strength which God has given them, still trust in his wisdom and his strength to carry out the weakness of theirs. The one class go through life as orphans; the other have a Father. Tiff's prayer had at least this recommendation, that he felt perfectly sure that something was to come of it. Had he not told the Lord all about it? Certainly he had; and of course he would be helped. And this confidence Tiff took, as Jacob did a stone, for his pillow, as he lay down between his children and slept soundly.

How innocent, soft, and kind are all God's works! From the silent shadows of the forest the tender and loving presence which our sin exiled from the haunts of men hath not yet departed. Sweet fall the moonbeams through the dewy leaves; peaceful is the breeze that waves the branches of the pines; merciful and tender the little wind that shakes the small flowers and tremulous wood-grasses fluttering over the heads of the motherless children. O thou who bearest in thee a heart hot and weary, sick and faint with the vain tumults and confusions of the haunts of men, go to the wilderness, and thou shalt find Him there who saith, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. I will be as the dew to Israel. He shall grow as a lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."

Well, they slept there quietly all night long. Between three and four o'clock an oriole, who had his habitation in the vine above their heads, began a gentle twittering conversation with some of his neighbors; not a loud song, I would give you to understand, but a little, low inquiry as to what o'clock it was. And then, if you had been in a still room at that time, you might have heard, through all the trees of pine, beech, holly, sweet-gum, and larch, a little, tremulous stir and flutter of birds awaking and stretching their wings. Little eyes were opening in a thousand climbing vines, where soft, feathery habitants had hung, swing-

ing breezily, all night. Low twitterings and chirpings were heard; then a loud, clear, echoing chorus of harmony answering from tree to tree, jubilant and joyous as if there never had been a morning before. The morning star had not yet gone down, nor were the purple curtains of the east undrawn; and the moon, which had been shining full all night, still stood like a patient, late-burning light in a quiet chamber. It is not everybody that wakes to hear this first chorus of the birds. They who sleep till sunrise have lost it, and with it a thousand mysterious pleasures, — strange, sweet communings, — which, like morning dew, begin to evaporate when the sun rises.

But, though Tiff and the children slept all night, we are under no obligations to keep our eyes shut to the fact that between three and four o'clock there came crackling through the swamps the dark figure of one whose journeyings were more often by night than by day. Dred had been out on one of his nightly excursions, carrying game, which he disposed of for powder and shot at one of the low stores we have alluded to. He came unexpectedly on the sleepers while making his way back. His first movement, on seeing them, was that of surprise; then, stooping and examining the group more closely, he appeared to recognize them. Dred had known Old Tiff before; and had occasion to go to him more than once to beg supplies for fugitives in the swamps, or to get some errand performed which he could not himself venture abroad to attend to. Like others of his race, Tiff, on all such subjects, was so habitually and unfathomably secret that the children, who knew him most intimately, had never received even a suggestion from him of the existence of any such person.

Dred, whose eyes, sharpened by habitual caution, never lost sight of any change in his vicinity, had been observant of that which had taken place in Old Tiff's affairs. When, therefore, he saw him sleeping as we have described, he

understood the whole matter at once. He looked at the children, as they lay nestled at the roots of the tree, with something of a softened expression, muttering to himself, "They embrace the Rock for shelter."

He opened a pouch which he wore on his side, and took from thence one or two corn-dodgers and half a broiled rabbit, which his wife had put up for hunting-provision the day before, and, laying them down on the leaves, hastened on to a place where he had intended to surprise some game in the morning.

The chorus of birds we have before described awakened Old Tiff, accustomed to habits of early rising. He sat up, and began rubbing his eyes and stretching himself. He had slept well, for his habits of life had not been such as to make him at all fastidious with regard to his couch.

"Well," he said to himself, "anyway, dat ar woman won't get dese yer chil'en dis yer day!" And he gave one of his old hearty laughs to think how nicely he had outwitted her.

"Laws," he said to himself, "don't I hear her now! 'Tiff! Tiff! Tiff!' she says. Holla away, old mist'! Tiff don't hear yer! no, nor de chil'en eider, por blessed lambs!"

Here, in turning to the children, his eye fell on the provisions. At first he stood petrified, with his hands lifted in astonishment. Had the angel been there? Sure enough, he thought.

"Well, now, bress de Lord, sure 'nough, here 's de bery breakfast I 's asking for last night! Well, I knowed de Lord would do something for us; but I really did n't know as 't would come so quick! Maybe ravens brought it, as dey did to 'Lijah, — bread and flesh in de morning, and bread and flesh at night. Well, dis yer 's 'couraging, —'t is so. I won't wake up de por little lambs. Let 'em sleep. Dey 'll be mighty tickled when dey comes fur to see de breakfast; and, den, out here it 's so sweet and clean! None yer nasty 'bacca spittin's of folks dat does n't know

how to be decent. Bress me, I 's rather tired myself. I spects I 'd better camp down again till de chil'en wakes. Dat ar crittur 's kep me gwine till I 's got pretty stiff, wid her contraryways. Spect she 'll be as troubled as King Herod was, and all 'Rusalem wid her!"

And Tiff rolled and laughed quietly, in the security of his heart.

"I say, Tiff, where are we?" said a little voice at his side.

"Whar is we, puppit?" said Tiff, turning over; "why, bress yer sweet eyes, how does yer do, dis morning? Stretch away, my man! Neber be 'fraid; we 's in de Lord's diggin's now, all safe. And de angel 's got a breakfast ready for us, too!" said Tiff, displaying the provision which he had arranged on some vine leaves.

"Oh, Uncle Tiff, did the angels bring that?" said Teddy. "Why did n't you wake me up? I wanted to see them. I never saw any angel in all my life!"

"Nor I neider, honey. Dey comes mostly when we 's 'sleep. But stay, dere 's Miss Fanny a-waking up. How is ye, lamb? Is ye 'freshed?"

"Oh, Uncle Tiff, I 've slept so sound," said Fanny; "and I dreamed such a beautiful dream!"

"Well, den, tell it right off, 'fore breakfast," said Tiff, "to make it come true."

"Well," said Fanny, "I dreamed I was in a desolate place, where I could n't get out, all full of rocks and brambles, and Teddy was with me; and while we were trying and trying, our ma came to us. She looked like our ma, only a great deal more beautiful; and she had a strange white dress on, that shone, and hung clear to her feet; and she took hold of our hands, and the rocks opened, and we walked through a path into a beautiful green meadow, full of lilies and wild strawberries; and then she was gone."

"Well," said Teddy, "maybe 't was she who brought some breakfast to us. See here, what we 've got!"

Fanny looked surprised and pleased, but after some consideration said, —

"I don't believe mamma brought that. I don't believe they have corncake and roast meat in heaven. If it had been manna, now, it would have been more likely."

"Neber mind whar it comes from," said Tiff. "It 's right good and we bress de Lord for it."

And they sat down accordingly, and ate their breakfast with a good heart.

"Now," said Tiff, "somewhar roun' in dis yer swamp dere 's a camp o' de colored people; but I don't know rightly whar 't is. If we could get dar, we could stay dar a while, till something or nuder should turn up. Hark! what 's dat ar?"

'T was the crack of a rifle reverberating through the dewy, leafy stillness of the forest.

"Dat ar ain't fur off," said Tiff.

The children looked a little terrified.

"Don't you be 'fraid," he said. "I would n't wonder but I knowed who dat ar was. Hark, now! 't is somebody coming dis yer way."

A clear, exultant voice sung, through the leafy distance, —

"Oh, had I the wings of the morning,
I 'd fly away to Canaan's shore."

"Yes," said Tiff to himself, "dat ar 's his voice. Now, chil'en," he said, "dar 's somebody coming; and you must n't be 'fraid on him, 'cause I spects he 'll get us to dat ar camp I 's telling 'bout."

And Tiff, in a cracked and strained voice, which contrasted oddly enough with the bell-like notes of the distant singer, commenced singing part of an old song, which might, perhaps, have been used as a signal: —

"Hailing so stormily,
Cold, stormy weder;
I want my true love all de day.
Whar shall I find him? whar shall I find him?"

The distant singer stopped his song, apparently to listen, and, while Tiff kept on singing, they could hear the crackling of approaching footsteps. At last Dred emerged to view.

"So you 've fled to the wilderness?" he said.

"Yes, yes," said Tiff with a kind of giggle, "we had to come to it, dat ar woman was so aggravating on de chil'en. Of all de pizin critturs dat I knows on, dese yer mean white women is de pizinest! Dey ain't got no manners, and no bringing up. Dey does n't begin to know how tings ought to be done 'mong 'spectable people. So we just tuck to de bush."

"You might have taken to a worse place," said Dred. "The Lord God giveth grace and glory to the trees of the wood. And the time will come when the Lord will make a covenant of peace, and cause the evil beast to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and shall sleep in the woods; and the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and they shall be safe in the land, when the Lord hath broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hands of those that serve themselves of them."

"And you tink dem good times coming, sure 'nough?" said Tiff.

"The Lord hath said it," said the other. "But first the day of vengeance must come."

"I don't want no sich," said Tiff. "I want to live peaceable."

Dred looked upon Tiff with an air of acquiescent pity, which had in it a slight shade of contempt, and said, as if in soliloquy, —

"Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."

"As to rest," said Tiff, "de Lord knows I ain't had much

of dat ar, if I be an ass. If I had a good, strong pack-saddle, I 'd like to trot dese yer chil'en out in some good cleared place."

"Well," said Dred, "you have served him that was ready to perish, and not betrayed him who wandered; therefore the Lord will open for you a fenced city in the wilderness."

"Jest so," said Tiff; "dat ar camp o' yourn is jest what I 's arter. I 's willing to lend a hand to most anyting dat 's good."

"Well," said Dred, "the children are too tender to walk where we must go. We must bear them as an eagle beareth her young. Come, my little man!"

And, as Dred spoke, he stooped down and stretched out his hands to Teddy. His severe and gloomy countenance relaxed into a smile, and, to Tiff's surprise, the child went immediately to him, and allowed him to lift him in his arms.

"Now I 'd thought he 'd been skeered o' you!" said Tiff.

"Not he! I never saw a child or dog that I could n't make come to me. Hold fast now, my little man!" he said, seating the boy on his shoulder. "Trees have long arms; don't let them rake you off. Now, Tiff," he said, "you take the girl and come after, and, when we come into the thick of the swamp, mind you step right in my tracks. Mind you don't set your foot on a tussock if I have n't set mine there before you, because the moccasons lie on the tussocks."

And thus saying, Dred and his companion began making their way towards the fugitive-camp.

CHAPTER XLI

THE CLERICAL CONFERENCE

A FEW days found Clayton in the city of ——, guest of the Rev. Dr. Cushing. He was a man in middle life, of fine personal presence, urbane, courtly, gentlemanly. Dr. Cushing was a popular and much-admired clergyman, standing high among his brethren in the ministry, and almost the idol of a large and flourishing church, a man of warm feelings, humane impulses, and fine social qualities; his sermons, beautifully written, and delivered with great fervor, often drew tears from the eyes of the hearers. His pastoral ministrations, whether at wedding or funeral, had a peculiar tenderness and unction. None was more capable than he of celebrating the holy fervor and self-denying sufferings of apostles and martyrs; none more easily kindled by those devout hymns which describe the patience of the saints; but, with all this, for any practical emergency, Dr. Cushing was nothing of a soldier. There was a species of moral effeminacy about him, and the very luxuriant softness and richness of his nature unfitted him to endure hardness. He was known, in all his intercourse with his brethren, as a peacemaker, a modifier, and harmonizer. Nor did he scrupulously examine how much of the credit of this was due to a fastidious softness of nature which made controversy disagreeable and wearisome. Nevertheless, Clayton was at first charmed with the sympathetic warmth with which he and his plans were received by his relative. He seemed perfectly to agree with Clayton in all his views of the terrible evils of the slave system, and was prompt with anecdotes

and instances to enforce everything that he said. "Clayton was just in time," he said; "a number of his ministerial brethren were coming to-morrow, some of them from the Northern States. Clayton should present his views to them."

Dr. Cushing's establishment was conducted on the footing of the most liberal hospitality; and that very evening the domestic circle was made larger by the addition of four or five ministerial brethren. Among these Clayton was glad to meet, once more, father Dickson. The serene, good man seemed to bring the blessing of the gospel of peace with him wherever he went.

Among others, was one whom we will more particularly introduce as the Rev. Shubael Packthread. Dr. Shubael Packthread was a minister of a leading church in one of the Northern cities. Constitutionally he was an amiable and kindly man, with very fair natural abilities, fairly improved by culture. Long habits, however, of theological and ecclesiastical controversy had cultivated a certain species of acuteness of mind into such disproportioned activity, that other parts of his intellectual and moral nature had been dwarfed and dwindled beside it. What might, under other circumstances, have been agreeable and useful tact, became in him a constant and life-long habit of stratagem. While other people look upon words as vehicles for conveying ideas, Dr. Packthread regarded them only as mediums for concealment. His constant study, on every controverted topic, was so to adjust language that, with the appearance of the utmost precision, it should always be capable of a double interpretation. He was a cunning master of all forms of indirection; of all phrases by which people appear to say what they do not say, and not to say what they do say.

He was an adept, also, in all the mechanism of ecclesiastical debate; of the intricate labyrinths of heresy-hunting; of every scheme by which more simple and less advised bre-

thren, speaking with ignorant sincerity, could be entrapped and deceived. He was *au fait* also in all compromise measures, in which two parties unite in one form of words, meaning by them exactly opposite ideas, and call the agreement a union. He was also expert in all those parliamentary modes, in synod or General Assembly, by which troublesome discussions could be avoided or disposed of, and credulous brethren made to believe they had gained points which they had not gained; by which discussions could be at will blinded with dusty clouds of misrepresentation, or trailed on through interminable marshes of weariness to accomplish some manœuvre of ecclesiastical tactics.

Dr. Packthread also was master of every means by which the influence of opposing parties might be broken. He could spread a convenient report on necessary occasions, by any of those forms which do not assert, but which disseminate a slander quite as certainly as if they did. If it was necessary to create a suspicion of the orthodoxy, or of the piety, or even of the morality, of an opposing brother, Dr. Packthread understood how to do it in the neatest and most tasteful manner. He was an infallible judge whether it should be accomplished by innocent interrogations, as to whether you had heard "so and so of Mr. ——;" or by "charitably expressed hopes that you had not heard so and so;" or by gentle suggestions whether it would not be as well to inquire; or by shakes of the head and lifts of the eyes, at proper intervals in conversation; or, lastly, by silence when silence became the strongest as well as safest form of assertion.

In person he was rather tall, thin, and the lines of his face appeared, every one of them, to be engraved by caution and care. In his boyhood and youth, the man had had a trick of smiling and laughing without considering why; the grace of prudence, however, had corrected all this. He never did either, in these days, without understanding precisely what he was about. His face was a part of his stock

in trade, and he understood the management of it remarkably well. He knew precisely all the gradations of smile which were useful for accomplishing different purposes. The solemn smile, the smile of inquiry, the smile affirmative, the smile suggestive, the smile of incredulity, and the smile of innocent credulity, which encouraged the simple-hearted narrator to go on unfolding himself to the brother, who sat quietly behind his face, as a spider does behind his web, waiting till his unsuspecting friend had tangled himself in incautious, impulsive, and, of course, contradictory meshes of statement, which were in some future hour, in the most gentle and Christian spirit, to be tightened around the incautious captive, while as much blood was sucked as the good of the cause demanded.

It is not to be supposed that the Rev. Dr. Packthread, so skillful and adroit as we have represented him, failed in the necessary climax of such skill, — that of deceiving himself. Far from it. Truly and honestly Dr. Packthread thought himself one of the hundred and forty and four thousand, who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, in whose mouth is found no guile. Prudence he considered the chief of Christian graces. He worshiped Christian prudence, and the whole category of accomplishments which we have described he considered as the fruits of it. His prudence, in fact, served him all the purposes that the stock of the tree did to the ancient idolater. "With part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshipeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god."

No doubt Dr. Packthread expected to enter heaven by the same judicious arrangement by which he had lived on earth; and so he went on, from year to year, doing deeds

which even a political candidate would blush at, violating the most ordinary principles of morality and honor; while he sung hymns, made prayers, and administered sacraments, expecting, no doubt, at last to enter heaven by some neat arrangement of words used in two senses.

Dr. Packthread's cautious agreeableness of manner formed a striking contrast to the innocent and almost childlike simplicity with which father Dickson, in his threadbare coat, appeared at his side. Almost as poor in this world's goods as his Master, father Dickson's dwelling had been a simple one-story cottage, in all, save thrift and neatness, very little better than those of the poorest; and it was a rare year when a hundred dollars passed through his hands. He had seen the time when he had not even wherewithal to take from the office a necessary letter. He had seen his wife suffer for medicine and comforts in sickness. He had himself ridden without overcoat through the chill months of winter; but all those things he had borne as the traveler bears a storm on the way to his home; and it was beautiful to see the unenvying, frank, simple pleasure which he seemed to feel in the elegant and abundant home of his brother, and in the thousand appliances of hospitable comfort by which he was surrounded. The spirit within us that lusteth to envy had been chased from his bosom by the expulsive force of a higher love; and his simple and unstudied acts of constant good will showed that simple Christianity can make the gentleman. Father Dickson was regarded by his ministerial brethren with great affection and veneration, though wholly devoid of any ecclesiastical wisdom. They were fond of using him, much as they did their hymn-books and Testaments, for their better hours of devotion; and equally apt to let slip his admonitions when they came to the hard, matter-of-fact business of ecclesiastical discussion and management; yet they loved well to have him with them, as they felt that, like a psalm

or a text, his presence in some sort gave sanction to what they did.

In due time there was added to the number of the circle our joyous, outspoken friend, father Bonnie, fresh from a recent series of camp-meetings in a distant part of the State, and ready at a minute's notice for either a laugh or a prayer. Very little of the stereotype print of his profession had he; the sort of wild woodland freedom of his life giving to his manners and conversation a tone of sylvan roughness, of which Dr. Packthread evidently stood in considerable doubt. Father Bonnie's early training had been that of what is called, in common parlance, a "self-made man." He was unsophisticated by Greek or Latin, and had rather a contempt for the forms of the schools, and a joyous determination to say what he pleased on all occasions. There were also present one or two of the leading Presbyterian ministers of the North. They had, in fact, come for a private and confidential conversation with Dr. Cushing concerning the reunion of the New School Presbyterian Church with the Old.

It may be necessary to apprise some of our readers, not conversant with American ecclesiastical history, that the Presbyterian Church of America is divided into two parties in relation to certain theological points, and that the adherents on either side call themselves Old or New School. Some years since, these two parties divided, and each of them organized its own general assembly.

It so happened that all the slave-holding interest, with some very inconsiderable exceptions, went into the Old School body. The great majority of the New School body were avowedly anti-slavery men, according to a solemn declaration which committed the whole Presbyterian Church to those sentiments in the year 1818. And the breach between the two sections was caused quite as much by the difference of feeling between the Northern and Southern

branches on the subject of slavery as by any differences of doctrine. After the first jar of separation was over, thoughts of reunion began to arise on both sides, and to be quietly discussed among leading minds.

There is a power in men of a certain class of making an organization of any kind, whether it be political or ecclesiastical, an object of absorbing and individual devotion. Most men feel empty and insufficient of themselves, and find a need to ballast their own insufficiency by attaching themselves to something of more weight than they are. They put their stock of being out at interest, and invest themselves somewhere and in something; and the love of wife or child is not more absorbing than the love of the bank where the man has invested himself. It is true, this power is a noble one; because thus a man may pass out of self and choose God, the great good of all, for his portion. But human weakness falls below this; and, as the idolater worships the infinite and unseen under a visible symbol till it effaces the memory of what is signified, so men begin by loving institutions for God's sake, which come at last to stand with them in the place of God.

Such was the Rev. Dr. Calker. He was a man of powerful though narrow mind, of great energy and efficiency, and of that capability of abstract devotion which makes the soldier or the statesman. He was earnestly and sincerely devout, as he understood devotion. He began with loving the church for God's sake, and ended with loving her better than God. And by the church he meant the organization of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Her cause, in his eyes, was God's cause; her glory, God's glory; her success, the indispensable condition of the millennium; her defeat, the defeat of all that was good for the human race. His devotion to her was honest and unselfish.

Of course Dr. Calker estimated all interests by their in-

fluence on the Presbyterian Church. He weighed every cause in the balance of her sanctuary. What promised extension and power to her, that he supported. What threatened defeat or impediment, that he was ready to sacrifice. He would, at any day, sacrifice himself and all his interests to that cause, and he felt equally willing to sacrifice others and their interests. The anti-slavery cause he regarded with a simple eye to this question. It was a disturbing force, weakening the harmony among brethren, threatening disruption and disunion. He regarded it, therefore, with distrust and aversion. He would read no facts on that side of the question. And when the discussions of zealous brethren would bring frightful and appalling statements into the General Assembly, he was too busy, in seeking what could be said to ward off their force, to allow them to have much influence on his own mind. Gradually he came to view the whole subject with dislike, as a pertinacious intruder in the path of the Presbyterian Church. That the whole train of cars, laden with the interests of the world for all time, should be stopped by a ragged, manacled slave across the track, was to him an impertinence and absurdity. What was he, that the Presbyterian Church should be divided and hindered for him? So thought the exultant thousands who followed Christ, once, when the blind beggar raised his importunate clamor, and they bade him hold his peace. So thought not *He* who stopped the tide of triumphant success that he might call the neglected one to himself, and lay his hands upon him.

Dr. Calker had from year to year opposed the agitation of the slavery question in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, knowing well that it threatened disunion. When, in spite of all his efforts, disunion came, he bent his energies to the task of reuniting; and he was the most important character in the present caucus.

Of course a layman, and a young man also, would feel

some natural hesitancy in joining at once in the conversation of those older than himself. Clayton, therefore, sat at the hospitable breakfast-table of Dr. Cushing rather as an auditor than as a speaker.

"Now, brother Cushing," said Dr. Calker, "the fact is, there never was any need of this disruption. It has crippled the power of the church, and given the enemy occasion to speak reproachfully. Our divisions are playing right into the hands of the Methodists and Baptists; and ground that we might hold, united, is going into their hands every year."

"I know it," said Dr. Cushing, "and we Southern brethren mourn over it, I assure you. The fact is, brother Calker, there 's no such doctrinal division, after all. Why, there are brethren among us that are as New School as Dr. Draper, and we don't meddle with them."

"Just so," replied Dr. Calker; "and we have true-blue Old School men among us."

"I think," said Dr. Packthread, "that, with suitable care, a document might be drawn up which will meet the views on both sides. You see, we must get the extreme men on both sides to agree to hold still. Why, now, I am called New School; but I wrote a set of definitions once, which I showed to Dr. Pyke, who is as sharp as anybody on the other side, and he said, 'He agreed with them entirely.' Those N—— H—— men are incautious."

"Yes," said Dr. Calker, "and it 's just dividing the resources and the influence of the church for nothing. Now, those discussions as to the time when moral agency begins are, after all, of no great account in practical workings."

"Well," said Dr. Cushing, "it 's, after all, nothing but the tone of your abolition fanatics that stands in the way. These slavery discussions in General Assembly have been very disagreeable and painful to our people, particularly those of the Western brethren. They don't understand us, nor the

delicacy of our position. They don't know that we need to be let alone in order to effect anything. Now, I am for trusting to the softening, meliorating influences of the gospel. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. I trust that, in his mysterious providence, the Lord will see fit, in his own good time, to remove this evil of slavery. Meanwhile, brethren ought to possess their souls in patience."

"Brother Cushing," said father Dickson, "since the assembly of 1818, the number of slaves has increased in this country fourfold. New slave States have been added, and a great, regular system of breeding and trading organized, which is filling all our large cities with trading-houses. The ships of our ports go out as slavers, carrying loads of miserable creatures down to New Orleans; and there is a constant increase of this traffic through the country. This very summer I was at the death-bed of a poor girl, only seventeen or eighteen, who had been torn from all her friends and sent off with a coffle; and she died there in the wilderness. It does seem to me, brother Cushing, that this silent plan does not answer. We are not half as near to emancipation, apparently, as we were in 1818."

"Has there ever been any attempt," said Clayton, "among the Christians of your denominations, to put a stop to this internal slave-trade?"

"Well," said Dr. Cushing, "I don't know that there has, any further than general preaching against injustice."

"Have you ever made any movement in the church to prevent the separation of families?" said Clayton.

"No, not exactly. We leave that thing to the conscience of individuals. The synods have always enjoined it on professors of religion to treat their servants according to the spirit of the gospel."

"Has the church ever endeavored to influence the legislature to allow general education?" said Clayton.

"No; that subject is fraught with difficulties," said Dr.

Cushing. "The fact is, if these rabid Northern abolitionists would let us alone, we might, perhaps, make a movement on some of these subjects. But they excite the minds of our people, and get them into such a state of inflammation that we cannot do anything."

During all the time that father Dickson and Clayton had been speaking, Dr. Calker had been making minutes with a pencil on a small piece of paper for future use. It was always disagreeable to him to hear of slave-coffles and the internal slave-trade; and therefore, when anything was ever said on these topics, he would generally employ himself in some other way than listening. Father Dickson he had known of old as being remarkably pertinacious on those subjects; and therefore, when he began to speak, he took the opportunity of jotting down a few ideas for a future exigency. He now looked up from his paper, and spoke: —

"Oh, those fellows are without any reason, — perfectly wild and crazy! They are monomaniacs! They cannot see but one subject anywhere. Now, there 's father Ruskin, of Ohio, — there 's nothing can be done with that man! I have had him at my house hours and hours, talking to him, and laying it all down before him, and showing him what great interests he was compromising. But it did n't do a bit of good. He just harps on one eternal string. Now, it 's all the pushing and driving of these fellows in the General Assembly that made the division, in my opinion."

"We kept it off a good many years," said Dr. Packthread; "and it took all our ingenuity to do it, I assure you. Now, ever since 1835, these fellows have been pushing and crowding in every assembly; and we have stood faithfully in our lot, to keep the assembly from doing anything which could give offense to our Southern brethren. We have always been particular to put them forward in our public services, and to show them every imaginable deference. I think our brethren ought to consider how

hard we have worked. We had to be instant in season and out of season, I can tell you. I think I may claim some little merit," continued the doctor, with a cautious smile spreading over his face; "if I have any talent, it is a capacity in the judicious use of language. Now, sometimes brethren will wrangle a whole day, till they all get tired and sick of a subject; and then just let a man who understands the use of terms step in, and sometimes, by omitting a single word, he will alter the whole face of an affair. I remember one year those fellows were driving us up to make some sort of declaration about slavery. And we really had to do it, because it would n't do to have the whole West split off; and there was a three days' fight, till finally we got the thing pared down to the lowest terms. We thought we would pass a resolution that slavery was a moral evil, if the Southern brethren liked that better than the old way of calling it a sin, and we really were getting on quite harmoniously, when some of the Southern ultras took it up; and they said that moral evil meant the same as sin, and that would imply a censure on the brethren. Well, it got late, and some of the hottest ones were tired and had gone off; and I just quietly drew my pen across the word *moral* and read the resolution, and it went unanimously. Most ministers, you see, are willing to call slavery an *evil*, — the trouble lay in that word *moral*. Well, that capped the crater for that year. But then, they were at it again the very next time they came together, for those fellows never sleep. Well, then we took a new turn. I told the brethren we had better get it on to the ground of the reserved rights of presbyteries and synods, and decline interfering. Well, then, that was going very well, but some of the brethren very injudiciously got up a resolution in the assembly recommending disciplinary measures for dancing. That was passed without much thought, because, you know, there 's no great interest involved in dancing, and of course

there 's nobody to oppose such a resolution; but then it was very injudicious, under the circumstances; for the abolitionists made a handle of it immediately, and wanted to know why we could n't as well recommend a discipline for slavery; because, you see, dancing is n't a sin *per se*, any more than slavery is; and they have n't done blowing their trumpets over us to this day."

Here the company rose from breakfast, and, according to the good old devout custom, seated themselves for family worship. Two decent, well-dressed black women were called in, and also a negro man. At father Dickson's request, all united in singing the following hymn: —

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

"The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the victory from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

"When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine."

Anybody who had seen the fervor with which these brethren now united in singing these stanzas might have supposed them a company of the primitive martyrs and confessors, who, having drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, were now ready for a millennial charge on devil and all his works. None sung with more heartiness

than Dr. Packthread, for his natural feelings were quick and easily excited; nor did he dream he was not a soldier of the cross, and that the species of skirmishes he had been describing were not all in accordance with the spirit of the hymn. Had you interrogated him, he would have shown you a syllogistic connection between the glory of God and the best good of the universe, and the course he had been pursuing. So that, if father Dickson had supposed the hymn would act as a gentle suggestion, he was very much mistaken. As to Dr. Calker, he joined with enthusiasm, applying it all the while to the enemies of the Presbyterian Church, in the same manner as Ignatius Loyola might have sung it, applying it to Protestantism. Dr. Cushing considered the conflict described as wholly an internal one, and thus all joined alike in swelling the chorus: —

> "A soldier for Jesus, hallelujah!
> Love and serve the Lord."

Father Dickson read from the Bible as follows: —

"Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our consciences, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have our conversation in the world."

Father Dickson had many gentle and quiet ways, peculiar to himself, of suggesting his own views to his brethren. Therefore, having read these verses, he paused, and asked Dr. Packthread "if he did not think there was danger of departing from this spirit, and losing the simplicity of Christ, when we conduct Christian business on worldly principles."

Dr. Packthread cordially assented, and continued to the same purpose in a strain so edifying as entirely to exhaust the subject; and Dr. Calker, who was thinking of the business that was before them, giving an uneasy motion here, they immediately united in the devotional exercises, which were led with great fervor by Dr. Cushing.

CHAPTER XLII

THE RESULT

After the devotional services were over, Dr. Calker proceeded immediately with the business that he had in his mind. "Now, brother Cushing," he said, "there never was any instrumentality raised up by Providence to bring in the latter day equal to the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It is the great hope of the world; for here, in this country, we are trying the great experiment for all ages; and, undoubtedly, the Presbyterian Church comes the nearest perfection of any form of organization possible to our frail humanity. It is the ark of the covenant for this nation, and for all nations. Missionary enterprises to foreign countries, tract societies, home missionary and seamen's friend societies, Bible societies, Sunday-school unions, all are embraced in its bosom; and it grows in a free country, planted by God's own right hand, with such laws and institutions as never were given to mortal man before. It is carrying us right on to the millennium; and all we want is union. United, we stand the most glorious, the most powerful institution in the world. Now, there was no need for you Southern brethren to be so restive as you were. We were doing all we could to keep down the fire, and keep things quiet, and you ought not to have bolted so. Since you have separated from us, what have we done? I suppose you thought we were going to blaze out in a regular abolition fury, but you see we have n't done it. We have n't done any more than when we were united. Just look at our minutes, and you 'll see it. We

have strong and determined abolitionists among us, and they are constantly urging and pushing. There have been great public excitements on the subject of slavery, and we have been plagued and teased to declare ourselves, but we have n't done it in a single instance, — not one. You see that Ruskin and his clique have gone off from us, because we would hold still. It is true that now and then we had to let some anti-slavery man preach an opening sermon, or something of that sort; but, then, opening sermons are nothing; they don't commit anybody; they don't show the opinion of anybody but the speaker. In fact, they don't express any more than that declaration of 1818, which stands unrepealed on your records, as well as on ours. Of course, we are all willing to say that slavery is an evil, 'entirely inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel,' and all that, because that's on your own books; we only agree to say nothing about it, nowadays, in our public capacity, because what was said in 1818 is all-sufficient, and prevents the odium and scandal of public controversy now. Now, for proof that what I have just said is true, look at the facts. We had three presbyteries in slave-holding States when we started, and now we have over twenty, with from fifteen to twenty thousand members. That must show you what our hearts are on this subject. And have we not always been making overtures for reunion — really humbling ourselves to you, brethren? Now, I say you ought to take these facts into account; our slave-holding members and churches are left as perfectly undisturbed, to manage in their own way, as yours. To be sure, some of those Western men will fire off a remonstrance once a year, or something of that sort. Just let them do that; it keeps them easy and contented. And, so long as there is really no interfering in the way of discipline or control, what harm is done? You ought to bear some with the Northern brethren, unreasonable as they are; and we may well have a discussion every year, to let off the steam."

"For my part," said father Bonnie, "I want union, I 'm sure. I 'd tar and feather those Northern abolitionists, if I could get at them!"

"Figuratively, I suppose," said Dr. Packthread, with a gentle smile.

"Yes, figuratively and literally too," said father Bonnie, laughing. "Let them come down here, and see what they 'll get! If they will set the country in a blaze, they ought to be the first ones to be warmed at the fire. For my part, brethren, I must say that you lose time and strength by your admissions, all of you. You don't hit the buck in the eye. I thank the Lord that I am delivered from the bondage of thinking slavery a sin, or an evil, in any sense. Our abolitionist brethren have done one good thing: they have driven us up to examine the Scriptures, and there we find that slavery is not only permitted but appointed, enjoined. It is a divine institution. If a Northern abolitionist comes at me now, I shake the Bible at him, and say, 'Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?' Hath not the potter power over the clay, to make one lump to honor, and another to dishonor? I tell you, brethren, it blazes from every page of the Scriptures. You 'll never do anything till you get on to that ground. A man's conscience is always hanging on to his skirts; he goes on just like a bear with a trap on his legs, — can't make any progress that way. You have got to get your feet on the rock of ages, I can tell you, and get the trap off your leg. There 's nothing like the study of the Scriptures to clear a fellow's mind."

"Well, then," said Clayton, "would it not be well to repeal the laws which forbid the slaves to learn to read, and put the Scriptures into their hands? These laws are the cause of a great deal of misery and immorality among the slaves, and they furnish abolitionists with some of their strongest arguments."

"Oh," said father Bonnie, "that will never do in the world! It will expose them to whole floods of abolition and incendiary documents, corrupt their minds, and make them discontented."

"Well," said Dr. Cushing, "I have read Dr. Carnes's book, and I must say that the scriptural argument lies, in my mind, on the other side."

"Hang Dr. Carnes's book!" said father Bonnie.

"Figuratively, I suppose," said Dr. Packthread.

"Why, Dr. Carnes's much learning has made him mad!" said father Bonnie. "I don't believe anything that can't be got out of a plain English Bible. When a fellow goes shuffling off in a Hebrew fog, in a Latin fog, in a Greek fog, I say, 'Ah, my boy, you are treed! you had better come down!' Why, is it not plain enough to any reader of the Bible, how the apostles talked to the slaves? They did n't fill their heads with stuff about the rights of man. Now see here, just at a venture," he said, making a dive at a pocket Bible that lay on the table, — "now just let me read you, 'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.' Sho! sho! that is n't the place I was thinking of. It 's here, 'Servants, obey your masters!' There 's into them, you see! 'Obey your masters that are in the flesh.' Now, these abolitionists won't even allow that we are masters!"

"Perhaps," said Clayton quietly, "if the slaves could read, they 'd pay more attention to the first passage that you favored us with."

"Oh, likely," said father Bonnie, "because, you see, their interests naturally would lead them to pervert Scripture. If it was n't for that perverting influence of self-love, I, for my part, would be willing enough to put the Scriptures into their hands."

"I suppose," said Clayton, "there 's no such danger in the case of us masters, is there?"

"I say," said father Bonnie, not noticing the interruption, "Cushing, you ought to read Fletcher's book. That book, sir, is a sweater, I can tell you; I sweat over it, I know; but it does up this Greek and Hebrew work thoroughly, I promise you. Though I can't read Greek or Hebrew, I see there 's heaps of it there. Why, he takes you clear back to the creation of the world, and drags you through all the history and literature of the old botherers of all ages, and he comes down on the fathers like forty. There 's Chrysostom and Tertullian, and all the rest of those old cocks, and the old Greek philosophers, besides, — Plato and Aristotle, and all the rest of them. If a fellow wants learning, there he 'll get it. I declare, I 'd rather cut my way through the Dismal Swamp in dog-days! But I was determined to be thorough; so I off coat and went at it. And, there 's no mistake about it, Cushing, you must get the book. You 'll feel so much better if you 'll settle your mind on that point. I never allow myself to go trailing along with anything hanging by the gills. I am an out-and-outer. Walk up to the captain's office and settle! That 's what I say."

"We shall all have to do that one of these days," said father Dickson, "and maybe we shall find it one thing to settle with the clerk, and another to settle with the captain!"

"Well, brother Dickson, you need n't look at me with any of your solemn faces! I 'm settled now."

"For my part," said Dr. Packthread, "I think, instead of condemning slavery in the abstract, we ought to direct our attention to its abuses."

"And what do you consider its abuses?" said Clayton.

"Why, the separation of families, for instance," said Dr. Packthread, "and the forbidding of education."

"You think, then," said Clayton, "that the slave ought to have a legal right to his family?"

"Yes."

"Of course, he ought to have the legal means of maintaining it?"

"Yes."

"Then, of course, he ought to be able to enter suit when this right is violated, and to bear testimony in a court of justice?"

"Yes."

"And do you think that the master ought to give him what is just and equal in the way of wages?"

"Certainly, in one shape or another," said Dr. Packthread.

"And ought the slave to have the means of enforcing this right?"

"Certainly."

"Then the slave ought to be able to hold property?"

"Yes."

"And he should have the legal right to secure education, if he desires it?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Clayton, "when the slave has a legal existence and legal rights, can hold property and defend it, acquire education and protect his family relations, he ceases to be a slave; for slavery consists in the fact of legal incapacity for any of these things. It consists in making a man a dead, inert substance in the hands of another, holding men *pro nullis, pro mortuis.* What you call reforming abuses is abolishing slavery. It is in this very way that I wish to seek its abolition, and I desire the aid of the church and ministry in doing it. Now, Dr. Packthread, what efforts has the church as yet made to reform these abuses of slavery?"

There was a silence of some minutes. At last Dr. Cushing replied, —

"There has been a good deal of effort made in oral religious instruction."

"Oh, yes," said father Bonnie, "our people have been at it with great zeal in our part of the country. I have a class myself that I have been instructing in the Assembly's Catechism in the oral way; and the synods have taken it up, and they are preaching the gospel to them, and writing catechisms for them."

"But," said Clayton, "would it not be best to give them a legal ability to obey the gospel? Is there any use in teaching the sanctity of marriage unless you obtain for husbands and wives the legal right to live faithful to each other? It seems to me only cruelty to awaken conscience on that subject without giving the protection and assistance of law."

"What he says is very true," said Dr. Cushing with emphasis. "We ministers are called to feel the necessity of that with regard to our slave church members. You see, we are obliged to preach unlimited obedience to masters; and yet — Why, it was only last week a very excellent pious mulatto woman in my church came to me to know what she should do. Her master was determined she should live with him as a mistress; yet she has a husband on the place. How am I to advise her? The man is a very influential man, and capable of making a good deal of commotion; besides which, she will gain nothing by resistance but to be sold away to some other master who will do worse. Now, this is a very trying case to a minister. I 'm sure, if anything could be done, I 'd be glad; but the fact is, the moment a person begins to move in the least to reform these abuses, he is called an abolitionist, and the whole community is down on him at once. That 's the state these Northern fanatics have got us into."

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Baskum, a leading minister, who had recently come in. "Besides, a man can't do everything! We 've got as much as we can stagger under on our shoulders now. We 've got the building-up of the church to attend to. That 's the great instrumentality which at last

will set everything straight. We must do as the apostles did, — confine ourselves to preaching the gospel, and the gospel will bring everything else in its train. The world can't be made over in a day. We must do one thing at a time. We can't afford, just at present, to tackle, in with all our other difficulties, the odium and misrepresentation of such a movement. The minute we begin to do anything which looks like restraining the rights of masters, the cry of church and state and abolition will be raised, and we shall be swamped!"

"But," said father Dickson, "is n't it the right way first to find out our duty and do it, and then leave the result with God? Ought we to take counsel of flesh and blood in matters like these?"

"Of course not," said Dr. Packthread. "But there is a wise way and an unwise way of doing things. We are to consider the times, and only undertake such work as the movements of Divine Providence seem to indicate. I don't wish to judge for brethren. A time may come when it will be their duty to show themselves openly on this subject; but in order to obtain a foothold for the influences of the gospel to work on, it may be necessary to bear and forbear with many evils. Under the present state of things, I hope many of the slaves are becoming hopefully pious. Brethren seem to feel that education will be attended with dangers. Probably it might. It would seem desirable to secure the family relations of the slaves, if it could be done without too much sacrifice of more important things. After all, the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ is not of this world. The apostles entered no public protest against the abuses of slavery that we read of."

"It strikes me," said Clayton, "that there is a difference between our position under a republican government — in which we vote for our legislators, and in fact make the laws ourselves, and have the admitted right to seek their

repeal — and that of the apostles, who were themselves slaves, and could do nothing about the laws. We make our own laws, and every one of us is responsible for any unjust law which we do not do our best to alter. We have the right to agitate, write, print, and speak, and bring up the public mind to the point of reform; and therefore we are responsible if unjust laws are not repealed."

"Well," said father Dickson, "God forgive me that I have been so remiss in times past! Henceforth, whatever others may do, I will not confer with flesh and blood; but I will go forth and declare the word of the Lord plainly to this people, and show unto the house of Judah their transgressions. And now I have one thing to say to our dear Northern brethren. I mourn over the undecided course which they take. Brethren in slave States are beset with many temptations. The whole course of public opinion is against them. They need that their Northern brethren should stand firm and hold up their hands. Alas! how different has been their course! Their apologies for this mighty sin have weakened us more than all things put together. Public opinion is going back. The church is becoming corrupted. Ministers are drawn into connivance with deadly sin. Children and youth are being ruined by habits of early tyranny. Our land is full of slave prisons; and the poor trader — no man careth for his soul! Our poor whites are given up to ignorance and licentiousness; and our ministers, like our brother Bonnie here, begin to defend this evil from the Bible. Brother Calker, here, talks of the Presbyterian Church. Alas! in her skirts is found the blood of poor innocents, and she is willing, for the sake of union, to destroy them for whom Christ died. Brethren, you know not what you do. You enjoy the blessings of living in a land uncursed by any such evils. Your churches, your schools, and all your industrial institutions, are going forward, while ours are going backward; and you do not feel it, because

you do not live among us. But take care! One part of the country cannot became demoralized without, at last, affecting the other. The sin you cherish and strengthen by your indifference may at last come back in judgments that may visit even you. I pray God to avert it! But, as God is just, I tremble for you and for us! Well, good-by, brethren; I must be on my way. You will not listen to me, and my soul cannot come into your counsels."

And father Dickson rose to depart.

"Oh, come, come, now, brother, don't take it so seriously!" said Dr. Cushing. "Stay, at least, and spend the day with us, and let us have a little Christian talk."

"I must go," said father Dickson. "I have an appointment to preach, which I must keep, for this evening, and so I must bid you farewell. I hoped to do something by coming here, but I see that it is all in vain. Farewell, brethren; I shall pray for you."

"Well, father Dickson, I should like to talk more with you on this subject," said Dr. Cushing. "Do come again. It is very difficult to see the path of duty in these matters."

Poor Dr. Cushing was one of those who are destined, like stationary ships, forever to float up and down in one spot, only useful in marking the ebb and flood of the tide. Affection, generosity, devotion, he had, — everything but the power to move on.

Clayton, who had seen at once that nothing was to be done or gained, rose, and said that his business was also pressing, and that he would accompany father Dickson on his way.

"What a good fellow Dickson is!" said Cushing, after he returned to the room.

"He exhibits a very excellent spirit," said Dr. Packthread.

"Oh, Dickson would do well enough," said Dr. Calker, "if he was n't a monomaniac. That 's what 's the matter

with him! But when he gets to going on this subject, I never hear what he says. I know it's no use to reason with him, — entirely time lost. I have heard all these things over and over again."

"But I wish," said Dr. Cushing, "something could be done."

"Well, who does n't?" said Dr. Calker. "We all wish something could be done; but, if it can't, it can't; there 's the end of it. So now let us proceed, and look into business a little more particularly."

"After all," said Dr. Packthread, "you Old School brethren have greatly the advantage of us. Although you have a few poor good souls, like this Dickson, they are in so insignificant a minority that they can do nothing, — can't even get into the General Assembly, or send in a remonstrance, or petition, or anything else; so that you are never plagued as we are. We cannot even choose a moderator from the slave-holding States, for fear of an explosion; but you can have slave-holding moderators, or anything else that will promote harmony and union."

CHAPTER XLIII

THE SLAVE'S ARGUMENT

On his return home, Clayton took from the post-office a letter, which we will give to our readers: —

Mr. Clayton, — I am now an outcast. I cannot show my face in the world, I cannot go abroad by daylight; for no crime, as I can see, except resisting oppression. Mr. Clayton, if it were proper for your fathers to fight and shed blood for the oppression that came upon them, why is n't it right for us? They had not half the provocation that we have. Their wives and families were never touched. They were not bought, and sold, and traded, like cattle in the market, as we are. In fact, when I was reading that history, I could hardly understand what provocation they did have. They had everything easy and comfortable about them. They were able to support their families, even in luxury. And yet they were willing to plunge into war and shed blood. I have studied the Declaration of Independence. The things mentioned there were bad and uncomfortable, to be sure; but, after all, look at the laws which are put over us! Now, if they had forbidden them to teach their children to read, — if they had divided them all out among masters, and declared them as incapable of holding property as the mule before the plough, — there would have been some sense in that revolution.

Well, how was it with our people in South Carolina? Denmark Vesey was a *man!* His history is just what George Washington's would have been if you had failed.

What set him on in his course? The Bible and your Declaration of Independence. What does your Declaration say? "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that *all men are created equal;* that they are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable* rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that *to secure these rights* governments are instituted among men; that *whenever any form of government becomes destructive of any of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it.*" Now, what do you make of that? This is read to us every Fourth of July. It was read to Denmark Vesey and Peter Poyas, and all those other brave, good men who dared to follow your example and your precepts. Well, they failed, and your people hung them. And they said they could n't conceive what motive could have induced them to make the effort. They had food enough, and clothes enough, and were kept very comfortable. Well, had not your people clothes enough, and food enough? and would n't you still have had enough, even if you had remained a province of England to this day, — much better living, much better clothes, and much better laws, than we have to-day? I heard your father's interpretation of the law; I heard Mr. Jekyl's; and yet, when men rise up against such laws, you wonder what in the world could have induced them! That 's perfectly astonishing!

But, of all the injuries and insults that are heaped upon us, there is nothing to me so perfectly maddening as the assumption of your religious men, who maintain and defend this enormous injustice by the Bible. We have all the right to rise against them that they had to rise against England. They tell us the Bible says, "Servants, obey your masters." Well, the Bible says also, "The powers that be are ordained of God, and whoso resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." If it was right for them to resist

the ordinance of God, it is right for us. If the Bible does justify slavery, why don't they teach the slave to read it? And what 's the reason that two of the greatest insurrections came from men who read scarcely anything else but the Bible? No, the fact is, they don't believe this themselves. If they did, they would try the experiment fairly of giving the Bible to their slaves. I can assure you the Bible looks as different to a slave from what it does to a master, as everything else in the world does.

Now, Mr. Clayton, you understand that when I say *you*, along here, I do not mean you personally, but the generality of the community of which you are one. I want you to think these things over, and, whatever my future course may be, remember my excuse for it is the same as that on which your government is built.

I am very grateful to you for all your kindness. Perhaps the time may come when I shall be able to show my gratitude. Meanwhile I must ask one favor of you, which I think you will grant for the sake of that angel who is gone. I have a sister, who, as well as myself, is the child of Tom Gordon's father. She was beautiful and good, and her owner, who had a large estate in Mississippi, took her to Ohio, emancipated and married her. She has two children by him, a son and a daughter. He died, and left his estate to her and her children. Tom Gordon is the heir-at-law. He has sued for the property, and obtained it. The act of emancipation has been declared null and void, and my sister and her children are in the hands of that man, with all that absolute power; and they have no appeal from him for any evil whatever. She has escaped his hands, so she wrote me once; but I have heard a report that he has taken her again. The pious Mr. Jekyl will know all about it. Now, may I ask you to go to him and make inquiries, and let me know? A letter sent to Mr. James Twitchel, at the post-office near Canema, where our letters used to be taken, will

get to me. By doing this favor you will secure my eternal gratitude.

HARRY GORDON.

Clayton read this letter with some surprise and a good deal of attention. It was written on very coarse paper, such as is commonly sold at the low shops. Where Harry was, and how concealed, was to him only a matter of conjecture. But the call to render him any assistance was a sacred one, and he determined on a horseback excursion to E., the town where Mr. Jekyl resided.

He found that gentleman very busy in looking over and arranging papers in relation to that large property which had just come into Tom Gordon's hands. He began by stating that the former owner of the servants at Canema had requested him, on her death-bed, to take an interest in her servants. He had therefore called to ascertain if anything had been heard from Harry.

"Not yet," said Mr. Jekyl, pulling up his shirt-collar. "Our plantations in this vicinity are very unfortunate in their proximity to the swamp. It 's a great expense of time and money. Why, sir, it 's inconceivable the amount of property that 's lost in that swamp! I have heard it estimated at something like three millions of dollars! We follow them up with laws, you see. They are outlawed regularly after a certain time, and then the hunters go in and chase them down; sometimes kill two or three a day, or something like that. But on the whole, they don't effect much."

"Well," said Clayton, who felt no disposition to enter into any discussion with Mr. Jekyl, "so you think he is there?"

"Yes, I have no doubt of it. The fact is, there 's a fellow that 's been seen lurking about this swamp, off and on, for years and years. Sometimes he is n't to be seen for months; and then again he is seen or heard of, but never

so that anybody can get hold of him. I have no doubt the niggers on the plantation know him; but, then, you can never get anything out of them. Oh, they are deep! They are a dreadfully corrupt set!"

"Mr. Gordon has, I think, a sister of Harry's, who came in with this new estate," said Mr. Clayton.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Jekyl. "She has given us a good deal of trouble, too. She got away, and went off to Cincinnati, and I had to go up and hunt her out. It was really a great deal of trouble and expense. If I had n't been assisted by the politeness and kindness of the marshal and brother officers, it would have been very bad. There is a good deal of religious society, too, in Cincinnati; and so, while I was waiting, I attended anniversary meetings."

"Then you did succeed," said Clayton. "I came to see whether Mr. Gordon would listen to a proposition for selling her."

"Oh, he has sold her!" said Mr. Jekyl. "She is at Alexandria now, in Beaton & Burns's establishment."

"And her children, too?"

"Yes, the lot. I claim some little merit for that myself. Tom is a fellow of rather strong passions, and he was terribly angry for the trouble she had made. I don't know what he would have done to her if I had n't talked to him. But I showed him some debts that could n't be put off any longer without too much of a sacrifice; and, on the whole, I persuaded him to let her be sold. I have tried to exert a good influence over him in a quiet way," said Mr. Jekyl. "Now, if you want to get the woman, like enough she may not be sold as yet."

Clayton, having thus ascertained the points which he wished to know, proceeded immediately to Alexandria. When he was there, he found a considerable excitement.

"A slave woman," it was said, "who was to have been sent off in a coffle the next day, had murdered her two children."

The moment that Clayton heard the news, he felt an instinctive certainty that this woman was Cora Gordon. He went to the magistrate's court, where the investigation was being held, and found it surrounded by a crowd so dense that it was with difficulty he forced his way in. At the bar he saw seated a woman dressed in black, whose face, haggard and wan, showed yet traces of former beauty. The splendid dark eyes had a peculiar and fierce expression. The thin lines of the face were settled into an immovable fixedness of calm determination. There was even an air of grave, solemn triumph on her countenance. She appeared to regard the formalities of the court with the utmost indifference. At last she spoke, in a clear, thrilling, distinct voice: —

"If gentlemen will allow me to speak, I 'll save them the trouble of that examination of witnesses. It 's going a long way round to find out a very little thing."

There was an immediate movement of curiosity in the whole throng, and the officer said, —

"You are permitted to speak."

She rose deliberately, untied her bonnet-strings, looked round the whole court, with a peculiar but calm expression of mingled triumph and power.

"You want to know," she said, "who killed those children! Well, I will tell you;" and again her eyes traveled round the house, with that same strong, defiant expression; "I killed them!"

There was a pause, and a general movement through the house.

"Yes," she said again, "I killed them! And oh, how glad I am that I have done it! Do you want to know what I killed them for? Because I loved them! — loved them so well that I was willing to give up my soul to save theirs! I have heard some persons say that I was in a frenzy, excited, and did n't know what I was doing. They are mistaken. I

was not in a frenzy; I was not excited; and I did know what I was doing! and I bless God that it is done! I was born the slave of my own father. Your old proud Virginia blood is in my veins, as it is in half of those you whip and sell. I was the lawful wife of a man of honor, who did what he could to evade your cruel laws and set me free. My children were born to liberty; they were brought up to liberty, till my father's son entered a suit for us and made us *slaves*. Judge and jury helped him — all your laws and your officers helped him — to take away the rights of the widow and the fatherless! The judge said that my son, being a slave, could no more hold property than the mule before his plough; and we were delivered into Tom Gordon's hands. I shall not say what he is. It is not fit to be said. God will show at the judgment day. But I escaped, with my children, to Cincinnati. He followed me there, and the laws of your country gave me back to him. To-morrow I was to have gone in a coffle and leave these children — my son a slave for life — my daughter" — She looked round the court-room with an expression which said more than words could have spoken. "So I heard them say their prayers and sing their hymns, and then, while they were asleep and did n't know it, I sent them to lie down in green pastures with the Lord. They say this is a dreadful sin. It may be so. I am willing to lose my soul to have theirs saved. I have no more to hope or fear. It 's all nothing, now, where I go or what becomes of me. But, at any rate, they are safe. And now, if any of you mothers, in my place, would n't have done the same, you either don't know what slavery is, or you don't love your children as I have loved mine. This is all."

She sat down, folded her arms, fixed her eyes on the floor, and seemed like a person entirely indifferent to the further opinions and proceedings of the court.

She was remanded to jail for trial. Clayton determined, in his own mind, to do what he could for her. Her own

declaration seemed to make the form of a trial unnecessary. He resolved, however, to do what he could to enlist for her the sympathy of some friends of his in the city. The next day he called with a clergyman and requested permission to see her. When they entered her cell, she rose to receive them with the most perfect composure, as if they had called upon her in a drawing-room. Clayton introduced his companion as the Rev. Mr. Denton. There was an excited flash in her eyes, but she said calmly, —

"Have the gentlemen business with me?"

"We called," said the clergyman, "to see if we could render you any assistance."

"No, sir, you cannot!" was the prompt reply.

"My dear friend," said the clergyman, in a very kind tone, "I wish it were in my power to administer to you the consolations of the gospel."

"I have nothing to do," she answered firmly, "with ministers who pretend to preach the gospel and support oppression and robbery! Your hands are defiled with blood! — so don't come to me! I am a prisoner here, and cannot resist. But when I tell you that I prefer to be left alone, perhaps it may have some effect, even if I am a slave!"

Clayton took out Harry's letter, handed it to her, and said: —

"After you have read this you will, perhaps, receive me, if I should call again to-morrow at this hour."

The next day, when Clayton called, he was conducted by the jailer to the door of the cell.

"There is a lady with her now, reading to her."

"Then I ought not to interrupt her," said Clayton, hesitating.

"Oh, I suspect it would make no odds," said the jailer.

Clayton laid his hand on his to stop him. The sound that came indistinctly through the door was the voice of

prayer. Some woman was interceding, in the presence of Eternal Pity, for an oppressed and broken-hearted sister. After a few moments the door was partly opened, and he heard a sweet voice, saying: —

"Let me come to you every day, may I? I know what it is to suffer."

A smothered sob was the only answer; and then followed words, imperfectly distinguished, which seemed to be those of consolation. In a moment the door was opened, and Clayton found himself suddenly face to face with a lady in deep mourning. She was tall, and largely proportioned; the outlines of her face strong, yet beautiful, and now wearing the expression which comes from communion with the highest and serenest nature. Both were embarrassed, and made a momentary pause. In the start she dropped one of her gloves. Clayton picked it up, handed it to her, bowed, and she passed on. By some singular association, this stranger, with a serious, radiant face, suggested to him the sparkling, glittering beauty of Nina; and it seemed for a moment as if Nina was fluttering by him in the air, and passing away after her. When he examined the emotion more minutely afterwards, he thought, perhaps, it might have been suggested by the perception, as he lifted the glove, of a peculiar and delicate perfume which Nina was fond of using. So strange and shadowy are the influences which touch the dark, electric chain of our existence!

When Clayton went into the cell, he found its inmate in a softened mood. There were traces of tears on her cheek, and an open Bible on the bed; but her appearance was calm and self-possessed, as usual. She said: —

"Excuse my rudeness, Mr. Clayton, at your last visit. We cannot always command ourselves to do exactly what we should. I thank you very much for your kindness to us. There are many who are kindly disposed towards us, but it 's very little that they can do."

"Can I be of any assistance in securing counsel for you?" said Clayton.

"I don't need any counsel. I don't wish any," said she. "I shall make no effort. Let the law take its course. If you ever should see Harry, give my love to him, — that 's all! And if you can help him, pray do! If you have time, influence, or money to spare, and can get him to any country where he will have the common rights of a human being, pray do, and the blessing of the poor will come on you! That 's all I have to ask."

Clayton rose to depart. He had fulfilled the object of his mission. He had gained all the information, and more than all, that he wished. He queried with himself whether it were best to write to Harry at all. The facts that he had to relate were such as were calculated to kindle to a fiercer flame the excitement which was now consuming him. He trembled, when he thought of it, lest that excitement should blaze out in forms which should array against him, with still more force, that society with which he was already at war. Thinking, however, that Harry, perhaps, might obtain the information in some less guarded form, he sat down and wrote him the following letter: —

I have received your letter. I need not say that I am sorry for all that has taken place, — sorry for your sake, and for the sake of one very dear both to me and to you. Harry, I freely admit that you live in a state of society which exercises a great injustice. I admit your right, and that of all men, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I admit the right of an oppressed people to change their form of government *if they can.* I admit that your people suffer under greater oppression than ever our fathers suffered. And if I believed that they were capable of obtaining and supporting a government, I should believe in their right to take the same means to gain it. But I do not, at present;

and I think, if you reflect on the subject, you will agree with me. I do not think that, should they make an effort, they would succeed. They would only embitter the white race against them, and destroy that sympathy which many are beginning to feel for their oppressed condition. I know it seems a very unfeeling thing for a man who is at ease to tell one who is oppressed and suffering to be patient; and yet I must even say it. It is my place, and your place, to seek repeal of the unjust laws which oppress you. I see no reason why the relation of master and servants may not be continued through our States, and the servants yet be free men. I am satisfied that it would be for the best interests of master as well as slave. If this is the truth, time will make it apparent and the change will come. With regard to you, the best counsel I can give is, that you try to escape to some of the Northern States; and I will furnish you with means to begin life there under better auspices. I am very sorry that I have to tell you something very painful about your sister. She was sold to a trading-house in Alexandria, and, in desperation, has killed both her children! For this she is now in prison, awaiting her trial! I have been to see her, and offered every assistance in my power. She declines all. She does not wish to live, and has already avowed the fact; making no defense, and wishing none to be made for her. Another of the bitter fruits of this most unrighteous system! She desired her love and kind wishes to you. Whatever more is to be known, I will tell you at some future time.

After all that I have said to you in this letter, I cannot help feeling, for myself, how hard, and cold, and insufficient it must seem to you! If I had such a sister as yours, and her life had been so wrecked, I feel that I might not have patience to consider any of these things; and I am afraid you will not. Yet I feel this injustice to my heart. I feel it like a personal affliction; and, God helping me, I will

make it the object of my life to remedy it! Your sister's trial will not take place for some time; and she has friends who do all that can be done for her.

Clayton returned to his father's house, and related the result of his first experiment with the clergy.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Clayton, "I must confess I was not prepared for this."

"I was," said Judge Clayton. "It's precisely what I expected. Yon have tried the Presbyterians, with whom our family are connected; and now you may go successively to the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and you will hear the same story from them all. About half of them defend the thing from the Bible, in the most unblushing, disgusting manner. The other half acknowledge and lament it as an evil; but they are cowed and timid, and can do nothing."

"Well," said Clayton, "the greatest evidence to my mind of the inspiration of the Scriptures is, that they are yet afloat, when every new absurdity has been successively tacked to them."

"But," said Mrs. Clayton, "are there no people that are faithful?"

"None in this matter that I know of," said Judge Clayton, "except the Covenanters and the Quakers among us, and the Freewill Baptists and a few others at the North. And their number and influence is so small that there can be no great calculation made on them for assistance. Of individuals, there are not a few who earnestly desire to do something; but they are mostly without faith or hope, like me. And from the communities — from the great organizations in society — no help whatever is to be expected."

CHAPTER XLIV

THE DESERT

THERE 's no study in human nature more interesting than the aspects of the same subject seen in the points of view of different characters. One might almost imagine that there were no such thing as absolute truth, since a change of situation or temperament is capable of changing the whole force of an argument. We have been accustomed, even those of us who feel most, to look on the arguments for and against the system of slavery with the eyes of those who are at ease. We do not even know how fair is freedom, for we were always free. We shall never have all the materials for absolute truth on this subject till we take into account, with our own views and reasonings, the views and reasonings of those who have bowed down to the yoke, and felt the iron enter into their souls. We all console ourselves too easily for the sorrows of others. We talk and reason coolly of that which, did we feel it ourselves, would take away all power of composure and self-control. We have seen how the masters feel and reason; how good men feel and reason, whose public opinion and Christian fellowship support the master, and give him confidence in his position. We must add also, to our estimate, the feelings and reasonings of the slave; and therefore the reader must follow us again to the fastness in the Dismal Swamp.

It is a calm, still, Indian summer afternoon. The whole air is flooded with a golden haze, in which the treetops move dreamily to and fro, as if in a whispering reverie.

The wild climbing grapevines, which hang in thousandfold festoons round the inclosure, are purpling with grapes. The little settlement now has among its inmates Old Tiff and his children, and Harry and his wife. The children and Tiff had been received in the house of the widow whose husband had fallen a victim to the hunters, as we mentioned in one of our former chapters. All had united in building for Harry and Lisette a cabin contiguous to the other.

Old Tiff, with his habitual industry, might now be seen hoeing in the sweet-potato patch which belonged to the common settlement. The children were roaming up and down, looking after autumn flowers and grapes. Dred, who had been out all the night before, was now lying on the ground on the shady side of the clearing, with an old, much-worn, much-thumbed copy of the Bible by his side. It was the Bible of Denmark Vesey, and in many a secret meeting its wild, inspiring poetry had sounded like a trumpet in his youthful ear.

He lay with his elbow resting on the ground, his hands supporting his massive head, and his large, gloomy, dark eyes fixed in reverie on the moving treetops as they waved in the golden blue. Now his eye followed sailing islands of white cloud, drifting to and fro above them. There were elements in him which might, under other circumstances, have made him a poet. His frame, capacious and energetic as it was, had yet that keenness of excitability which places the soul *en rapport* with all the great forces of nature. The only book which he had been much in the habit of reading — the book, in fact, which had been the nurse and forming power of his soul — was the Bible, distinguished above all other literature for its intense sympathy with nature. Dred, indeed, resembled in organization and tone of mind some of those men of old who were dwellers in the wilderness, and drew their inspirations from the desert.

It is remarkable that, in all ages, communities and individuals who have suffered under oppression have always fled for refuge to the Old Testament, and to the book of Revelation in the New. Even if not definitely understood, these magnificent compositions have a wild, inspiring power, like a wordless yet impassioned symphony played by a sublime orchestra, in which deep and awful sub-bass instruments mingle with those of ethereal softness, and wild minors twine and interlace with marches of battles and bursts of victorious harmony.

They are much mistaken who say that nothing is efficient as a motive that is not definitely understood. Who ever thought of understanding the mingled wail and roar of the Marseillaise? Just this kind of indefinite stimulating power has the Bible to the souls of the oppressed. There is also a disposition, which has manifested itself since the primitive times, by which the human soul, bowed down beneath the weight of mighty oppressions, and despairing in its own weakness, seizes with avidity the intimations of a coming judgment, in which the Son of Man, appearing in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, shall right earth's mighty wrongs. In Dred's mind this thought had acquired an absolute ascendency. All things in nature and in revelation he interpreted by this key.

During the prevalence of the cholera, he had been pervaded by a wild and solemn excitement. To him it was the opening of a seal, — the sounding of the trumpet of the first angel. And other woes were yet to come. He was not a man of personal malignity to any human being. When he contemplated schemes of insurrection and bloodshed, he contemplated them with the calm, immovable firmness of one who felt himself an instrument of doom in a mightier hand. In fact, although seldom called into exercise by the incidents of his wild and solitary life, there was in him a vein of that gentleness which softens the heart

towards children and the inferior animals. The amusement of his vacant hours was sometimes to exercise his peculiar gifts over the animal creation by drawing towards him the birds and squirrels from the coverts of the forest, and giving them food. Indeed, he commonly carried corn in the hunting-dress which he wore, to use for this purpose. Just at this moment, as he lay absorbed in reverie, he heard Teddy, who was near him, calling to his sister, —

"Oh, Fanny, do come and see this squirrel, he is so pretty!"

Fanny came running eagerly. "Where is he?" she said.

"Oh, he is gone; he just went behind that tree."

The children, in their eagerness, had not perceived how near they were to Dred. He had turned his face towards them, and was looking at them with a pleased expression, approaching to a smile.

"Do you want to see him?" he said. "Stop a few minutes."

He rose and scattered a train of corn between him and the thicket, and, sitting down on the ground, began making a low sound, resembling the call of the squirrel to its young. In a few moments Teddy and Fanny were in a tremor of eager excitement, as a pair of little bright eyes appeared among the leaves, and gradually their owner, a brisk little squirrel, came out and began rapidly filling its chops with the corn. Dred still continued, with his eyes fixed on the animal, to make the same noise. Very soon two others were seen following their comrade. The children laughed when they saw the headmost squirrel walk into Dred's hand, which he had laid upon the ground, the others soon following his example. Dred took them up, and, softly stroking them, they seemed to become entirely amenable to his will; and, to amuse the children, he let them go into his hunting-pouch to eat the corn that was

there. After this, they seemed to make a rambling expedition over his whole person, investigating his pockets, hiding themselves in the bosom of his shirt, and seeming apparently perfectly fearless and at home.

Fanny reached out her hand timidly. "Won't they come to me?" she said.

"No, daughter," said Dred with a smile, "they don't know you. In the new earth the enmity will be taken away, and then they 'll come."

"I wonder what he means by the new earth!" said Fanny.

Dred seemed to feel a kind of pleasure in the admiration of the children, to which, perhaps, no one is wholly insensible. He proceeded, therefore, to show them some other of his accomplishments. The wood was resounding with the afternoon song of birds, and Dred suddenly began answering one of the songsters with an exact imitation of his note. The bird evidently heard it, and answered back with still more spirit; and thus an animated conversation was kept up for some time.

"You see," he said, "that I understand the speech of birds. After the great judgment, the elect shall talk with the birds and the beasts in the new earth. Every kind of bird has a different language, in which they show why men should magnify the Lord and turn from their wickedness. But the sinners cannot hear it, because their ear is waxed gross."

"I did n't know," said Fanny, hesitating, "as that was so. How did you find it out?"

"The Spirit of the Lord revealed it unto me, child."

"What is the Spirit?" said Fanny, who felt more encouraged as she saw Dred stroking a squirrel.

"It 's the Spirit that spoke in the old prophets," he said.

"Did it tell you what the birds say?"

"I am not perfected in holiness yet, and cannot receive it. But the birds fly up near the heavens, wherefore they learn droppings of the speech of angels. I never kill the birds, because the Lord hath set them between us and the angels for a sign."

"What else did the Spirit tell you?" said Teddy.

"He showed me that there was a language in the leaves," said Dred. "For I rose and looked, and behold, there were signs drawn on the leaves, and forms of every living thing, with strange words, which the wicked understand not, but the elect shall read them. And, behold, the signs are in blood, which is the blood of the Lamb, that descendeth like dew from heaven."

Fanny looked puzzled. "Who are the elect?" she said.

"They?" said Dred. "They are the hundred and forty and four thousand that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And the angels have charge, saying, 'Hurt not the earth till these are sealed in their forehead.'"

Fanny instinctively put her hand to her forehead. "Do you think they 'll seal me?" she said.

"Yes," said Dred; "such as you are of the kingdom."

"Did the Spirit tell you that?" said Fanny, who felt some considerable anxiety.

"Yea, the Spirit hath shown me many such things," said Dred. "It hath also revealed to me the knowledge of the elements, the revolutions of the planets, the operations of the tide, and changes of the seasons."

Fanny looked doubtfully, and, taking up her basket of wild grapes, slowly moved off, thinking that she would ask Tiff about it.

At this moment there was a rustling in the branches of the oak-tree which overhung a part of the clearing near where Dred was lying, and Harry soon dropped from the

branches on to the ground. Dred started up to receive him.

"How is it?" said he. "Will they come?"

"Yes; by midnight to-night they will be here. See here," he added, taking a letter from his pocket, "what I have received."

It was the letter which Clayton had written to Harry. It was remarkable, as Dred received it, how the wandering mystical expression of his face immediately gave place to one of shrewd and practical earnestness. He sat down on the ground, laid it on his knee, and followed the lines with his finger. Some passages he seemed to read over two or three times with the greatest attention, and he would pause after reading them, and sat with his eyes fixed gloomily on the ground. The last part seemed to agitate him strongly. He gave a sort of suppressed groan.

"Harry," he said, turning to him at last, "behold the day shall come when the Lord shall take out of our hand the cup of trembling, and put it into the hand of those that oppress us. Our soul is exceedingly filled now with the scorning of them that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud. The prophets prophesy falsely, the rulers bear rule by their means, and the people love to have it so. But what will it be in the end thereof? Their own wickedness shall reprove them, and their backsliding shall correct them. Listen to me, Harry," he said, taking up his Bible, "and see what the Lord saith unto thee. 'Thus saith the Lord my God, Feed the flock of the slaughter; whose possessors slay them, and hold themselves not guilty, and they that sell them say, Blessed be the Lord, for I am rich. And their own shepherds pity them not. For I will no more pity the inhabitants of the land, saith the Lord. But, lo, I will deliver the men, every one into his neighbor's hand, and into the hand of his king. And they shall smite the land, and out of their hand I will not deliver

them. And I will feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O ye poor of the flock. And I took unto me two staves: the one I called beauty, and the other I called bands. And I fed the flock. And I took my staff, even beauty, and cut it asunder, that I might break my covenant which I had made with all the people. And it was broken in that day, so the poor of the flock that waited on me knew it was the word of the Lord. Then I cut asunder mine other stave, even bands, that I might break the brotherhood between Judah and Israel. The burden of the word of the Lord for Israel, saith the Lord, which stretcheth forth the heavens, and layeth the foundations of the earth, and formeth the spirit of man within him. Behold, I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling to all the people round about. Also in that day I will make Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people. All that burden themselves with it shall be cut to pieces. In that day, saith the Lord, I will smite every horse with astonishment, and every rider with madness. And I will open mine eyes on the house of Judah, and will smite every horse of the people with blindness. In that day I will make the governors of Judah like a hearth of fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf, and they shall devour all the people on the right and the left.'

"Harry," said he, "these things are written for our learning. We will go up and take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's!"

The gloomy fervor with which Dred read these words of Scripture, selecting, as his eye glanced down the prophetic pages, passages whose images most affected his own mind, carried with it an overpowering mesmeric force. Who shall say that, in this world, where all things are symbolic, bound together by mystical resemblances, and where one event is the archetype of thousands, that there is not an eternal significance in these old prophecies? Do they not

bring with them "springing and germinant fulfillments" wherever there is a haughty and oppressive nation, and a "flock of the slaughter"?

"Harry," said Dred, "I have fasted and prayed before the Lord, lying all night on my face, yet the token cometh not! Behold, there are prayers that resist me! The Lamb yet beareth, and the opening of the second seal delayeth! Yet the Lord had shown unto me that we should be up and doing, to prepare the way for the coming of the Lord! The Lord hath said unto me, 'Speak to the elders, and to the prudent men, and prepare their hearts.'"

"One thing," said Harry, "fills me with apprehension. Hark, that brought me this letter, was delayed in getting back; and I'm afraid that he'll get into trouble. Tom Gordon is raging like a fury over the people of our plantation. They have always been held under a very mild rule, and every one knows that a plantation so managed is not so immediately profitable as it can be made for a short time by forcing everything up to the highest notch. He has got a man there for overseer — Old Hokum — that has been famous for his hardness and meanness; and he has delivered the people unreservedly into his hands. He drinks and frolics, and has his oyster suppers, and swears he'll shoot any one that brings him a complaint. Hokum is to pay him so much yearly, and have to himself all that he makes over. Tom Gordon keeps two girls there, that he bought for himself and his fellows, just as he wanted to keep my wife!"

"Be patient, Harry! This is a great christianizing institution!" said Dred, with a tone of grave irony.

"I am afraid for Hark," said Harry. "He is the bravest of brave fellows. He is ready to do anything for us. But if he is taken, there will be no mercy."

Dred looked on the ground gloomily. "Hark was to be here to-night," he said.

"Yes," said Harry, "I wish we may see him."

"Harry," said Dred, "when they come to-night, read them the Declaration of Independence of these United States, and then let each one judge of our afflictions, and the afflictions of our fathers, and the Lord shall be judge between us. I must go and seek counsel of the Lord."

Dred rose, and, giving a leap from the ground, caught on the branch of the oak which overhung their head, and, swinging himself on the limb, climbed in the thickness of the branches, and disappeared from view. Harry walked to the other side of the clearing, where his lodge had been erected. He found Lisette busy within. She ran to meet him, and threw her arms around his neck.

"I am so glad you've come back, Harry! It is so dreadful to think what may happen to you while you are gone! Harry, I think we could be very happy here. See what a nice bed I have made in this corner, out of leaves and moss! The women are both very kind, and I am glad we have got Old Tiff and the children here. It makes it seem more natural. See, I went out with them this afternoon, and how many grapes I have got! What have you been talking to that dreadful man about? Do you know, Harry, he makes me afraid? They say he is a prophet. Do you think he is?"

"I don't know, child," said Harry abstractedly.

"Don't stay with him too much!" said Lisette. "He'll make you as gloomy as he is."

"Do I need any one to make me gloomy?" said Harry. "Am I not gloomy enough? Am I not an outcast? And you, too, Lisette?"

"It is n't so very dreadful to be an outcast," said Lisette. "God makes wild grapes for us, if we are outcasts."

"Yes, child," said Harry, "you are right."

"And the sun shines so pleasant this afternoon!" said Lisette.

"Yes," said Harry; "but by and by cold storms and rain will come, and frosty weather!"

"Well," said Lisette, "then we will think what to do next. But don't let us lose this afternoon, and these grapes, at any rate."

CHAPTER XLV

JEGAR SAHADUTHA

At twelve o'clock, that night, Harry rose from the side of his sleeping wife and looked out into the darkness. The belt of forest which surrounded them seemed a girdle of impenetrable blackness. But above, where the treetops fringed out against the sky, the heavens were seen of a deep, transparent violet, blazing with stars. He opened the door and came out. All was so intensely still that even the rustle of a leaf could be heard. He stood listening. A low whistle seemed to come from a distant part of the underwood. He answered it. Soon a crackling was heard, and a sound of cautious, suppressed conversation. In a few moments a rustling was heard in the boughs overhead. Harry stepped under.

"Who is there?" he said.

"The camp of the Lord's judgment!" was the answer, and a dark form dropped on the ground.

"Hannibal?" said Harry.

"Yes, Hannibal!" said the voice.

"Thank God!" said Harry.

But now the boughs of the tree were continually rustling, and one after another sprang down to the ground, each one of whom pronounced his name as he came.

"Where is the prophet?" said one.

"He is not here," said Harry. "Fear not, he will be with us."

The party now proceeded to walk, talking in low voices.

"There's nobody from the Gordon place yet," said Harry uneasily.

"They 'll be along," said one of them. "Perhaps Hokum was wakeful to-night. They 'll give him the slip, though."

The company had now arrived at the lower portion of the clearing, where stood the blasted tree, which we formerly described, with its funeral wreaths of moss. Over the grave which had recently been formed there Dred had piled a rude and ragged monument of stumps of trees, and tufts of moss, and leaves. In the top of one of the highest stumps was stuck a pine-knot, to which Harry now applied a light. It kindled, and rose with a broad, red, fuliginous glare, casting a sombre light on the circle of dark faces around. There were a dozen men, mulatto, quadroon, and negro. Their countenances all wore an expression of stern gravity and considerate solemnity.

Their first act was to clasp their hands in a circle, and join in a solemn oath never to betray each other. The moment this was done, Dred emerged mysteriously from the darkness and stood among them.

"Brethren," he said, "this is the grave of your brother, whose wife they would take for a prey! Therefore he fled to the wilderness. But the assembly of the wicked compassed him about, and the dogs tore him, and licked up his blood, and here I buried him! Wherefore this heap is called JEGAR SAHADUTHA! For the God of Abraham and Nahor, the God of their fathers, shall judge betwixt us. He that regardeth not the oath of brethren, and betrayeth counsel, let his arm fall from his shoulder-blade! Let his arm be broken from the bone! Behold, this heap shall be a witness unto you; for it hath heard all the words that ye have spoken!"

A deep-murmured "Amen" rose solemnly among them.

"Brethren," said Dred, laying his hand upon Harry, "the Lord caused Moses to become the son of Pharaoh's daughter, that he might become learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians,

to lead forth his people from the house of bondage. And when he slew an Egyptian, he fled into the wilderness, where he abode certain days, till the time of the Lord was come. In like manner hath the Lord dealt with our brother. He shall expound unto you the laws of the Egyptians; and for me, I will show you what I have received from the Lord."

The circle now sat down on the graves which were scattered around, and Harry thus spoke: —

"Brothers, how many of you have been at Fourth of July celebrations?"

"I have! I have! All of us!" was the deep response, uttered not eagerly, but in low and earnest tones.

"Brethren, I wish to explain to you to-night the story that they celebrate. It was years ago that this people was small, and poor, and despised, and governed by men sent by the King of England, who, they say, oppressed them. Then they resolved that they would be free, and govern themselves in their own way and make their own laws. For this they were called rebels and conspirators; and if they had failed, every one of their leaders would have been hung, and nothing more said about it. When they were agreeing to do this, they met together and signed a paper, which was to show to all the world the reason why. You have heard this read by them when the drums were beating and the banners flying. Now hear it here, while you sit on the graves of men they have murdered!"

And standing by the light of the flaring torch, Harry read that document which has been fraught with so much seed for all time. What words were those to fall on the ears of thoughtful bondmen!

"Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." "When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a determination to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right and their duty to throw off such government."

"Brothers," said Harry, "you have heard the grievances which our masters thought sufficient to make it right for them to shed blood. They rose up against their king, and when he sent his armies into the country, they fired at them from the windows of the houses, and from behind the barns, and from out of the trees, and wherever they passed, till they were strong enough to get together an army and fight them openly."

"Yes," said Hannibal, "I heard my master's father tell of it. He was one of them."

"Now," said Harry, "the Lord judge between us and them, if the laws that they put upon us be not worse than any that lay upon them. They complained that they could not get justice done to them in the courts. But how stands it with us, who cannot even come into a court to plead?"

Harry then, in earnest and vehement language, narrated the abuse which had been inflicted upon Milly; and then recited, in a clear and solemn voice, that judicial decision which had burned itself into his memory, and which had confirmed and given full license to that despotic power. He related the fate of his own contract, — of his services for years to the family for which he had labored, all ending in worse than nothing. And then he told his sister's history, till his voice was broken by sobs. The audience who sat around were profoundly solemn; only occasionally a deep, smothered groan seemed to rise from them involuntarily.

Hannibal rose. "I had a master in Virginny. He was a Methodist preacher. He sold my wife and two children to Orleans, and then sold me. My next wife was took for debt, and she 's gone."

A quadroon young man rose. "My mother was held by a minister in Kentucky. My father was a good, hard-working man. There was a man set his eye on her and wanted her, but she would n't have anything to do with him. Then she told her master, and begged him to protect

her; but he sold her. Her hair turned all white in that year, and she went crazy. She was crazy till she died!"

"I 's got a story to tell, on that," said a middle-aged negro man, of low stature, broad shoulders, and a countenance indicative of great resolution, who now rose. "I 's got a story to tell."

"Go on, Monday," said Harry.

"You spoke 'bout de laws. I 's seen 'bout dem ar. Now, my brother Sam, he worked with me on de great Morton place, in Virginny. And dere was going to be a wedding dere, and dey wanted money, and so some of de colored people was sold to Tom Parker, 'cause Tom Parker he was a-buying up round, dat ar fall; and he sold him to Souther, and he was one o' yer drefful mean white trash, dat lived down to de bush. Well, Sam was nigh 'bout starved, and so he had to help hisself de best way he could; and he used fur to trade off one ting and 'nother fur meal to Stone's store, and Souther he told him 'dat he 'd give him hell if he caught him.' So one day, when he missed something off de place, he come home and he brought Stone with him, and a man named Hearvy. He told him dat he was going to cotch it. I reckon dey was all three drunk. Anyhow, dey tied him up, and Souther he never stopped to cut him, and to slash him, and to hack him; and dey burned him with chunks from de fire, and dey scalded him with boiling water. He was strong man, but dey worked on him dat way all day, and at last he died. Dey hearn his screeches on all de places round. Now, brethren, you jest see what was done 'bout it. Why, mas'r and some of de gen'lemen round said dat Souther 'was n't fit to live,' and it should be brought in de courts; and sure 'nough it was; and, 'cause he is my own brother, I listened for what dey would say. Well, fust dey begun with saying dat it wa'n't no murder at all, 'cause slaves, dey said, wa'n't people, and dey could n't be murdered. But den de man on t'oder side he read heaps o' tings to show

dat dey *was* people, — dat dey *was* human critturs. Den de lawyer said dat dere wa'n't no evidence dat Souther meant fur to kill him, anyhow. Dat it was de right of de master to punish his slave any way he thought fit. And how was he going to know dat it would kill him ? Well, so dey had it back and forth, and finally de jury said 'it was murder in de second degree.' Lor ! if dat ar 's being murdered in de second degree, I like to know what de fust is ! You see, dey said he must go to de penitentiary for five years. But, laws, he did n't, 'cause dere 's ways enough o' getting out of dese yer tings ; 'cause he took it up to de upper court, and dey said 'dat it had been settled dat dere could n't be noting done agin a mas'r fur no kind of beating or 'busing of der own slaves. Dat de master must be protected, even if 't was ever so cruel." [1]

"So now, brethren, what do you think of dat ar ?"

At this moment another person entered the circle. There was a general start of surprise and apprehension, which immediately gave place to a movement of satisfaction and congratulation.

"You have come, have you, Henry ?" said Harry.

But at this moment the other turned his face full to the torchlight, and Harry was struck with its ghastly expression.

"For God's sake, what 's the matter, Henry ? Where 's Hark ?"

[1] Lest any of our readers should think the dark witness who is speaking mistaken in his hearing, we will quote here the words which stand on the Virginia law records in reference to this very case : —

"It has been decided by this court, in Turner's case, that the owner of a slave, for the *malicious, cruel, and excessive beating of his own slave, cannot be indicted*. . . . It is the policy of the law in respect to the relation of the master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination and obedience on the part of the slave, to *protect the master from prosecution even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel, and excessive.*" — 7 Grattan, 673, 1851, *Souther* v. *Commonwealth*.

Any one who has sufficiently strong nerves to peruse the records of this trial will see the effect of the slave system on the moral sensibilities of educated men.

"Dead!" said the other.

As one struck with a pistol-shot leaps in the air, Harry bounded, with a cry, from the ground.

"Dead?" he echoed.

"Yes, dead at last! Dey 's all last night a-killing of him."

"I thought so! Oh, I was afraid of it!" said Harry. "Oh, Hark! Hark! Hark! God do so to me, and more also, if I forget this!"

The thrill of a present interest drew every one around the narrator, who proceeded to tell how "Hark, having been too late on his return to the plantation, had incurred the suspicion of being in communication with Harry. How Hokum, Tom Gordon, and two of his drunken associates had gathered together to examine him by scourging. How his shrieks the night before had chased sleep from every hut of the plantation. How he died, and gave no sign." When he was through, there was dead and awful silence.

Dred, who had been sitting, during most of these narrations, bowed, with his head between his knees, groaning within himself, like one who is wrestling with repressed feeling, now rose, and, solemnly laying his hand on the mound, said: —

"*Jegar Sahadutha!* The God of their fathers judge between us! If they had a right to rise up for their oppressions, shall they condemn us? For judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off! Truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter! Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey! They are not ashamed, neither can they blush! They declare their sin as Sodom, and hide it not! The mean man boweth down, and the great man humbleth himself! Therefore forgive them not, saith the Lord!"

Dred paused a moment, and stood with his hands uplifted. As a thunder-cloud trembles and rolls, shaking with

gathering electric fire, so his dark figure seemed to dilate and quiver with the force of mighty emotions. He seemed, at the moment, some awful form, framed to symbolize to human eye the energy of that avenging justice which all nature shudderingly declares. He trembled, his hands quivered, drops of perspiration rolled down his face, his gloomy eyes dilated with an unutterable volume of emotion. At last the words heaved themselves up in deep chest-tones, resembling the wild, hollow wail of a wounded lion, finding vent in language to him so familiar that it rolled from his tongue in a spontaneous torrent, as if he had received their first inspiration.

"Hear ye the word of the Lord against this people! The harvest groweth ripe! The press is full! The vats overflow! Behold, saith the Lord — behold, saith the Lord, I will gather all nations, and bring them down to the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them for my people, whom they have scattered among the nations! Woe unto them, for they have cast lots for my people, and given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they may drink! For three transgressions of Israel, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof, saith the Lord! Because they sold the righteous for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes! They pant after the dust on the head of the poor, and turn aside the way of the meek! And a man and his father will go in unto the same maid, to profane my holy name! Behold, saith the Lord, I am pressed under you, as a cart is pressed full of sheaves!

"The burden of the beasts of the South! The land of trouble and anguish, from whence cometh the young and old lion, the viper, and fiery, flying serpent! Go write it upon a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for time to come, for ever and ever, that this is a rebellious people, lying children, — children that will not hear the law of the Lord! Which say to the seers, See not! Prophesy not

unto us right things! Speak unto us smooth things! Prophesy deceits! Wherefore, thus saith the Holy One of Israel, Because ye despise his word, and trust in oppression, and perverseness, and stay thereon; therefore, this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall whose breaking cometh suddenly in an instant! And he shall break it as the breaking of a potter's vessel!"

Pausing for a moment, he stood with his hands tightly clasped before him, leaning forward, looking into the distance. At last, with the action and energy of one who beholds a triumphant reality, he broke forth: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This, that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

He seemed to listen, and, as if he had caught an answer, he repeated: "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save!"

"Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winepress? I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with me; for I will tread them in my anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled on my garments, and I will stain all my raiment! For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come! And I looked, and there was none to help! And I wondered that there was none to uphold! Therefore mine own arm brought salvation, and my fury it upheld me! For I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury!"

Gradually the light faded from his face. His arms fell. He stood a few moments with his head bowed down on his breast. Yet the spell of his emotion held every one silent. At last, stretching out his hand, he broke forth in passionate prayer: —

"How long, O Lord, how long? Awake! Why sleep-

est thou, O Lord? Why withdrawest thou thy hand? Pluck it out of thy bosom! We see not the sign! There is no more any prophet, neither any among us, that knoweth how long! Wilt thou hold thy peace forever? Behold the blood of the poor crieth unto thee! Behold how they hunt for our lives! Behold how they pervert justice, and take away the key of knowledge! They enter not in themselves, and those that are entering in they hinder! Behold our wives taken for a prey! Behold our daughters sold to be harlots! Art thou a God that judgest on the earth? Wilt thou not avenge thine own elect, that cry unto thee day and night? Behold the scorning of them that are at ease, and the contempt of the proud! Behold how they speak wickedly concerning oppression! They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth! Wilt thou hold thy peace for all these things, and afflict us very sore?"

The energy of the emotion which had sustained him appeared gradually to have exhausted itself. And, after standing silent for a few moments, he seemed to gather himself together as a man waking out of a trance, and, turning to the excited circle around him, he motioned them to sit down, — when he spoke to them in his ordinary tone: —

"Brethren," he said, "the vision is sealed up, and the token is not yet come! The Lamb still beareth the yoke of their iniquities; there be prayers in the golden censers which go up like a cloud! And there is silence in heaven for the space of half an hour! But hold yourselves in waiting, for the day cometh! And what shall be the end thereof?"

A deep voice answered Dred. It was that of Hannibal. "We will reward them as they have rewarded us! In the cup that they have filled to us we will measure to them again!"

"God forbid," said Dred, "that the elect of the Lord should do that! When the Lord saith unto us, Smite, then will we smite! We will not torment them with the scourge and fire, nor defile their women, as they have done with ours! But we will slay them utterly, and consume them from off the face of the earth!"

At this moment the whole circle were startled by the sound of a voice which seemed to proceed deep in from among the trees, singing, in a wild and mournful tone, the familiar words of a hymn: —

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?"

There was a dead silence as the voice approached still nearer, and the chorus was borne upon the night air: —

"Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth again,
To intercede for me!"

And as the last two lines were sung, Milly emerged and stood in the centre of the group. When Dred saw her, he gave a kind of groan, and said, putting his hand out before his face: —

"Woman, thy prayers withstand me!"

"Oh, brethren," said Milly, "I mistrusted of yer councils, and I 's been praying de Lord for you. Oh, brethren, behold de Lamb of God! If dere must come a day of vengeance, pray not to be in it! It 's de Lord's strange work. Oh, brethren, is we de fust dat 's been took to de judgment seat? dat 's been scourged, and died in torments? Oh, brethren, who did it afore us? Did n't He hang bleeding three hours, when dey mocked Him, and gave Him vinegar? Did n't He sweat great drops o' blood in de garden?"

And Milly sang again, words so familiar to many of them that, involuntarily, several voices joined her: —

> "Agonizing in the garden,
> On the ground your Maker lies;
> On the bloody tree behold Him,
> Hear Him cry, before He dies,
> It is finished! Sinners, will not this suffice?"

"Oh, won't it suffice, brethren?" she said. "If de Lord could bear all dat and love us yet, sha'n't we? Oh, brethren, dere 's a better way. I 's been whar you be. I 's been in de wilderness! Yes, I 's heard de sound of dat ar trumpet! Oh, brethren! brethren! dere was blackness and darkness dere! But I 's come to Jesus, de Mediator of de new covenant, and de blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better tings than dat of Abel. Has n't *I* suffered? My heart has been broke over and over for every child de Lord give me! And, when dey sold my poor Alfred, and shot him, and buried him like a dog, oh, but did n't my heart burn? Oh, how I hated her dat sold him! I felt like I 'd kill her! I felt like I 'd be glad to see mischief come on her children! But, brethren, de Lord turned and looked upon me like he done on Peter. I saw him with de crown o' thorns on his head, bleeding, bleeding, and I broke down and forgave her. And de Lord turned her heart, and he was our peace. He broke down de middle wall 'tween us, and we come together, two poor sinners, to de foot of de cross. De Lord he judged her poor soul! She wa'n't let off from her sins. Her chil'en growed up to be a plague and a curse to her! Dey broke her heart! Oh, she was saved by fire — but, bress de Lord, she *was* saved! She died with her poor head on my arm, — she dat had broke my heart! Wa'n't dat better dan if I 'd killed her? Oh, brethren, pray de Lord to give 'em repentance! Leave de vengeance to him. Vengeance is mine — I will repay, saith de Lord. Like he loved us when we was enemies, love yer enemies!"

A dead silence followed this appeal. The keynote of another harmony had been struck. At last Dred rose up solemnly: —

"Woman, thy prayers have prevailed for this time!" he said. "The hour is not yet come!"

CHAPTER XLVI

FRANK RUSSEL'S OPINIONS

CLAYTON was still pursuing the object which he had undertaken. He determined to petition the legislature to grant to the slave the right of seeking legal redress in cases of injury; and, as a necessary to this, the right of bearing testimony in legal action. As Frank Russel was candidate for the next state legislature, he visited him for the purpose of getting him to present such a petition.

Our readers will look in on the scene, in a small retired back room of Frank's office, where his bachelor establishment as yet was kept. Clayton had been giving him an earnest account of his plans and designs.

"The only safe way of gradual emancipation," said Clayton, "is the reforming of law; and the beginning of all legal reform must of course be giving the slave legal personality. It's of no use to enact laws for his protection in his family state, or in any other condition, till we open to him an avenue through which, if they are violated, his grievances can be heard, and can be proved. A thousand laws for his comfort, without this, are only a dead letter."

"I know it," said Frank Russel; "there never was anything under heaven so atrocious as our slave code. It's a bottomless pit of oppression. Nobody knows it so well as we lawyers. But then, Clayton, it's quite another thing what's to be done about it."

"Why, I think it's very plain what's to be done," said Clayton. "Go right forward and enlighten the community.

Get the law reformed. That 's what I have taken for my work; and, Frank, you must help me."

"Hum!" said Frank. "Now, the fact is, Clayton, if I wore a stiff neckcloth, and had a D. D. to my name, I should tell you that the interests of Zion stood in the way, and that it was my duty to preserve my influence, for the sake of being able to take care of the Lord's affairs. But, as I am not so fortunate, I must just say, without further preface, that it won't do for me to compromise Frank Russel's interests. Clayton, I can't afford it, — that 's just it. It won't do. You see, our party can't take up that kind of thing. It would be just setting up a fort from which our enemies could fire on us at their leisure. If I go in to the legislature, I have to go in by my party. I have to represent my party, and, of course, I can't afford to do anything that will compromise them."

"Well, now, Frank," said Clayton, seriously and soberly, "are you going to put your neck into such a noose as this, to be led about all your life long, — the bond-slave of a party?"

"Not I, by a good deal!" said Russel. "The noose will change ends one of these days, and I 'll drag the party. But we must all stoop to conquer, at first."

"And do you really propose nothing more to yourself than how to rise in the world?" said Clayton. "Is n't there any great and good work that has beauty for you? Is n't there anything in heroism and self-sacrifice?"

"Well," said Russel, after a short pause, "maybe there is; but, after all, Clayton, is there? This world looks to me like a confounded humbug, a great hoax, and everybody is going in for grub; and, I say, hang it all, why should n't I have some of the grub, as well as the rest?"

"Man shall not live by bread alone!" said Clayton.

"Bread 's a pretty good thing, though, after all," said Frank, shrugging his shoulders.

"But," said Clayton, "Frank, I am in earnest, and you 've got to be. I want you to go with me down to the depths of your soul, where the water is still, and talk to me on honor. This kind of half-joking way that you have is n't a good sign, Frank; it 's too old for you. A man that makes a joke of everything at your age, what will he do before he is fifty? Now, Frank, you do know that this system of slavery, if we don't reform it, will eat out this country like a cancer."

"I know it," said Frank. "For that matter, it has eaten into us pretty well."

"Now," said Clayton, "if for nothing else, if we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we must do something for the sake of the whites, for this is carrying us back into barbarism as fast as we can go. Virginia has been ruined by it, — run all down. North Carolina, I believe, has the unenviable notoriety of being the most ignorant and poorest State in the Union. I don't believe there 's any country in old, despotic Europe where the poor are more miserable, vicious, and degraded than they are in our slave States. And it 's depopulating us; our men of ability, in the lower classes, who want to be respectable, won't stand it. They will go off to some State where things *move on*. Hundreds and hundreds move out of North Carolina every year to the Western States. And it 's all this unnatural organization of society that does it. We have got to contemplate some mode of abolishing this evil. We have got to take the first step towards progress some time, or we ourselves are all undone."

"Clayton," said Frank, in a tone now quite as serious as his own, "I tell you, as a solemn fact, that we can't do it. Those among us who have got the power in their hands are determined to keep it, and they are wide awake. They don't mean to let the first step be taken, because they don't mean to lay down their power. The three fifths vote that

they get by it is a thing they won't part with. They 'll die first. Why, just look at it! There is at least twenty-four millions of property held in this way. What do you suppose these men care about the poor whites, and the ruin of the State, and all that? The poor whites may go to the devil for all them; and as for the ruin of the State, it won't come in their day; and 'after us the deluge,' you know. That 's the talk! These men are our masters; they are yours; they are mine; they are masters of everybody in these United States. They can crack their whips over the head of any statesman or clergyman, from Maine to New Orleans, that disputes their will. They govern the country. Army, navy, treasury, church, state, everything is theirs, and whoever is going to get up must go up on their ladder. There is n't any other ladder. There is n't an interest, not a body of men, in these whole United States, that they can't control; and I tell you, Clayton, you might as well throw ashes into the teeth of the north wind as undertake to fight their influence. Now if there was any hope of doing any good by this, if there was the least prospect of succeeding, why, I 'd join in with you; but there is n't. The thing is a fixed fact, and why should n't I climb up on it, as well as everybody else?"

"Nothing is fixed," said Clayton, "that is n't fixed in right. God and nature fight against evil."

"They do, I suppose; but it 's a long campaign," said Frank, "and I must be on the side that will win while I 'm alive. Now, Clayton, to you I always speak the truth; I won't humbug you. I worship success. I am of Frederick the Great's creed, 'that Providence goes with the strongest battalions.'

"I was n't made for defeat. I must have power. The preservation of this system, whole and entire, is to be the policy of the leaders of this generation. The fact is, they stand where it *must* be their policy. They must spread it

over the whole territory. They must get the balance of power in the country, to build themselves up against the public opinion of mankind.

"Why, Clayton, moral sentiment, as you call it, is a humbug! The whole world acquiesces in *what goes*, — they always have. There is a great outcry about slavery now; but let it *succeed*, and there won't be. When they can outvote the Northern States, they'll put *them* down. They have kept them subservient by intrigue so far, and by and by they'll have the strength to put them down by force. England makes a fuss now; but let them only succeed, and she'll be civil as a sheep. Of course, men always make a fuss about injustice, when they have nothing to gain by holding their tongues; but England's mouth will be stopped with cotton, — you'll see it. They love trade and hate war. And so the fuss of anti-slavery will die out in the world. Now, when you see what a poor hoax human nature is, what's the use of bothering? The whole race together are n't worth a button, Clayton, and self-sacrifice for such fools is a humbug. That's my programme!"

"Well, Frank, you have made a clean breast; so will I. The human race, as you say, may be a humbug, but it's every man's duty to know for himself that *he* is n't one. *I* am not. I do *not* worship success, and *will* not. And if a cause is a right and honorable one, I will labor in it till I die, whether there is any chance of succeeding or not."

"Well, now," said Frank Russel, "I dare say it's so. I respect your sort of folks; you form an agreeable heroic poem, with which one can amuse the tediousness of life. I suppose it won't do you any good to tell you that you are getting immensely unpopular with what you are doing?"

"No," said Clayton, "it won't."

"I am really afraid," said Russel, "that they'll mob you some of these bright days."

"Very well," said Clayton.

"Oh, of course, I knew it would be very well; but say, Clayton, what do you want to get up a petition on that point for? Why don't you get up one to prevent the separation of families? There 's been such a muss made about that in Europe, and all round the world, that it 's rather the fashion to move about that a little. Politicians like to appear to intend to begin to do something about it. It has a pleasing effect, and gives the Northern editors and ministers something to say as an apology for our sins. Besides, there are a good many simple-hearted folks, who don't see very deep into things, that really think it possible to do something effective on this subject. If you get up a petition for that, you might take the tide with you; and I 'd do something about it myself."

"You know very well, Frank, for I told you, that it 's no use to pass laws for that, without giving the slaves power to sue or give evidence in case of violation. The improvement I propose touches the root of the matter."

"That 's the fact, — it surely does!" said Russel. "And, for that very reason, you 'll never carry it. Now, Clayton, I just want to ask you one question. Can you fight? *Will* you fight? Will you wear a bowie-knife and pistol, and shoot every fellow down that comes at you?"

"Why, no, of course, Frank. You know that I never was a fighting man. Such brute ways are not to my taste."

"Then, my dear sir, you should n't set up for a reformer in Southern States. Now, I 'll tell you one thing, Clayton, that I 've heard. You made some remarks at a public meeting, up at E., that have started a mad-dog cry, which I suppose came from Tom Gordon. See here; have you noticed this article in the 'Trumpet of Liberty'?" said he, looking over a confused stack of papers on his table. "Where 's the article? Oh, here it is."

At the same time he handed Clayton a sheet bearing the

motto, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and pointed to an article headed —

COVERT ABOLITIONISM! CITIZENS, BEWARE!

We were present, a few evenings ago, at the closing speech delivered before the Washington Agricultural Society, in the course of which the speaker, Mr. Edward Clayton, gratuitously wandered away from his subject to make inflammatory and seditious comments on the state of the laws which regulate our negro population. It is time for the friends of our institutions to be awake. Such remarks dropped in the ear of a restless and ignorant population will be a fruitful source of sedition and insurrection. This young man is supposed to be infected with the virus of Northern abolitionists. We cannot too narrowly watch the course of such individuals; for the only price at which we can maintain liberty is eternal vigilance. Mr. Clayton belongs to one of our oldest and most respected families, which makes his conduct the more inexcusable.

Clayton perused this with a quiet smile, which was usual with him.

"The hand of Joab is in that thing," said Frank Russel.

"I 'm sure I said very little," said Clayton. "I was only showing the advantage to our agriculture of a higher tone of moral feeling among our laborers, which, of course, led me to speak of the state of the law regulating them. I said nothing but what everybody knows."

"But, don't you know, Clayton," said Russel, "that if a fellow has an enemy, — anybody bearing him the least ill will, — that he puts a tremendous power in his hands by making such remarks? Why, our common people are so ignorant that they are in the hands of anybody who wants to use them. They are just like a swarm of bees: you can manage them by beating on a tin pan. And Tom Gordon

has got the tin pan now, I fancy. Tom intends to be a swell. He is a born bully, and he 'll lead a rabble. And so you must take care. Your family is considerable for you; but, after all, it won't stand you in stead for everything. Who have you got to back you? Who have you talked with?"

"Well," said Clayton, "I have talked with some of the ministry" —

"And, of course," said Frank, "you found that the leadings of Providence did n't indicate that *they* are to be martyrs! You have their prayers *in secret*, I presume; and if you ever get the cause on the upper hillside, they 'll come out and preach a sermon for you. Now, Clayton, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. If Tom Gordon attacks you, I 'll pick a quarrel with him, and shoot him right off the reel. My stomach is n't nice about those matters, and that sort of thing won't compromise me with my party."

"Thank you," said Clayton, "I shall not trouble you."

"My dear fellow," said Russel, "you philosophers are very much mistaken about the use of carnal weapons. As long as you wrestle with flesh and blood, you had better use fleshly means. At any rate, a gentlemanly brace of pistols won't hurt you; and in fact, Clayton, I am serious. You *must* wear pistols, — there are no two ways about it. Because, if these fellows know that a man wears pistols and will use them, it keeps them off. They have an objection to being shot, as this is all the world they are likely to have. And I think, Clayton, you can fire off a pistol in as edifying and dignified a manner as you can say a grace on proper occasions. The fact is, before long there will be a row kicked up. I 'm pretty sure of it. Tom Gordon is a deeper fellow than you 'd think, and he has booked himself for Congress; and he means to go in on the thunder-and-blazes principle, which will give him the vote of all the rabble. He 'll go into Congress to do the fighting and slashing. There always must be a bully or two there, you

know, to knock down fellows that you can't settle any other way. And nothing would suit him better, to get his name up, than heading a crusade against an abolitionist."

"Well," said Clayton, "if it 's come to that, that we can't speak and discuss freely in our own State, where are we?"

"Where are we, my dear fellow? Why, I know where we are; and if you don't, it 's time you did. Discuss freely? Certainly we can, on *one* side of the question; or on both sides of any other question than this. But this you can't discuss freely, and they can't afford to let you, as long as they mean to keep their power. Do you suppose they are going to let these poor devils, the whites, get their bandages off their eyes, that make them so easy to lead now? There would be a pretty bill to pay if they did! Just now, these fellows are in as safe and comfortable a condition for use as a party could desire; because they have got votes, and we have the guiding of them. And they rage and swear and tear for our institutions, because they are fools, and don't know what hurts them. Then there 's the niggers. Those fellows are deep. They have as long ears as little pitchers, and they are such a sort of fussy set that whatever is going on in the community is always in their mouths, and so comes up that old fear of insurrection. That 's the awful word, Clayton! That lies at the bottom of a good many things in our State, more than we choose to let on. These negroes are a black well, — you never know what 's at the bottom."

"Well," said Clayton, "the only way, the only safeguard to prevent this, is reform. They are a patient set, and will bear a great while; and if they only see that anything is being done, it will be an effectual prevention. If you want insurrection, the only way is to shut down the escape-valve; for, will ye, nill ye, the steam must rise. You see, in this day, minds *will grow*. They *are* growing. There 's no help for it, and there 's no force like the force of growth.

I have seen a rock split in two by the growing of an elm-tree that wanted light and air, and would make its way up through it. Look at all the aristocracies of Europe. They have gone down under this force. Only one has stood, — that of England. And how came that to stand? Because it knew when to yield; because it never confined discussion; because it gave way gracefully before the growing force of the people. That 's the reason it stands to-day, while the aristocracy of France has been blown to atoms."

"My dear fellow," said Russel, "this is all very true and convincing, no doubt; but you won't make *our* aristocracy believe it. They have mounted the lightning, and they are going to ride it whip and spur. They are going to annex Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, and the Lord knows what, and have a great and splendid slave-holding empire. And the North is going to be what Greece was to Rome. We shall govern it, and it will attend to the arts of life for us. The South understands governing. We are trained to rule from the cradle. We have leisure to rule. We have nothing else to do. The free States have their factories, and their warehouses, and their schools, and their internal improvements, to take up their minds; and if we are careful, and don't tell them too plain where we are taking them, they 'll never know it till they get there."

"Well," said Clayton, "there 's one element of force that you 've left out in your calculation."

"And what 's that?" said Russel.

"God," said Clayton.

"I don't know anything about him," said Russel.

"You may have occasion to learn one of these days," said Clayton. "I believe he is alive yet."

CHAPTER XLVII

TOM GORDON'S PLANS

Tom Gordon, in the mean while, had commenced ruling his paternal plantation in a manner very different from the former indulgent system. His habits of reckless and boundless extravagance, and utter heedlessness, caused his cravings for money to be absolutely insatiable; and, within legal limits, he had as little care how it was come by as a highway robber. It is to be remarked that Tom Gordon was a worse slave-holder and master from the very facts of certain desirable qualities in his mental constitution; for, as good wine makes the strongest vinegar, so fine natures perverted make the worse vice. Tom had naturally a perfectly clear, perceptive mind, and an energetic, prompt temperament. It was impossible for him, as many do, to sophisticate and delude himself with false views. He marched up to evil boldly, and with his eyes open. He had very little regard for public opinion, particularly the opinion of conscientious and scrupulous people. So he carried his purposes, it was very little matter to him what any one thought of them or him; they might complain till they were tired.

After Clayton had left the place, he often pondered the dying words of Nina, "that he should care for her people; that he should tell Tom to be kind to them." There was such an impassable gulf between the two characters that it seemed impossible that any peaceable communication should pass between them. Clayton thought within himself that it was utterly hopeless to expect any good arising from the sending of Nina's last message. But the subject haunted

him. Had he any right to withhold it? Was it not his duty to try every measure, however apparently hopeless?

Under the impulse of this feeling, he one day sat down and wrote to Tom Gordon an account, worded with the utmost simplicity, of the last hours of his sister's life, hoping that he might read it, and thus, if nothing more, his own conscience be absolved. Death and the grave, it is true, have sacred prerogatives, and it is often in their power to awaken a love which did not appear in life. There are few so hard as not to be touched by the record of the last hours of those with whom they have stood in intimate relations. A great moralist says, "There are few things not purely evil of which we can say, without emotion, this is the last."

The letter was brought to Tom Gordon one evening when, for a wonder, he was by himself; his associates being off on an excursion, while he was detained at home by a temporary illness. He read it over, therefore, with some attention. He was of too positive a character, however, too keenly percipient, not to feel immediate pain in view of it. A man of another nature might have melted in tears over it, indulged in the luxury of sentimental grief, and derived some comfort, from the exercise, to go on in ways of sin. Not so with Tom Gordon. He could not afford to indulge in anything that roused his moral nature. He was doing wrong of set purpose, with defiant energy; and his only way of keeping his conscience quiet was to maintain about him such a constant tumult of excitement as should drown reflection. He could not afford a *tête-à-tête* conversation with his conscience; having resolved, once for all, to go on in his own wicked way, serving the flesh and the devil, he had to watch against anything that might occasion uncomfortable conflict in his mind. He knew very well, lost man as he was, that there was something sweet and pure, high and noble, against which he was contending; and the letter was only like a torch, which a fair angel might

hold up, shining into the filthy lair of a demon. He could not bear the light; and he had no sooner read the note than he cast it into the fire, and rang violently for a hot brandy toddy and a fresh case of cigars. The devil's last, best artifice to rivet the fetters of his captives is the opportunity which these stimulants give them to command insanity at will.

Tom Gordon was taken to bed drunk; and, if a sorrowful guardian spirit hovered over him as he read the letter, he did not hear the dejected rustle of its retreating wings. The next day nothing was left, only a more decided antipathy to Clayton, for having occasioned him so disagreeable a sensation.

Tom Gordon, on the whole, was not unpopular in his vicinity. He determined to rule them all, and he did. All that uncertain, uninstructed, vagrant population which abound in slave States were at his nod and beck. They were his tools — prompt to aid him in any of his purposes, and convenient to execute vengeance on his adversaries. Tom was a determined slave-holder. He had ability enough to see the whole bearings of that subject, from the beginning to the end; and he was determined that, while he lived, the first stone should never be pulled from the edifice in his State. He was a formidable adversary, because what he wanted in cultivation he made up in unscrupulous energy; and, where he might have failed in argument, he could conquer by the cudgel and the bludgeon. He was, as Frank Russel had supposed, the author of the paragraph which had appeared in the "Trumpet of Freedom," which had already had its effect in awakening public suspicion.

But what stung him to frenzy, when he thought of it, was, that every effort which he had hitherto made to recover possession of Harry had failed. In vain he had sent out hunters and dogs. The swamp had been tracked in

vain. He boiled and burned with fierce tides of passion as he thought of him in his security defying his power. Some vague rumors had fallen upon his ear of the existence, in the swamp, of a negro conspirator, of great energy and power, whose lair had never yet been discovered; and he determined that he would raise heaven and earth to find him. He began to suspect that there was, somehow, understanding and communication between Harry and those who were left on the plantation, and he determined to detect it. This led to the scene of cruelty and tyranny to which we made allusion in a former chapter. The mangled body was buried, and Tom felt neither remorse nor shame. Why should he, protected by the express words of legal decision? He had only met with an accident in the exercise of his lawful power on a slave in the act of rebellion.

"The fact is, Kite," he said to his boon companion, Theophilus Kite, as they were one day sitting together, "I'm bound to have that fellow. I'm going to publish a proclamation of outlawry and offer a reward for his head. That will bring it in, I'm thinking. I'll put it up to a handsome figure, for that will be better than nothing."

"Pity you could n't catch him alive," said Kite, "and make an example of him!"

"I know it," said Tom. "I'd take him the long way round, that I would! That fellow has been an eyesore to me ever since I was a boy. I believe all the devils that are in me are up about him."

"Tom," said Kite, "you've got the devil in you, — no mistake!"

"To be sure I have," said Tom. "I only want a chance to express him. I wish I could get hold of the fellow's wife! I could make him wince there, I guess. I'll get her, too, one of these days! But now, Kite, I'll tell you, the fact is, somebody round here is in league with him. They know about him, I know they do. There's that

squeaky, leathery, long-nosed Skinflint, trades with the niggers in the swamp — I know he does! But he is a double and twisted liar, and you can't get anything out of him. One of these days I'll burn up that old den of his, and shoot him, if he don't look out. Jim Stokes told me that he slept down there one night, when he was tracking, and that he heard Skinflint talking with somebody between twelve and one o'clock; and he looked out, and saw him selling powder to a nigger."

"Oh, that could n't be Harry," said Kite.

"No, but it 's one of the gang that he is in with. And then there 's that Hark. Jim says that he saw him talking — giving a letter, that he got out of the post-office, to a man that rode off towards the woods. I thought we 'd have the truth out of his old hide! But he did n't hold out as I thought he would."

"Hokum don't understand his business," said Kite. "He should n't have used him up so fast."

"Hokum is a bother," said Tom, "like all the rest of those fellows! Hark was a desperately resolute fellow, and it 's well enough he is dead, because he was getting sullen, and making the others rebellious. Hokum, you see, had taken a fancy to his wife, and Hark was jealous."

"Quite a romance!" said Kite, laughing.

"And now I 'll tell you another thing," said Tom, "that I 'm bound to reform. There 's a canting, sneaking, dribbling, whining old priest, that 's ravaging these parts and getting up a muss among people about the abuses of the slaves; and I 'm not going to have it. I 'm going to shut up his mouth. I shall inform him, pretty succinctly, that, if he does much more in this region, he 'll be illustrated with a coat of tar and feathers."

"Good for you!" said Kite.

"Now," said Tom, "I understand that to-night he is going to have a general sniveling season in the old log

church out on the cross-run, and they are going to form a church on anti-slavery principles. Contemptible whelps! Not a copper to bless themselves with! Dirty, sweaty, greasy mechanics, with their spawn of children! Think of the impudence of their getting together and passing anti-slavery resolutions, and resolving they won't admit slave-holders to the communion! I have a great mind to let them try the dodge once! By George, if I would n't walk up and take their bread and wine and pitch it to thunder!"

"Are they really going to form such a church?"

"That's the talk," said Tom. "But they'll find they have reckoned without their host, I fancy! You see, I just tipped Jim Stokes the wink. Says I, 'Jim, don't you think they'll want you to help the music there to-night?' Jim took at once; and he said he would be on the ground with a dog or two, and some old tin pans. Oh, we shall get them up an orchestra, I promise you! And some of our set are going over to see the fun. There's Bill Akers and Bob Story and Sim Dexter will be over here to dinner, and towards evening we'll ride over."

CHAPTER XLVIII

LYNCH LAW

THE rays of the afternoon sun were shining through the fringy needles of the pines. The sound of the woodpecker reverberated through the stillness of the forest, answering to thousand woodland notes. Suddenly, along the distant path, a voice is heard singing, and the sound comes strangely on the ear through the dreamy stillness: —

> "Jesus Christ has lived and died —
> What is all the world beside?
> This to know is all I need,
> This to know is life indeed.
>
> "Other wisdom seek I none —
> Teach me this, and this alone:
> Christ for me has lived and died,
> Christ for me was crucified."

And, as the last lines fall upon the ear, a figure, riding slowly on horseback, comes round the bend of the forest path. It is father Dickson. It was the habit of this good man, much of whose life was spent in solitary journeyings, to use the forest arches for that purpose for which they seemed so well designed, as a great cathedral of prayer and praise. He was riding with the reins loose over the horse's neck, and a pocket Bible in his hand. Occasionally he broke out into snatches of song, like the one which we heard him singing a few moments ago. As he rides along now, he seems absorbed in mental prayer. Father Dickson, in truth, had cause to pray. The plainness of speech which he felt bound to use had drawn down upon him opposition and

opprobrium, and alienated some of his best friends. The support which many had been willing to contribute to his poverty was entirely withdrawn. His wife, in feeble health, was toiling daily beyond her strength; and hunger had looked in at the door, but each day prayer had driven it away. The petition, "Give us THIS DAY our daily bread," had not yet failed to bring an answer, but there was no bread for to-morrow. Many friendly advisers had told him that, if he would relinquish a futile and useless undertaking, he should have enough and to spare. He had been conferred with by the elders in a vacant church in the town of E., who said to him, "We enjoy your preaching when you let alone controverted topics; and if you'll agree to confine yourself solely to the gospel, and say nothing on any of the delicate and exciting subjects of the day, we shall rejoice in your ministrations." They pleaded with him his poverty, and the poor health of his wife, and the necessities of his children; but he answered, "'Man shall not live by bread alone.' God is able to feed me, and he will do it." They went away, saying that he was a fool, that he was crazy. He was not the first whose brethren had said, "He is beside himself."

As he rode along through the forest paths, he talked of his wants to his Master. "Thou knowest," he said, "how I suffer. Thou knowest how feeble my poor wife is, and how it distresses us both to have our children grow up without education. We cast ourselves on thee. Let us not deny thee; let us not betray thee. Thou hadst not where to lay thy head; let us not murmur. The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord." And then he sang: —

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou my all henceforth shalt be!

"Let the world despise and leave me —
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human looks and words deceive me —
Thou art not, like them, untrue!

"And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, power, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright!"

And, as he sang and prayed, that strange joy arose within him which, like the sweetness of night flowers, is born of darkness and tribulation. The soul hath in it somewhat of the divine, in that it can have joy in endurance beyond the joy of indulgence.

They mistake who suppose that the highest happiness lies in wishes accomplished, — in prosperity, wealth, favor, and success. There has been a joy in dungeons and on racks passing the joy of harvest. A joy strange and solemn, mysterious even to its possessor. A white stone dropped from that signet-ring, peace, which a dying Saviour took from his own bosom, and bequeathed to those who endure the cross, despising the shame.

As father Dickson rode on, he lifted his voice in solemn exultation : —

"Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er fear, doubt, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

"Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, wilt thou repine?"

At this moment Dr. Cushing, in the abundant comforts of his home, might have envied father Dickson in his desertion and poverty. For that peace seldom visited him. He struggled wearily along the ways of duty, never fulfilling his highest ideal; wearied by confusing accusations of conscience, and deeming himself happy only because, having

never lived in any other state, he knew not what happiness was like. He alternately condemned his brother's rashness, and sighed as he thought of his uncompromising spirituality; and once or twice he had written him a friendly letter of caution, inclosing him a five-dollar bill, wishing that he might succeed, begging that he would be careful, and ending with the pious wish that we might all be guided aright; which supplication, in many cases, answers the purpose, in a man's inner legislation, of laying troublesome propositions on the table. Meanwhile the shades of evening drew on, and father Dickson approached the rude church which stood deep in the shadow of the woods. In external appearance it had not the pretensions even of a New England barn, but still it had echoed prayers and praises from humble, sincere worshipers. As father Dickson rode up to the door, he was surprised to find quite a throng of men, armed with bludgeons and pistols, waiting before it. One of these now stepped forward, and, handing him a letter, said, —

"Here, I have a letter for you to read!"

Father Dickson put it calmly in his pocket. "I will read it after service," said he.

The man then laid hold of his bridle. "Come out here!" he said; "I want to talk to you."

"Thank you, friend, I will talk with you after meeting," said he. "It 's time for me to begin service."

"The fact is," said a surly, wolfish-looking fellow, who came behind the first speaker, — "the fact is, we ain't going to have any of your d—d abolition meetings here! If he can't get it out, I can!"

"Friends," said father Dickson mildly, "by what right do you presume to stop me?"

"We think," said the first man, "that you are doing harm, violating the laws" —

"Have you any warrant from the civil authorities to stop me?"

"No, sir," said the first speaker; but the second one, ejecting a large quid of tobacco from his mouth, took up the explanation in a style and taste peculiarly his own.

"Now, old cock, you may as well know fust as last that we don't care a cuss for the civil authorities, as you call them, 'cause we 's going to do what we darn please; and we don't please have you yowping abolishionism round here, and putting deviltry in the heads of our niggers! Now, that ar 's plain talk!"

This speech was chorused by a group of men on the steps, who now began to gather round, and shout, —

"Give it to him! That 's into him! Make the wool fly!"

Father Dickson, who was perfectly calm, now remarked in the shadow of the wood, at no great distance, three or four young men mounted on horses, who laughed brutally, and called out to the speaker, —

"Give him some more!"

"My friends," said father Dickson, "I came here to perform a duty, at the call of my heavenly Master, and you have no right to stop me."

"Well, how will you help yourself, old bird? Supposing we have n't?"

"Remember, my friends, that we shall all stand side by side at the judgment seat to give an account for this night's transactions. How will you answer for it to God?"

A loud, sneering laugh came from the group under the trees, and a voice, which we recognize as Tom Gordon's, calls out:

"He is coming the solemn dodge on you, boys! Get on your long faces!"

"Come," said the roughest of the speakers, "this here don't go down with us! We don't know nothing about no judgments; and as to God, we ain't none of us seen him lately. We spect he don't travel round these parts."

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," said father Dickson.

Here one of the mob mewed like a cat, another barked like a dog, and the spectators under the tree laughed more loudly than ever.

"I say," said the first speaker, "you sha'n't go to getting up rat-traps and calling 'em meetings! This yer preaching o' yourn is a cussed sell, and we won't stand it no longer! We shall have an insurrection among our niggers. Pretty business, getting up churches where you won't have slave-holders commune! I's got niggers myself, and I know I's bigger slave than they be, and I wished I was shet of them! But I ain't going to have no d—d old parson dictating to me about my affairs! And we won't, none of the rest of us, will we? 'Cause them that ain't got any niggers now means to have. Don't we, boys?"

"Ay, ay, that we do! Give it to him!" was shouted from the party.

"It's our right to have niggers, and we will have them, if we can get them," continued the speaker.

"Who gave you the right?" said father Dickson.

"Who gave it? Why, the Constitution of the United States, to be sure, man! Who did you suppose? Ain't we got the freest government in the world? Is we going to be shut out of communion 'cause we holds niggers? Don't care a cuss for your old communion, but it's the *principle* I's going for! Now I tell you what, old fellow, we've got you; and you have got to promise, right off the reel, that you won't say another word on this yer subject."

"Friend, I shall make no such promise," said father Dickson, in a tone so mild and steadfast that there was a momentary pause.

"You'd better," said a man in the crowd, "if you know what's good for you!"

A voice now spoke from the circle of the young men, —

"Never cave in, boys!"

"No fear of us!" responded the man who had taken the

most prominent part in the dialogue hitherto. "We 'll serve it out to him! Now, ye see, old feller, ye 're treed, and may as well come down, as the coon said to Davy. You can't help yourself, 'cause we are ten to one; and if you don't promise peaceable, we 'll make you!"

"My friends," said father Dickson, "I want you to think what you are doing. Your good sense must teach you the impropriety of your course. You know that you are doing wrong. You know that it is n't right to trample on all law, both human and divine, out of professed love to it. You must see that your course will lead to perfect anarchy and confusion. The time may come when your opinions will be as unpopular as mine."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, if your course prevails, you must be lynched, stoned, tarred and feathered. This is a two-edged sword you are using, and some day you may find the edge turned towards you. You may be seized, just as you are seizing me. You know the men that threw Daniel into the den got thrown in themselves."

"Daniel who?" shouted one of the company; and the young men under the tree laughed insultingly.

"Why are you afraid to let me preach this evening?" said father Dickson. "Why can't you hear me, and if I say anything false, why can't you show me the falsehood of it? It seems to me it 's a weak cause that can only get along by stopping men's mouths."

"No, no, — we ain't going to have it!" said the man who had taken the most active part. "And now you 've got to sign a solemn promise, this night, that you won't ever open your mouth again about this yer subject, or we 'll make it worse for you!"

"I shall never make such a promise. You need not think to terrify me into it, for I am not afraid. You must kill me before you can stop me."

"D—n you, then, old man," said one of the young men, riding up by the side of him; "I 'll tell you what you shall do! You shall sign a pledge to leave North Carolina in three days, and never come back again, and take your whole spawn and litter with you, or you shall be chastised for your impudence! Now look out, sir, for you are speaking to your betters! Your insolence is intolerable! What business have you passing strictures reflecting on the conduct of gentlemen of family? Think yourself happy that we let you go out of the State without the punishment that your impudence deserves!"

"Mr. Gordon, I am sorry to hear you speaking in that way," said father Dickson composedly. "By right of your family, you certainly ought to know how to speak as a gentleman. You are holding language to me that you have no right to hold, and uttering threats that you have no means of enforcing."

"You 'll see if I have n't!" replied the other, with an oath. "Here, boys!"

He beckoned one or two of the leaders to his side, and spoke with them in a low voice. One of them seemed inclined to remonstrate.

"No, no, — it 's too bad!" he said.

But the others said, —

"Yes, it serves him right! We 'll do it! Hurrah, boys! We 'll help on the parson home, and help him kindle his fire!"

There was a general shout as the whole party, striking up a ribald song, seized father Dickson's horse, turned him round, and began marching in the direction of his cabin in the woods.

Tom Gordon and his companions, who rode foremost, filled the air with blasphemous and obscene songs, which entirely drowned the voice of father Dickson whenever he attempted to make himself heard. Before they started,

Tom Gordon had distributed freely of whiskey among them, so that what little manliness there might have been within seemed to be "set on fire of hell." It was one of those moments that try men's souls.

Father Dickson, as he was hurried along, thought of that other One who was led by an infuriate mob through the streets of Jerusalem, and he lifted his heart in prayer to the Apostle and High Priest of his profession, the God in Jesus. When they arrived before his little cabin, he made one more effort to arrest their attention.

"My brethren" — he said.

"None of your brethren! Stop that cant!" said Tom Gordon.

"Hear me one word," said father Dickson. "My wife is quite feeble. I'm sure you would n't wish to hurt a sick woman, who never did harm to any mortal creature."

"Well, then," said Tom Gordon, facing round to him, "if you care so very much about your wife, you can very easily save her any further trouble. Just give us the promise we want, and we 'll go away peaceably and leave you. But if you won't, as true as there is a God in heaven, we 'll pull down every stick of timber in your old kennel! I 'll tell you what, old man, you 've got a master to deal with now!"

"I cannot promise not to preach upon this subject."

"Well, then, you must promise to take yourself out of the State. You can go among your Northern brethren, and howl and mawl round there; but we are not going to have you here. I have as much respect for respectable ministers of the gospel as any one, when they confine themselves to the duties of their calling; but when they come down to be intriguing in our worldly affairs, they must expect to be treated as we treat other folks that do that. Their black coats sha'n't protect them! We are not going to be priest-ridden, are we, boys?"

A loud whoop of inflamed and drunken merriment chorused this question. Just at this moment the door of the cottage was opened, and a pale, sickly-looking woman came gliding out to the gate.

"My dear," she said, and her voice was perfectly calm, "don't yield a hair's breadth, on my account. I can bear as well as you. I am not afraid. I am ready to die for conscience' sake. Gentlemen," she said, "there is not much in this house of any value, except two sick children. If it is agreeable to you to pull it down, you can do it. Our goods are hardly worth spoiling, but you can spoil them. My husband, be firm; don't yield an inch!"

It is one of the worst curses of slavery that it effaces from the breast all manly feeling with regard to woman. Every one remembers the story how the frail and delicate wife of Lovejoy placed her weakness as a shield before the chamber door where her husband was secreted, and was fought with brutal oaths and abuse by the drunken gang, who were determined to pass over her body, if necessary, to his heart! They who are trained to whip women in a servile position, of course can have none of the respect which a free man feels for woman as woman. They respect the sex when they see it enshrined by fashion, wealth, and power; but they tread it in the dust when, in poverty and helplessness, it stands in the path of their purposes.

"Woman," said Tom Gordon, "you are a fool! You need n't think to come it round us with any of that talk! You need n't think we are going to stop on your account, for we sha'n't. We know what we are about."

"So does God!" said the woman, fixing her eye on him with one of those sudden looks of power with which a noble sentiment sometimes lights up for a moment the weakest form.

There was a momentary pause, and then Tom broke out into oaths and curses.

"I 'll tell you what, boys," he said, "we had better bring matters to a point! Here, tie him up to this tree, and give him six-and-thirty! He is so dreadful fond of the niggers, let him fare with them! We know how to get a promise out of him!"

The tiger was now fully awake in the crowd. Wild oaths and cries of "Give it to him! Give it to him, G—d d—n him!" arose.

Father Dickson stood calm; and, beholding him, they saw his face as if it had been that of an angel, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. A few moments more, and he was divested of his outer garments and bound to a tree.

"Now will you promise?" said Tom Gordon, taking out his watch. "I give you five minutes."

The children, now aroused, were looking out, crying, from the door. His wife walked out and took her place before him.

"Stand out of the way, old woman!" said Tom Gordon.

"I will not stand out of the way!" she said, throwing her arms round her husband. "You shall not get to him but over my body!"

"Ben Hyatt, take her away!" said Tom Gordon. "Treat her decently, as long as she behaves herself."

A man forced her away. She fell fainting on his shoulder.

"Lay her down," said Tom Gordon. "Now, sir, your five minutes are up. What have you got to say?"

"I have to say that I shall not comply with your demands."

"Very well," said Tom, "it 's best to be explicit."

He drew his horse a little back, and said to a man who was holding a slave-whip behind, —

"Give it to him!"

The blows descended. He uttered no sound. The mob, meanwhile, tauntingly insulted him.

"How do you like it? What do you think of it? Preach us a sermon, now, can't you? Come, where's your text?"

"He is getting stars and stripes, now!" said one.

"I reckon he 'll see stars!" said another.

"Stop," said Tom Gordon. "Well, my friend," he said, "you see we are in earnest, and we shall carry this through to the bitter end, you may rely on it. You won't get any sympathy; you won't get any support. There ain't a minister in the State that will stand by you. They all have sense enough to let our affairs alone. They 'd any of them hold a candle here, as the good elder did when they thrashed Dresser, down at Nashville. Come, now, will you cave in?"

But at this moment the conversation was interrupted by the riding up of four or five gentlemen on horseback, the headmost of whom was Clayton.

"What 's this?" he exclaimed hurriedly. "What, Mr. Gordon — father Dickson! What — what am I to understand by this?"

"Who the devil cares what you understand? It 's no business of yours," said Tom Gordon; "so stand out of my way!"

"I shall make it some of my business," said Clayton, turning round to one of his companions. "Mr. Brown, you are a magistrate?"

Mr. Brown, a florid, puffy-looking old gentleman, now rode forward. "Bless my soul, but this is shocking! Mr. Gordon, don't! how can you? My boys, you ought to consider!"

Clayton, meanwhile, had thrown himself off his horse, and cut the cords which bound father Dickson to the tree. The sudden reaction of feeling overcame him. He fell fainting.

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves?" said Clayton, indignantly glancing round. "Is n't this pretty business for

great, strong men like you, abusing ministers that you know won't fight, and women and children that you know can't!"

"Do you mean to apply that language to me?" said Tom Gordon.

"Yes, sir, I do mean just that!" said Clayton, looking at him, while he stretched his tall figure to its utmost height.

"Sir, that remark demands satisfaction."

"You are welcome to all the satisfaction you can get," said Clayton coolly.

"You shall meet me," said Tom Gordon, "where you shall answer for that remark!"

"I am not a fighting man," said Clayton; "but, if I were, I should never consent to meet any one but my equals. When a man stoops to do the work of a rowdy and a bully, he falls out of the sphere of gentlemen. As for you," said Clayton, turning to the rest of the company, "there 's more apology for you. You have not been brought up to know better. Take my advice; disperse yourselves now, or I shall take means to have this outrage brought to justice."

There is often a magnetic force in the appearance, amid an excited mob, of a man of commanding presence, who seems perfectly calm and decided. The mob stood irresolute.

"Come, Tom," said Kite, pulling him by the sleeve, "we 've given him enough, at any rate."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brown. "Mr. Gordon, I advise you to go home. We must all keep the peace, you know. Come, boys, you 've done enough for one night, I should hope! Go home now, and let the old man be; and there 's something to buy you a treat down at Skinflint's. Come, do the handsome, now!"

Tom Gordon sullenly rode away, with his two associates each side; but before he went, he said to Clayton, —

"You shall hear of me again one of these days!"

"As you please," said Clayton.

The party now set themselves about recovering and comforting the frightened family. The wife was carried in and laid down on the bed. Father Dickson was soon restored so as to be able to sit up, and, being generally known and respected by the company, received many expressions of sympathy and condolence. One of the men was an elder in the church which had desired his ministerial services. He thought this a good opportunity of enforcing some of his formerly expressed opinions.

"Now, father Dickson," he said, "this just shows you the truth of what I was telling you. This course of yours won't do; you see it won't, now. Now, if you'd agree not to say anything of these troublesome matters, and just confine yourself to the preaching of the gospel, you see you would n't get into any more trouble; and, after all, it's the gospel that's the root of the matter. The gospel will gradually correct all these evils, if you don't say anything about them. You see, the state of the community is peculiar. They won't bear it. We feel the evils of slavery just as much as you do. Our souls are burdened under it," he said, complacently wiping his face with his handkerchief. "But Providence does n't appear to open any door here for us to do anything. I think we ought to abide on the patient waiting on the Lord, who, in his own good time, will bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion."

This last phrase being a part of a stereotyped exhortation with which the good elder was wont to indulge his brethren in church prayer-meetings, he delivered it in the sleepy drawl which he reserved for such occasions.

"Well," said father Dickson, "I must say that I don't see that the preaching of the gospel, in the way we have preached it hitherto, has done anything to rectify the evil. It's a bad sign if our preaching does n't make a conflict. When the apostles came to a place, they said, 'These men that turn the world upside down are come hither.'"

"But," said Mr. Brown, "you must consider our institutions are peculiar; our negroes are ignorant and inflammable, easily wrought upon, and the most frightful consequences may result. That's the reason why there is so much sensation when any discussion is begun which relates to them. Now, I was in Nashville when that Dresser affair took place. He had n't said a word, — he had n't opened his mouth, even, — but he was known to be an abolitionist; and so they searched his trunks and papers, and there they found documents expressing abolition sentiments, sure enough. Well, everybody, ministers and elders, joined in that affair, and stood by to see him whipped. I thought, myself, they went too far. But there is just where it is. People are not reasonable, and they won't be reasonable, in such cases. It's too much to ask of them; and so everybody ought to be cautious. Now I wish, for my part, that ministers would confine themselves to their appropriate duties. 'Christ's kingdom is not of this world.' And, then, you don't know Tom Gordon. He is a terrible fellow! I never want to come in conflict with him. I thought I'd put the best face on it and persuade him away. I did n't want to make Tom Gordon my enemy. And I think, Mr. Dickson, if you must preach these doctrines, I think it would be best for you to leave the State. Of course, we don't want to restrict any man's conscience; but when any kind of preaching excites brawl, and confusion, and inflames the public mind, it seems to be a duty to give it up."

"Yes," said Mr. Cornet, the elder, "we ought to follow the things which make for peace, — such things whereby one may edify another."

"Don't you see, gentlemen," said Mr. Clayton, "that such a course is surrendering our liberty of free speech into the hands of a mob? If Tom Gordon may dictate what is to be said on one subject, he may on another; and the rod which has been held over our friend's head to-night may be

held over ours. Independent of the right or wrong of father Dickson's principles, he ought to maintain his position, for the sake of maintaining the right of free opinion in the State."

"Why," said Mr. Cornet, "the Scripture saith, 'If they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.'"

"That was said," said Clayton, "to a people that lived under despotism, and had no rights of liberty given them to maintain. But if we give way before mob law, we make ourselves slaves of the worst despotism on earth."

But Clayton spoke to men whose ears were stopped by the cotton of slothfulness and love of ease. They rose up, and said that it was time for them to be going.

Clayton expressed his intention of remaining over the night, to afford encouragement and assistance to his friends in case of any further emergency.

CHAPTER XLIX

MORE VIOLENCE

CLAYTON rose the next morning, and found his friends much better than he had expected after the agitation and abuse of the night before. They seemed composed and cheerful.

"I am surprised," he said, "to see that your wife is able to be up this morning."

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength," said father Dickson. "How often I have found it so! We have seen times when I and my wife have both been so ill that we scarcely thought we had strength to help ourselves; and a child has been taken ill, or some other emergency has occurred that called for immediate exertion, and we have been to the Lord and found strength. Our way has been hedged up many a time, — the sea before us and the Egyptians behind us; but the sea has always opened when we have stretched our hands to the Lord. I have never sought the Lord in vain. He has allowed great troubles to come upon us, but he always delivers us."

Clayton recalled the sneering, faithless, brilliant Frank Russel, and compared him, in his own mind, with the simple, honest man before him.

"No," he said to himself, "human nature is not a humbug, after all. There are some real men, — some who will not acquiesce in what is successful if it be wrong."

Clayton was in need of such living examples; for, in regard to religion, he was in that position which is occupied by too many young men of high moral sentiment in this

country. What he had seen of the worldly policy and time-serving spirit of most of the organized bodies professing to represent the Christian faith and life had deepened the shadow of doubt and distrust which persons of strong individuality and discriminating minds are apt to feel in certain stages of their spiritual development. Great afflictions — those which tear up the roots of the soul — are often succeeded, in the course of the man's history, by a period of skepticism. The fact is, such afflictions are disenchanting powers; they give to the soul an earnestness and a power of discrimination which no illusion can withstand. They teach us what we need, what we must have to rest upon; and in consequence thousands of little formalities, and empty shows, and dry religious conventionalities, are scattered by it like chaff. The soul rejects them, in her indignant anguish; and, finding so much that is insincere and untrue and unreliable, she has sometimes hours of doubting all things.

Clayton saw again in the minister what he had seen in Nina, — a soul swayed by an attachment to an invisible person, whose power over it was the power of a personal attachment, and who swayed it, not by dogmas or commands merely, but by the force of a sympathetic emotion. Beholding, as in a glass, the divine image of his heavenly friend, insensibly to himself the minister was changing into the same image. The good and the beautiful to him was an embodied person, — even Jesus his Lord.

"What may be your future course?" said Clayton with anxiety. "Will you discontinue your labors in this State?"

"I may do so if I find positively that there is no gaining a hearing," said father Dickson. "I think we owe it to our State not to give up the point without a trial. There are those who are willing to hear me, — willing to make a beginning with me. It is true they are poor and unfashionable; but still it is my duty not to desert them till I have tried, at least, whether the laws can't protect me in the exercise of my

duty. The hearts of all men are in the hands of the Lord. He turneth them as the rivers of water are turned. This evil is a great and a trying one. It is gradually lowering the standard of morals in our churches, till men know not what spirit they are of. I held it my duty not to yield to the violence of the tyrant, and bind myself to a promise to leave, till I had considered what the will of my Master would be."

"I should be sorry," said Clayton, "to think that North Carolina could n't protect you. I am sure, when the particulars of this are known, there will be a general reprobation from all parts of the country. You might remove to some other part of the State not cursed by the residence of a man like Tom Gordon. I will confer with my uncle, your friend Dr. Cushing, and see if some more eligible situation cannot be found where you can prosecute your labors. He is at this very time visiting his wife's father in E., and I will ride over and talk with him to-day. Meanwhile," said Clayton as he rose to depart, "allow me to leave with you a little contribution to help the cause of religious freedom in which you are engaged."

And Clayton, as he shook hands with his friend and his wife, left an amount of money with them such as had not crossed their palms for many a day. Bidding them adieu, a ride of a few hours carried him to E., where he communicated to Dr. Cushing the incidents of the night before.

"Why, it 's perfectly shocking, — abominable!" said Dr. Cushing. "Why, what are we coming to? My dear young friend, this shows the necessity of prayer. 'When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord must lift up a standard against him.'"

"My dear uncle," said Clayton rather impatiently, "it seems to me the Lord has lifted up a standard in the person of this very man, and people are too cowardly to rally around it."

"Well, my dear nephew, it strikes me you are rather excited," said Dr. Cushing good-naturedly.

"Excited?" said Clayton. "I ought to be excited! You ought to be excited, too! Here 's a good man beginning what you think a necessary reform, and who does it in a way perfectly peaceable and lawful, who is cloven down under the hoof of a mob, and all you can think of doing is to pray to *the Lord* to raise up a standard! What would you think if a man's house were on fire, and he should sit praying the Lord that in his mysterious providence he would put it out?"

"Oh, the cases are not parallel!" said Dr. Cushing.

"I think they are," said Clayton. "Our house is the State, and our house is on fire by mob law; and, instead of praying the Lord to put it out, you ought to go to work and put it out yourself. If all your ministers would make a stand against this, uncle, and do all you can to influence those to whom you are preaching, it would n't be done again."

"I am sure I should be glad to do something. Poor father Dickson! such a good man as he is! But then, I think, Clayton, he was rather imprudent. It don't do, this unadvised way of proceeding. We ought to watch against rashness, I think. We are too apt to be precipitate, and not await the leadings of Providence. Poor Dickson! I tried to caution him, the last time I wrote to him. To be sure, it 's no excuse for them; but, then, I 'll write to brother Barker on the subject, and we 'll see if we can't get an article in the 'Christian Witness.' I don't think it would be best to allude to these particular circumstances, or to mention any names; but there might be a general article on the importance of maintaining the right of free speech, and of course people can apply it for themselves."

"You remind me," said Clayton, "of a man who proposed commencing an attack on a shark by throwing a sponge

at him. But now, really, uncle, I am concerned for the safety of this good man. Is n't there any church near you to which he can be called? I heard him at the camp-meeting, and I think he is an excellent preacher."

"There are a good many churches," said Dr. Cushing, "which would be glad of him if it were not for the course he pursues on that subject; and I really can't feel that he does right to throw away his influence so. He might be the means of converting souls if he would only be quiet about this."

"Be quiet about fashionable sins," said Clayton, "in order to get a chance to convert souls! What sort of converts are those who are not willing to hear the truth on every subject? I should doubt conversions that can only be accomplished by silence on great practical immoralities."

"But," said Dr. Cushing, "Christ and the apostles did n't preach on the abuses of slavery, and they alluded to it as an existing institution."

"Nor did they preach on the gladiatorial shows," said Clayton; "and Paul draws many illustrations from them. Will you take the principle that everything is to be let alone now about which the apostles did n't preach directly?"

"I don't want to enter into that discussion now," said Dr. Cushing. "I believe I'll ride over and see brother Dickson. After all, he is a dear, good man, and I love him. I'd like to do something for him if I were not afraid it might be misunderstood."

Toward evening, however, Clayton, becoming uneasy at the lonely situation of his clerical friend, resolved to ride over and pass the night with him, for the sake of protecting him; and, arming himself with a brace of pistols, he proceeded on his ride. As the day had been warm, he put off his purpose rather late, and darkness overtook him before he had quite accomplished his journey. Riding deliberately through the woodland path in the vicinity of the swamp,

he was startled by hearing the tramp of horses' hoofs behind him. Three men, mounted on horseback, were coming up, the headmost of whom, riding up quickly behind, struck him so heavy a blow with a gutta-percha cane as to fell him to the earth. In an instant, however, he was on his feet again, and had seized the bridle of his horse.

"Who are you?" said he; for, by the dim light that remained of the twilight, he could perceive that they all wore masks.

"We are men," said one of them, whose voice Clayton did not recognize, "that know how to deal with fellows who insult gentlemen, and then refuse to give them honorable satisfaction."

"And," said the second speaker, "we know how to deal with renegade abolitionists who are covertly undermining our institutions."

"And," said Clayton coolly, "you understand how to be cowards; for none but cowards would come three to one, and strike a man from behind! Shame on you! Well, gentlemen, act your pleasure. Your first blow has disabled my right arm. If you wish my watch and my purse, you may help yourselves, as cut-throats generally do!"

The stinging contempt which was expressed in these last words seemed to enrage the third man, who had not spoken. With a brutal oath, he raised his cane again and struck at him.

"Strike a wounded man who cannot help himself, — do!" said Clayton. "Show yourself the coward you are! You are brave in attacking defenseless women and children, and ministers of the gospel!"

This time the blow felled Clayton to the earth, and Tom Gordon, precipitating himself from the saddle, proved his eligibility for Congress by beating his defenseless acquaintance on the head, after the fashion of the chivalry of South Carolina. But at this moment a violent blow from an un-

seen hand struck his right arm, and it fell broken at his side. Mad with pain, he poured forth volumes of oaths, such as our readers have never heard, and the paper refuses to receive. And a deep voice said from the woods, "Woe to the bloody and deceitful man!"

"Look for the fellow! where is he?" said Tom Gordon.

The crack of a rifle, and a bullet which passed right over his head, answered from the swamp, and the voice, which he knew was Harry's, called from within the thicket, —

"Tom Gordon, beware! Remember Hark!" At the same time another rifle-shot came over their heads.

"Come, come," said the other two, "there 's a gang of them. We had better be off. You can't do anything with that broken arm there." And, helping Tom into the saddle, the three rode away precipitately.

As soon as they were gone, Harry and Dred emerged from the thicket. The latter was reported among his people to have some medical or surgical skill. He raised Clayton up, and examined him carefully.

"He is not dead," he said.

"What shall we do for him?" said Harry. "Shall we take him along to the minister's cabin?"

"No, no," said Dred; "that would only bring the Philistines upon him!"

"It 's full three miles to E.," said Harry. "It would n't do to risk going there."

"No, indeed," said Dred. "We must take him to our stronghold of Engedi, even as Samson bore the gates of Gaza. Our women shall attend him, and when he is recovered we will set him on his journey."

CHAPTER L

ENGEDI

THE question may occur to our readers, why a retreat which appeared so easily accessible to the negroes of the vicinity in which our story is laid should escape the vigilance of hunters.

In all despotic countries, however, it will be found that the oppressed party become expert in the means of secrecy. It is also a fact that the portion of the community who are trained to labor enjoy all that advantage over the more indolent portion of it which can be given by a vigorous physical system and great capabilities of endurance. Without a doubt, the balance of the physical strength of the South now lies in the subject race. Usage familiarizes the dwellers of the swamp with the peculiarities of their location, and gives them the advantage in it that a mountaineer has in his own mountains. Besides, they who take their life in their hand exercise their faculties with more vigor and clearness than they who have only money at stake; and this advantage the negroes had over the hunters.

Dred's "stronghold of Engedi," as we have said, was isolated from the rest of the swamp by some twenty yards of deep morass, in which it was necessary to wade almost to the waist. The shore presented to the eye only the appearance of an impervious jungle of cat-brier and grapevine rising out of the water. There was but one spot on which there was a clear space to set foot on, and that was the place where Dred crept up on the night when we first introduced the locality to our readers' attention.

The hunters generally satisfied themselves with exploring more apparently accessible portions; and, unless betrayed by those to whom Dred had communicated the clue, there was very little chance that any accident would ever disclose the retreat.

Dred himself appeared to be gifted with that peculiar faculty of discernment of spirits which belonged to his father Denmark Vesey, sharpened into a preternatural intensity by the habits of his wild and dangerous life. The men he selected for trust were men as impenetrable as himself, the most vigorous in mind and body on all the plantations. The perfectness of his own religious enthusiasm, his absolute certainty that he was inspired of God as a leader and deliverer, gave him an ascendency over the minds of those who followed him, which nothing but religious enthusiasm ever can give. And this was further confirmed by the rigid austerity of his life. For all animal comforts he appeared to entertain a profound contempt. He never tasted strong liquors in any form, and was extremely sparing in his eating; often fasting for days in succession, particularly when he had any movement of importance in contemplation.

It is difficult to fathom the dark recesses of a mind so powerful and active as his, placed under a pressure of ignorance and social disability so tremendous. In those desolate regions which he made his habitation, it is said that trees often, from the singularly unnatural and wildly stimulating properties of the slimy depths from which they spring, assume a goblin growth, entirely different from their normal habit. All sorts of vegetable monsters stretch their weird, fantastic forms among its shadows. There is no principle so awful through all nature as the principle of growth. It is a mysterious and dread condition of existence, which, place it under what impediment or disadvantage you will, is constantly forcing on, and when unnatural pressure hinders it

develops in forms portentous and astonishing. The wild, dreary belt of swamp-land which girds in those States scathed by the fires of despotism is an apt emblem, in its rampant and we might say delirious exuberance of vegetation, of that darkly struggling, wildly vegetating swamp of human souls cut off, like it, from the usages and improvements of cultivated life. Beneath that fearful pressure, souls whose energy, well directed, might have blessed mankind, start out in preternatural and fearful developments, whose strength is only a portent of dread.

The night after the meeting which we have described was one, to this singular being, of agonizing conflict. His psychological condition, as near as we can define it, seemed to be that of a human being who had been seized and possessed, after the manner related in ancient fables, by the wrath of an avenging God. That part of the moral constitution, which exists in some degree in us all, which leads us to feel pain at the sight of injustice, and to desire retribution for cruelty and crime, seemed in him to have become an absorbing sentiment, as if he had been chosen by some higher power as the instrument of doom. At some moments the idea of the crimes and oppressions which had overwhelmed his race rolled in upon him with a burning pain which caused him to cry out, like the fated and enslaved Cassandra, at the threshold of the dark house of tyranny and blood.

This sentiment of justice, this agony in view of cruelty and crime, is in men a strong attribute of the highest natures; for he who is destitute of the element of moral indignation is effeminate and tame. But there is in nature and in the human heart a pleading, interceding element, which comes in constantly to temper and soften this spirit and this element in the divine mind, which the Scriptures represent by the sublime image of an eternally interceding high priest, who, having experienced every temptation of humanity, constantly urges all that can be thought in mitiga-

tion of justice. As a spotless and high-toned mother bears in her bosom the anguish of the impurity and vileness of her child, so the eternally suffering, eternally interceding love of Christ bears the sins of our race. But the Scriptures tell us that the mysterious *person*, who thus stands before all worlds as the image and impersonation of divine tenderness, has yet in reserve this awful energy of wrath. The oppressors, in the last dread day, are represented as calling to the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from the wrath of the LAMB. This idea had dimly loomed up before the mind of Dred, as he read and pondered the mysteries of the sacred oracles; and was expressed by him in the form of language so frequent in his mouth, that "the Lamb was bearing the yoke of the sins of men." He had been deeply affected by the presentation which Milly had made in their night meeting of the eternal principle of intercession and atonement. The sense of it was blindly struggling with the habitual and overmastering sense of oppression and wrong.

When his associates had all dispersed to their dwellings, he threw himself on his face and prayed: "O Lamb of God, that bearest the yoke, why hast thou filled me with wrath? Behold these graves! Behold the graves of my brothers, slain without mercy; and, Lord, they do not repent! Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity. Wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he? They make men as fishes in the sea, as creeping things that have no ruler over them. They take them up with the angle. They catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag. Therefore they rejoice and are glad. Therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by them their portion is fat and their meat plenteous. Shall they, therefore, empty their net, and

not spare continually to slay the nations? Did not he that made them in the womb make us? Did not the same God fashion us in the womb? Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham is ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledgeth us not. Thou, O God, art our Father, our Redeemer. Wherefore forgettest thou us forever, and forsakest us so long a time? Wilt thou not judge between us and our enemies? Behold, there is none among them that stirreth himself up to call upon thee, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey. They lie in wait, they set traps, they catch men, they are waxen fat, they shine, they overpass the deeds of the wicked, they judge not the cause of the fatherless; yet they prosper, and the right of the needy do they not judge. Wilt thou not visit for these things, O Lord? Shall not thy soul be avenged on such a nation as this? How long wilt thou endure? Behold under the altar the souls of those they have slain! They cry unto thee continually. How long, O Lord, dost thou not judge and avenge? Is there any that stirreth himself up for justice? Is there any that regardeth our blood? We are sold for silver; the price of our blood is in thy treasury; the price of our blood is on thine altars! Behold, they build their churches with the price of our hire! Behold, the stone doth cry out of the wall, and the timber doth answer it. Because they build their towns with blood, and establish their cities by iniquity. They have all gone one way. There is none that careth for the spoilings of the poor. Art thou a just God? When wilt thou arise to shake terribly the earth, that the desire of all nations may come? Overturn, overturn, and overturn, till He whose right it is shall come!"

Such were the words, not uttered continuously, but poured forth at intervals, with sobbings, groanings, and moanings, from the recesses of that wild fortress. It was but a part of that incessant prayer with which oppressed humanity has

besieged the throne of justice in all ages. We who live in ceiled houses would do well to give heed to that sound, lest it be to us that inarticulate moaning which goes before the earthquake. If we would estimate the force of almighty justice, let us ask ourselves what a mother might feel for the abuse of her helpless child, and multiply that by infinity.

But the night wore on, and the stars looked down serene and solemn, as if no prayer had gone through the calm, eternal gloom; and the morning broke in the east resplendent.

Harry, too, had passed a sleepless night. The death of Hark weighed like a mountain upon his heart. He had known him for a whole-souled, true-hearted fellow. He had been his counselor and friend for many years, and he had died in silent torture for him. How stinging it is at such a moment to view the whole respectability of civilized society upholding and glorifying the murderer; calling his sin by soft names, and using for his defense every artifice of legal injustice! Some in our own nation have had bitter occasion to know this, for we have begun to drink the cup of trembling which for so many ages has been drank alone by the slave. Let the associates of Brown ask themselves if they cannot understand the midnight anguish of Harry!

His own impulses would have urged to an immediate insurrection, in which he was careless about his own life, so the fearful craving of his soul for justice was assuaged. To him, the morning seemed to break red with the blood of his friend. He would have urged to immediate and precipitate action. But Dred, true to the enthusiastic impulses which guided him, persisted in waiting for that sign from Heaven which was to indicate when the day of grace was closed, and the day of judgment to begin. This expectation he founded on his own version of certain passages in the prophets, such as these: —

"I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke! The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord shall come!"

Meanwhile his associates were to be preparing the minds of the people, and he was traversing the swamps in different directions, holding nightly meetings, in which he read and expounded the prophecies to excited ears. The laborious arguments, by which Northern and Southern doctors of divinity have deduced from the Old Testament the divine institution of slavery, were too subtle and fine-spun to reach his ear amid the denunciations of prophecies, all turning on the sin of oppression. His instinctive understanding of the spirit of the Bible justified the sagacity which makes the supporter of slavery, to this day, careful not to allow the slave the power of judging it for himself; and we leave it to any modern pro-slavery divine whether, in Dred's circumstances, his own judgment might not have been the same.

After daylight, Harry saw Dred standing, with a dejected countenance, outside of his hut.

"I have wrestled," he said, "for thee; but the time is not yet! Let us abide certain days, for the thing is secret unto me; and I cannot do less nor more till the Lord giveth commandment. When the Lord delivereth them into our hands, one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight!"

"After all," said Harry, "our case is utterly hopeless! A few poor, outcast wretches, without a place to lay our heads, and they all reveling in their splendor and their power! Who is there in this great nation that is not pledged against us? Who would not cry *Amen* if we were dragged out and hung like dogs? The North is as bad as the South! They kill us, and the North consents and justifies! And all their wealth, power, and religion are

used against us. We are the ones that all sides are willing to give up. Any party in church or of state will throw in our blood and bones as a make-weight, and think nothing of it. And when I see them riding out in their splendid equipages, their houses full of everything that is elegant, they so cultivated and refined, and our people so miserable, poor, and down-trodden, I have n't any faith that there is a God!"

"Stop!" said Dred, laying his hand on his arm. "Hear what the prophet saith. 'Their land, also, is full of silver and gold; neither is there any end of their treasures. Their land, also, is full of horses; neither is there any end of their chariots. Their land, also, is full of idols. They worship the work of their own hands. Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty. The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. For the day of the Lord of Hosts shall be on every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low! And upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan, and upon all the high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up, and upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, and upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures! And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, the haughtiness of man shall be made low! And they shall go in the holes of the rocks, and in the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth!'"

The tall pines and whispering oaks, as they stood waving in purple freshness at the dawn, seemed like broad-winged attesting angels, bearing witness, in their serene and solemn majesty, to the sublime words, "Heaven and earth shall not pass away till these words have been fulfilled!"

After a few moments a troubled expression came over the face of Dred.

"Harry," he said, "verily he is a God that hideth himself! He giveth none account to any of these matters. It may be that I shall not lead the tribes over this Jordan, but that I shall lay my bones in the wilderness! But the day shall surely come, and the sign of the Son of Man shall appear in the air, and all tribes of the earth shall wail because of him! Behold, I saw white spirits and black spirits, that contended in the air; and the thunder rolled, and the blood flowed, and the voice said, 'Come rough, come smooth! Such is the decree. Ye must surely bear it!' But, as yet, the prayers of the saints have power; for there be angels, having golden censers, which be the prayers of saints. And the Lord, by reason thereof, delayeth. Behold, I have borne the burden of the Lord even for many years. He hath covered me with a cloud in the day of his anger, and filled me with his wrath; and his word has been like a consuming fire shut in my bones! He hath held mine eyes waking, and my bones have waxed old with my roarings all the day long! Then I have said, 'Oh, that thou wouldst hide me in the dust! That thou wouldst keep me secret till thy wrath be past!'"

At this moment, soaring upward through the blue sky, rose the fair form of a wood-pigeon, wheeling and curving in the morning sunlight, cutting the ether with airy flight, so smooth, even, and clear, as if it had learnt motion from the music of angels.

Dred's eye, faded and haggard with his long night-watchings, followed it for a moment with an air of softened pleasure, in which was blent somewhat of weariness and longing.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" he said. "Then would I flee away and be at rest! I would hasten from the windy storm and tempest! Lo, then I would wander far off, and remain in the wilderness!"

There was something peculiar in the power and energy which this man's nature had of drawing others into the tide of its own sympathies, as a strong ship, walking through the water, draws all the smaller craft into its current.

Harry, melancholy and disheartened as he was, felt himself borne out with him in that impassioned prayer.

"I know," said Dred, "that the new heavens and the new earth shall come, and the redeemed of the Lord shall walk in it. But, as for me, I am a man of unclean lips, and the Lord hath laid on me the oppressions of the people! But, though the violent man prevail against me, it shall surely come to pass!"

Harry turned away, and walked slowly to the other side of the clearing, where Old Tiff, with Fanny, Teddy, and Lisette, having kindled a fire on the ground, was busy in preparing their breakfast. Dred, instead of going into his house, disappeared in the thicket. Milly had gone home with the man who came from Canema. The next day, as Harry and Dred made a hunting excursion through the swamp, returning home in the edge of the evening, they happened to be passing near the scene of lawless violence which we have already described.

CHAPTER LI

THE SLAVE HUNT

Tom Gordon, for the next two or three days after his injury, was about as comfortable to manage as a wounded hyena. He had a thousand varying caprices every hour and moment, and now one and now another prevailed. The miserable girls who were held by him as his particular attendants were tormented by every species of annoyance which a restless and passionate man, in his impatience, could devise.

The recent death of Milly's mistress by the cholera had reduced her under Tom's authority; and she was summoned now from her work every hour to give directions and advice, which, the minute they were given, were repudiated with curses.

"I declare," said Aunt Katy, the housekeeper, "if Mas'r Tom is n't 'nough to use a body off o' der feet. It 's jist four times I 's got gruel ready for him dis last two hours,—doing all I could to suit him; and he swars at it, and flings it round real undecent. Why, he 's got fever, and does he spect to make things taste good to him when he 's got fever! Why, course I can't, and no need of him calling me a devil and all that! That ar 's very unnecessary, I think. I don't believe in no such! The Gordons allers used to have some sense to 'em, even if they was cross; but he ain't got a grain. I should think he was 'sessed wid Old Sam, for my part. Bringing 'sgrace on us all, the way he cuts up! We really don' know how to hold up our head, none of us. The Gordons have allers been sich a genteel family! Laws, we

did n't know what privileges we had when we had Miss Nina! Them new girls, dressed up in all their flounces and ferbuloes! Guess they has to take it!"

In time, however, even in spite of his chafing and fretfulness, and contempt of physicians' prescriptions, Tom seemed to recover, by the same kind of fatality which makes ill weeds thrive apace. Meanwhile he employed his leisure hours in laying plans of revenge, to be executed as soon as he should be able to take to his horse again. Among other things, he vowed deep vengeance on Abijah Skinflint, who, he said, he knew must have sold the powder and ammunition to the negroes in the swamp. This may have been true, or may not; but, in cases of lynch law, such questions are indifferent matter. A man is accused, condemned, and judged, at the will of his more powerful neighbor. It was sufficient to Tom that he thought so, and, being sick and cross, thought so just now with more particular intensity.

Jim Stokes, he knew, cherished an animosity of long standing towards Abijah, which he could make use of in enlisting him in the cause. One of the first uses, therefore, which Tom made of his recovered liberty, after he was able to ride out, was to head a raid on Abijah's shop. The shop was without ceremony dismantled and plundered; and the mob, having helped themselves to his whiskey, next amused themselves by tarring and feathering him; and, having insulted and abused him to their satisfaction, and exacted a promise from him to leave the State within three days, they returned home glorious in their own eyes. And the next week a brilliant account of the affair appeared in the "Trumpet of Liberty," headed, "SUMMARY JUSTICE."

Nobody pitied Abijah, of course; and as he would probably have been quite willing to join in the same sort of treatment for any one else, we know not that we are particularly concerned for his doom. The respectable people in

the neighborhood first remarked that they did n't approve of mobs in general, and then dilated, with visible satisfaction, on this in particular, after a fashion of that stupid class that are called respectable people generally. The foolish mob gloried and exulted, not considering that any day the same weapons might be turned against them. The mob being now somewhat drilled and animated, Tom proposed, while their spirit was up, to get up a hunting in the swamp, which should more fully satisfy his own private vengeance. There is a sleeping tiger in the human breast that delights in violence and blood, and this tiger Tom resolved to unchain.

The act of outlawry had already publicly set up Harry as a mark for whatever cruelty drunken ingenuity might choose to perpetrate. As our readers may have a curiosity in this kind of literature, we will indulge them with a copy of this: —

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, CHOWAN COUNTY.

Whereas, complaint upon oath hath this day been made to us, two of the Justices of the Peace for the said county and State aforesaid, by Thomas Gordon, that a certain male slave belonging to him, named Harry, a carpenter by trade, about thirty-five years old, five feet four inches high or thereabouts; dark complexion, stout built; blue eyes, deep sunk in his head; forehead very square, tolerably loud voice, — hath absented himself from his master's service, and is supposed to be lurking about in the swamp, committing acts of felony or other misdeeds: These are, therefore, in the name of the State aforesaid, to command said slave forthwith to surrender himself, and return home to his said master. And we do hereby, by virtue of the act of assembly in such case made and provided, intimate and declare that if the said slave Harry doth not surrender himself, and return home immediately after the publication of these presents, that any

person or persons may kill and destroy the said slave by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offense for so doing, and without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seal,

JAMES T. MULLER, { SEAL. }
T. BUTTERCOURT.[1] { SEAL. }

One can scarcely contemplate without pity the condition of a population which grows up under the influence of such laws and customs as these. That the lowest brutality and the most fiendish cruelty should be remorselessly practiced, by those whose ferocity thus receives the sanction of the law, cannot be wondered at. Tom Gordon convened at his house an assemblage of those whom he used as the tools and ministers of his vengeance. Harry had been secretly hated by them all in his prosperous days, because, though a slave, he was better dressed, better educated, and, on the whole, treated with more consideration by the Gordon family and their guests than they were; and, at times, he had had occasion to rebuke some of them for receiving from the slaves goods taken from the plantation. To be sure, while he was prosperous they were outwardly subservient to him, as the great man of a great family; but now he was *down*, as the amiable fashion of the world generally is, they resolved to make up for their former subservience by redoubled insolence.

Jim Stokes, in particular, bore Harry a grudge for having once expressed himself with indignation concerning the meanness and brutality of his calling; and he was therefore the more willing to be made use of on the present occasion. Accordingly, on the morning we speak of, there was gathered before the door of the mansion at Canema a

[1] The original document from which this is taken can be seen in the Appendix. It appeared in the *Wilmington Journal*, December 18, 1850.

confused *mélange* of men, of that general style of appearance which, in our times, we call "Border Ruffians," — half drunken, profane, obscene as the harpies which descended on the feast of Æneas. Tom Gordon had only this advantage among them, that superior education and position had given him the power, when he chose, of assuming the appearance and using the language of a gentleman. But he had enough of grossness within to enable him at will to become as one of them. Tom's arm was still worn in a sling, but, as lack of energy never was one of his faults, he was about to take the saddle with his troop. At present they were drawn up before the door, laughing, swearing, and drinking whiskey, which flowed in abundance. The dogs — the better-mannered brutes of the two, by all odds — were struggling in their leashes with impatience and excitement. Tom Gordon stood forth on the veranda, after the fashion of great generals of old, who harangued their troops on the eve of battle. Any one who has read the speeches of the leaders who presided over the sacking of Lawrence will get an idea of some features in this style of eloquence which our pen cannot represent.

"Now, boys," said Tom, "you are getting your names up. You've done some good work already. You've given that old, sniveling priest a taste of true orthodox doctrine, that will enlighten him for the future. You've given that long-nosed Skinflint light enough to see the error of his ways."

A general laugh here arose, and voices repeated, —

"Ah, ah, that we did! Did n't we, though?"

"I reckon you did!" said Tom Gordon. "I reckon he did n't need candles to see his sins by, that night! Did n't we make a candle of his old dog-kennel? Did n't he have light to see his way out of the State by? and did n't we give him a suit to keep him warm on the road? Ah, boys, that was a warm suit, — no mistake! It was a suit that

will stick to him, too! He won't trade that off for rum, in a hurry, I'm thinking! Will he, boys?"

Bursts of crazy, half-drunken applause here interrupted the orator.

"Pity we had n't put a match to it!" shouted one.

"Ah, well, boys, you did enough for that time! Wait till you catch these sneaking varmints in the swamp; you shall do what you like with them. Nobody shall hinder you, that's law and order. These foxes have troubled us long enough, stealing at our hen-roosts while we were asleep. We shall make it hot for them if we catch them; and we are going to catch them. There are no two ways about it. This old swamp is like Davy's coon, — it's got to come down! And it will come down, boys, when it sees us coming. No mistake about that! Now, boys, mind, catch him alive if you can; but shoot him if you can't. Remember, I'll give a hundred and fifty dollars for his head!"

A loud shout chorused this last announcement, and Tom descended in glory to take his place in his saddle.

Once, we suppose, this history would not have been believed had it been told; but of late our own sons and brothers have been hounded and hunted by just such men, with such means.

The fire which began in the dry tree has spread to the green!

Long live the *great Christianizing Institution!!!*

CHAPTER LII

"ALL OVER"

CLAYTON, at the time of the violent assault which we have described, received an injury upon the head which rendered him insensible. When he came to himself, he was conscious at first only of a fanning of summer breezes. He opened his eyes, and looked listlessly up into the blue sky, that appeared through the thousand leafy hollows of waving boughs. Voices of birds warbling and calling, like answering echoes, to each other, fell dreamily on his ear. Some gentle hand was placing bandages around his head; and figures of women he did not recognize moved whisperingly around him, tending and watching. He dropped asleep again, and thus for many hours lay in a kind of heavy trance.

Harry and Lisette had vacated, for his use, their hut; but as it was now the splendid weather of October, when earth and sky become a temple of beauty and serenity, they tended him during the hours of the day in the open air, and it would seem as if there were no art of healing like to this. As air and heat and water all have a benevolent tendency to enter and fill up a vacuum, so we might fancy the failing vitality of the human system to receive accessions of vigor by being placed in the vicinity of the healthful growths of nature. All the trees which John saw around the river of life and heaven bore healing leaves; and there may be a sense in which the trees of our world bear leaves that are healing both to body and soul. He who hath gone out of the city, sick, disgusted, and wearied, and lain himself down

in the forest, under the fatherly shadow of an oak, may have heard this whispered to him in the leafy rustlings of a thousand tongues.

. . . . . .

"See," said Dred to Harry, as they were watching over the yet insensible form of Clayton, "how the word of the Lord is fulfilled on this people. He shall deliver them, every man into the hand of his neighbor; and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey!"

"Yes," said Harry; "but this is a good man; he stands up for our rights. If he had his way, we should soon have justice done us."

"Yes," said Dred, "but it is even as it was of old: 'Behold, I send unto you prophets and wise men, and some of them shall ye slay. For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears have they closed. Therefore the Lord shall bring upon this generation the blood of all the slain, from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias, the son of Barachias, whom they slew between the temple and the altar.'"

. . . . . .

After a day or two spent in a kind of listless dreaming, Clayton was so far recovered as to be able to sit up and look about him. The serene tranquillity of the lovely October skies seemed to fall like a spell upon his soul.

Amidst the wild and desolate swamp, here was an island of security, where Nature took men to her sheltering bosom. A thousand birds, speaking with thousand airy voices, were calling from breezy treetops, and from swinging cradles of vine leaves; white clouds sailed, in changing and varying islands, over the heavy green battlements of the woods. The wavering, slumberous sound of thousand leaves, through which the autumn air walked to and fro, consoled him. Life began to look to him like a troubled dream, forever past. His own sufferings, the hours of agony and death

which he had never dared to remember, seemed now to wear a new and glorified form. Such is the divine power in which God still reveals himself through the lovely and incorruptible forms of nature.

Clayton became interested in Dred as a psychological study. At first he was silent and reserved, but attended to the wants of his guest with evident respect and kindness. Gradually, however, the love of expression, which lies hidden in almost every soul, began to unfold itself in him, and he seemed to find pleasure in a sympathetic listener. His wild jargon of hebraistic phrases, names, and allusions had for Clayton, in his enfeebled state, a quaint and poetic interest. He compared him, in his own mind, to one of those old rude Gothic doorways, so frequent in European cathedrals, where scriptural images, carved in rough granite, mingle themselves with a thousand wayward, fantastic freaks of architecture; and sometimes he thought, with a sigh, how much might have been accomplished by a soul so ardent and a frame so energetic, had they been enlightened and guided.

Dred would sometimes come, in the shady part of the afternoon, and lie on the grass beside him, and talk for hours in a quaint, rambling, dreamy style, through which there were occasional flashes of practical ability and shrewdness. He had been a great traveler, — a traveler through regions generally held inaccessible to human foot and eye. He had explored not only the vast swamp-girdle of the Atlantic, but the everglades of Florida, with all their strange and tropical luxuriance of growth; he had wandered along the dreary and perilous belt of sand which skirts the southern Atlantic shores, full of quicksands and of dangers, and there he had mused of the eternal secret of the tides, with whose restless, never-ceasing rise and fall the soul of man has a mysterious sympathy. Destitute of the light of philosophy and science, he had revolved in the twilight of his

ardent and struggling thoughts the causes of natural phenomena, and settled these questions for himself by theories of his own. Sometimes his residence for weeks had been a stranded hulk, cast on one of these inhospitable shores, where he fasted and prayed, and fancied that answering voices came to him in the moaning of the wind and the sullen swell of the sea.

Our readers behold him now, stretched on the grass beside the hut of Harry and Lisette, in one of his calmest and most communicative moods. The children, with Lisette and the women, were searching for grapes in a distant part of the inclosure; and Harry, with the other fugitive man, had gone to bring in certain provisions which were to have been deposited for them in a distant part of the swamp by some of their confederates on one of the plantations. Old Tiff was hoeing potatoes diligently in a spot not very far distant, and evidently listening to the conversation with an ear of shrewd attention.

"Yes," said Dred, with that misty light in his eye which one may often have remarked in the eye of enthusiasts, "the glory holds off, but it is coming! Now is the groaning time! *That* was revealed to me when I was down at Okerecoke, when I slept three weeks in the hulk of a ship out of which all souls had perished."

"Rather a dismal abode, my friend," said Clayton, by way of drawing him on to conversation.

"The Spirit drove me there," said Dred, "for I had besought the Lord to show unto me the knowledge of things to come; and the Lord bade me to go from the habitations of men, and to seek out the desolate places of the sea, and dwell in the wreck of a ship that was forsaken, for a sign of desolation unto this people. So I went and dwelt there. And the Lord called me Amraphal, because hidden things of judgment were made known unto me. And the Lord showed unto me that even as a ship which is forsaken of

the waters, wherein all flesh have died, so shall it be with the nation of the oppressor."

"How did the Lord show you this?" said Clayton, bent upon pursuing his inquiry.

"Mine ear received it in the night season," said Dred, "and I heard how the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, waiting for the adoption; and because of this he hath appointed the tide."

"I don't see the connection," said Clayton. "Why because of this?"

"Because," said Dred, "every day is full of labor, but the labor goeth back again into the seas. So that travail of all generations hath gone back, till the desire of all nations shall come, and He shall come with burning and with judgment, and with great shakings; but in the end thereof shall be peace. Wherefore it is written that in the new heavens and the new earth there shall be no more sea."

These words were uttered with an air of solemn, assured confidence, that impressed Clayton strangely. Something in his inner nature seemed to recognize in them a shadow of things hoped for. He was in that mood into which the mind of him who strives with the evils of this world must often fall, — a mood of weariness and longing; and heard within him the cry of the human soul, tempest-tossed and not comforted, for rest and assurance of the state where there shall be no more sea.

"So, then," he said unto Dred, — "so, then, you believe that these heavens and earth shall be made new?"

"Assuredly," said Dred. "And the King shall reign in righteousness. He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, — the poor and him that hath no helper. He shall redeem their souls from deceit and violence. He shall sit upon a white cloud, and the rainbow shall be round about his head. And the elect of the Lord shall be kings and priests on the earth."

"And do you think you shall be one of them?" said Clayton.

Dred gave a kind of inward groan.

"Not every one that prophesieth in his name shall be found worthy!" he said. "I have prayed the Lord, but He hath not granted me the assurance. I am the rod of his wrath to execute vengeance on his enemies. Shall the axe magnify itself against him that lifteth it?"

The conversation was here interrupted by Harry, who, suddenly springing from the tree, came up in a hurried and agitated manner.

"The devil is broke loose!" he said. "Tom Gordon is out, with his whole crew at his heels, beating the swamp! A more drunken, swearing, ferocious set I never saw! They have got on to the trail of poor Jim, and are tracking him without mercy!"

A dark light flashed from Dred's eye as he sprang upon his feet.

"The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; yea, the wilderness of Kadesh. I will go forth and deliver him!"

He seized his rifle and shot-bag, and in a few moments was gone. It was Harry's instinct to have followed him; but Lisette threw herself, weeping, on his neck.

"Don't go, — don't!" she said. "What shall we all do without you? Stay with us! You 'll certainly be killed, and you can do no good!"

"Consider," said Clayton, "that you have not the familiarity with these swamps, nor the wonderful physical power of this man. It would only be throwing away your life."

The hours of that day passed gloomily. Sometimes the brutal sound of the hunt seemed to sweep near them, — the crack of rifles, the baying of dogs, the sound of oaths, — and then again all went off into silence, and nothing was heard but the innocent patter of leaf upon leaf, and the warbling

of the birds, singing cheerily, ignorant of the abyss of cruelty and crime over which they sang.

Toward sunset a rustling was heard in the branches of the oak, and Dred dropped down into the inclosure, wet and soiled, and wearied. All gathered round him in a moment.

"Where is Jim?" asked Harry.

"Slain!" said Dred. "The archers pressed him sore, and he hath fallen in the wilderness!"

There was a general exclamation of horror. Dred made a movement to sit down on the earth. He lost his balance and fell; and they all saw now, what at first they had not noticed, a wound in his breast, from which the blood was welling. His wife fell by his side with wild moans of sorrow. He lifted his hand and motioned her from him.

"Peace," he said, "peace! It is enough! Behold, I go unto the witnesses who cry day and night!"

The circle stood around him in mute horror and surprise. Clayton was the first who had presence of mind to kneel and stanch the blood. Dred looked at him; his calm, large eyes filled with supernatural light.

"All over!" he said.

He put his hand calmly to his side, and felt the gushing blood. He took some in his hand and threw it upward, crying out with wild energy, in the words of an ancient prophet, —

"Oh, earth, earth, earth! Cover thou not my blood!"

Behind the dark barrier of the woods the sun was setting gloriously. Piles of loose, floating clouds, which all day long had been moving through the sky in white and silvery stillness, now one after another took up the rosy flush, and became each one a light-bearer filled with ethereal radiance. And the birds sang on as they ever sing, unterrified by the great wail of human sorrow.

It was evident to the little circle that He who is mightier

than the kings of the earth was there, and that that splendid frame, which had so long rejoiced in the exuberance of health and strength, was now to be resolved again into the eternal elements.

"Harry," he said, "lay me beneath the heap of witness. Let the God of their fathers judge between us!"

CHAPTER LIII

THE BURIAL

The death of Dred fell like a night of despair on the hearts of the little fugitive-circle in the swamps, — on the hearts of multitudes in the surrounding plantations, who had regarded him as a prophet and a deliverer. He in whom they trusted was dead! The splendid, athletic form, so full of wild vitality, the powerful arm, the trained and keen-seeing eye, all struck down at once! The grand and solemn voice hushed, and all the splendid poetry of olden time, the inspiring symbols and prophetic dreams, which had so wrought upon his own soul, and with which he had wrought upon the souls of others, seemed to pass away with him, and to recede into the distance and become unsubstantial, like the remembered sounds of mighty winds, or solemn visions of evening clouds, in times long departed.

On that night, when the woods had ceased to reverberate the brutal sounds of baying dogs, and the more brutal profanity of drunken men; when the leaves stood still on the trees, and the forest lay piled up in the darkness like black clouds, and the morning star was standing like a calm angelic presence above them, — there might have been heard in the little clearing a muffled sound of footsteps, treading heavily, and voices of those that wept with a repressed and quiet weeping, as they bore the wild chieftain to his grave beneath the blasted tree. Of the undaunted circle who had met there at the same hour many evenings before, some had dared to be present to-night; for, hearing the report of the hunt, they had left their huts on the plantations by stealth,

when all were asleep, and, eluding the vigilance of the patrols, the night-watch which commonly guards plantations, had come to the forest to learn the fate of their friends; and bitter was the dismay and anguish which filled their souls when they learned the result. It is melancholy to reflect that among the children of one Father an event which excites in one class bitterness and lamentation should in another be cause of exultation and triumph. But the world has been thousands of years and not yet learned the first two words of the Lord's Prayer; and not until all tribes and nations have learned these will his kingdom come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Among those who stood around the grave, none seemed more bowed down and despairing than one whom we have before introduced to the reader under the name of Hannibal. He was a tall and splendidly formed negro, whose large head, high forehead, and marked features indicated resolution and intellectual ability. He had been all his life held as the property of an uneducated man, of very mean and parsimonious character, who was singularly divided in his treatment of him by a desire to make the most of his energies and capabilities as a slave, and a fear lest they should develop so fast as to render him unfit for the condition of slavery.

Hannibal had taught himself to read and write, but the secret of the acquisition was guarded in his own bosom as vigilantly as the traveler among thieves would conceal in his breast an inestimable diamond; for he well knew that, were these acquisitions discovered, his master's fears would be so excited as to lead him to realize at once a present sum upon him by selling him to the more hopeless prison-house of the far South, thus separating him from his wife and family.

Hannibal was generally employed as the keeper of a ferry-boat by his master, and during the hours when he was wait-

ing for passengers found many opportunities for gratifying, in an imperfect manner, his thirst for knowledge.

Those who have always had books about them, more than they could or would read, know nothing of the passionate eagerness with which a repressed and starved intellect devours in secret its stolen food. In a little chink between the logs of his ferry-house there was secreted a Bible, a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," and an odd number of a Northern newspaper which had been dropped from the pocket of a passenger; and when the door was shut and barred at night, and his bit of pine knot lighted, he would take these out and read them hour by hour. There he yearned after the wild freedom of the desolate island. He placed his wife and children, in imagination, in the little barricaded abode of Robinson. He hunted and made coats of skin, and gathered strange fruits from trees with unknown names, and felt himself a free man.

Over a soul so strong and so repressed it is not to be wondered at that Dred should have acquired a peculiar power. The study of the Bible had awakened in his mind that vague tumult of aspirations and hopes which it ever excites in the human breast; and he was prompt to believe that the Lord who visited Israel in Egypt had listened to the sighings of their captivity, and sent a prophet and a deliverer to his people. Like a torch carried in a stormy night, this hope had blazed up within him; but the cold blast of death had whistled by, and it was extinguished forever.

Among the small band that stood around the dead, on the edge of the grave, he stood, looking fixedly on the face of the departed. In the quaint and shaggy mound to which Dred had attached that strange, rugged, Oriental appellation, *Jegar Sahadutha*, or the "heap of witness," there was wildly flaring a huge pine-knot torch, whose light fell with a red, distinct glare on the prostrate form that lay there like a kingly cedar uprooted, no more to wave its branches in

air, yet mighty in its fall, with all the shaggy majesty of its branches around. Whatever might have been the strife and struggle of the soul once imprisoned in that form, there was stamped upon the sombre face an expression of majestic and mournful tranquillity, as if that long-suffering and gracious God, to whose judgment he had made his last appeal, had rendered that judgment in mercy. When the statesmen and mighty men of our race die, though they had the weaknesses and sins of humanity, they want not orators in the church to draw the veil gently, to speak softly of their errors and loudly of their good, and to predict for them, if not an abundant entrance, yet at least a safe asylum among the blessed; and something not to be rebuked in our common nature inclines to join in a hopeful amen. It is not easy for us to believe that a great and powerful soul can be lost to God and itself forever.

But he who lies here so still and mournfully in this flickering torch-light had struggling within him the energies which make the patriot and the prophet. Crushed beneath a mountain of ignorance, they rose blind and distorted; yet, had knowledge enlightened and success crowned them, his name might have been, with that of Toussaint, celebrated in mournful sonnet by the deepest-thinking poet of the age: —

> "Thou hast left behind
> Powers that will work for thee, — air, earth, and skies;
> There 's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

The weight of so great an affliction seemed to have repressed the usual vivacity with which the negro is wont to indulge the expression of grief. When the body was laid down by the side of the grave, there was for a time a silence so deep that the rustling of the leaves, and the wild, doleful clamor of the frogs and turtles in the swamps, and the surge of the winds in the pine-tree tops, were all that

met the ear. Even the wife of the dead stood, with her shawl wrapped tightly about her, rocking to and fro, as if in the extremity of grief.

An old man in the company, who had officiated sometimes as preacher among the negroes, began to sing a well-known hymn very commonly used at negro funerals, possibly because its wild and gloomy imagery has something exciting to their quick imaginations. The words rose on the night air: —

> "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,
> My ears attend the cry;
> Ye living men, come view the ground
> Where you must shortly lie."

During the singing of this verse Hannibal stood silent, with his arms gloomily folded, his eyes fixed on the lifeless face. Gradually the sentiment seemed to inspire his soul with a kind of serene triumph; he lifted his head, and joined his deep bass voice in the singing of the second verse: —

> "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
> In spite of all your towers;
> The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
> Must lie as low as ours."

"Yes," he said, "brethren, that will be the way of it. They triumph and lord it over us now, but their pomp will be brought down to the grave, and the noise of their viols. The worm shall be spread under them, and the worm shall cover them; and when we come to stand together at the judgment seat, our testimony will be took there if it never was afore; and the Lord will judge atween us and our oppressors, that 's one comfort. Now, brethren, let 's jest lay him in the grave, and he that 's a better man, or would have done better in his place, let him judge him if he dares."

They lifted him up and laid him into the grave; and in a few moments all the mortal signs by which that soul had been known on earth had vanished, to appear no more till the great day of judgment and decision.

CHAPTER LIV

THE ESCAPE

Clayton had not been an unsympathizing or inattentive witness of these scenes. It is true that he knew not the whole depth of the affair; but Harry's letter and his own observations had led him, without explanation, to feel that there was a perilous degree of excitement in some of the actors in the scene before him, which, unless some escape-valve were opened, might lead to most fatal results.

The day after the funeral, he talked with Harry, wisely and kindly, assuming nothing to himself on the ground either of birth or position; showing to him the undesirableness and hopelessness, under present circumstances, of any attempt to right by force the wrongs under which his class were suffering, and opening to him and his associates a prospect of a safer way by flight to the free States.

One can scarcely appreciate the moral resolution and force of character which could make a person in Clayton's position in society — himself sustaining, in the eye of the law, the legal relation of a slave-holder — give advice of this kind. No crime is visited with more unsparing rigor by the *régime* of Southern society than the aiding or abetting the escape of a slave. He who does it is tried as a negro-stealer; and in some States death, in others a long and disgraceful imprisonment in the penitentiary, is the award.

For granting the slightest assistance and succor in cases like these — for harboring the fugitive for even a night, for giving him the meanest shelter and food — persons have been stripped of their whole property, and turned out des-

titute upon the world. Others, for no other crime, have languished years in unhealthy dungeons, and coming out at last with broken health and wasted energies; nor has the most saintly patience and purity of character in the victim been able to lessen or mitigate the penalty.

It was therefore only by the discerning power of a mind sufficiently clear and strong to see its way through the mists of educational association, that Clayton could feel himself to be doing right in thus violating the laws and customs of the social state under which he was born. But, in addition to his belief in the inalienable right of every man to liberty, he had at this time a firm conviction that nothing but the removal of some of these minds from the oppressions which were goading them could prevent a development of bloody insurrection.

It is probable that nothing has awakened more bitterly the animosity of the slave-holding community than the existence in the Northern States of an indefinite yet very energetic institution known as *the underground railroad;* and yet, would they but reflect wisely on the things that belong to their peace, they would know that this has removed many a danger from their dwellings. One has only to become well acquainted with some of those fearless and energetic men, who have found their way to freedom by its means, to feel certain that such minds and hearts would have proved, in time, an incendiary magazine under the scorching reign of slavery. But by means of this, men of that class who cannot be kept in slavery have found a road to liberty which endangered the shedding of no blood but their own; and the record of the strange and perilous means by which these escapes have been accomplished sufficiently shows the resolute nature of the men by whom they were undertaken.

It was soon agreed that a large party of fugitives should in concert effect their escape. Harry, being so white as

easily to escape detection out of the immediate vicinity where he was known, assumed the task of making arrangements, for which he was amply supplied with money by Clayton.

It is well known that there are, during the greater part of the year, lumberers engaged in the cutting and making of shingles, who have extensive camps in the swamp, and live there for months at a time. These camps are made by laying foundations of logs on the spongy soil, thus forming platforms on which rude cabins are erected. In the same manner roads are constructed into distant parts of the swamp, by means of which transportation is carried on. There is also a canal cut through the middle of the swamp, on which small sailing craft pass backwards and forwards with shingles and produce.

In the employ of these lumberers are multitudes of slaves hired from surrounding proprietors. They live here in a situation of comparative freedom, being obliged to make a certain number of staves or shingles within a stipulated time, and being furnished with very comfortable provision. Living thus somewhat in the condition of free men, they are said to be more intelligent, energetic, and self-respecting than the generality of slaves. The camp of the fugitives had not been without intercourse with the camp of lumberers, some five miles distant. In cases of straits they had received secret supplies from them, and one or two of the more daring and intelligent of the slave lumberers had attended some of Dred's midnight meetings. It was determined, therefore, to negotiate with one of the slaves who commanded a lighter, or small vessel, in which lumber was conveyed to Norfolk, to assist their escape.

On some consultation, however, it was found that the numbers wanting to escape were so large as not to be able, without exciting suspicion, to travel together, and it was therefore decided to make two detachments. Milly had determined to cast in her lot with the fugitives, out of regard

to her grandchild, poor little Tomtit, whose utter and merry thoughtlessness formed a touching contrast to the gravity and earnestness of her affections and desires for him. He was to her the only remaining memorial of a large family, which had been torn from her by the ordinary reverses and chances of slavery; and she clung to him, therefore, with the undivided energy of her great heart. As far as her own rights were concerned, she would have made a willing surrender of them, remaining patiently in the condition wherein she was called, and bearing injustice and oppression as a means of spiritual improvement, and seeking to do what good lay in her power.

Every individual has an undoubted right, if he chooses, thus to resign the rights and privileges of his earthly birthright; but the question is a very different one when it involves the improvement and the immortal interests of those for whom the ties of blood oblige him to have care.

Milly, who viewed everything with the eye of a Christian, was far less impressed by the rigor and severity of Tom Gordon's administration than by the dreadful demoralization of character which he brought upon the plantation.

Tomtit being a bright, handsome child, his master had taken a particular fancy to him. He would have him always about his person, and treated him with the same mixture of indulgence and caprice which one would bestow upon a spaniel. He took particular pleasure in teaching him to drink and to swear, apparently for nothing else than the idle amusement it afforded him to witness the exhibition of such accomplishments in so young a child.

In vain Milly, who dared use more freedom with him than any other servant, expostulated. He laughed or swore at her, according to the state in which he happened to be. Milly, therefore, determined at once to join the flying party, and take her darling with her. Perhaps she would not have been able to accomplish this, had not what she con-

sidered a rather fortunate reverse, about this time, brought Tomtit into disgrace with his master. Owing to some piece of careless mischief which he had committed, he had been beaten with a severity as thoughtless as the indulgence he at other times received, and, while bruised and trembling from this infliction, he was fully ready to fly anywhere.

Quite unexpectedly to all parties, it was discovered that Tom Gordon's confidential servant and valet, Jim, was one of the most forward to escape. This man, from that peculiar mixture of boldness, adroitness, cunning, and drollery which often exists among negroes, had stood for years as prime and undisputed favorite with his master; he had never wanted for money, or for anything that money could purchase; and he had had an almost unreproved liberty of saying, in an odd fashion, what he pleased, with the licensed audacity of a court buffoon.

One of the slaves expressed astonishment that he, in his favored position, should think of such a thing. Jim gave a knowing inclination of his head to one side, and said: —

"Fac' is, bredren, dis chile is jest tired of dese yer partnership concerns. I and mas'r, we has all tings in common, sure 'nough; but den I 'd rather have less of 'em, and have something dat 's *mine;* 'sides which, I never 's going to have a wife till I can get one dat 'll belong to myself; dat ar 's a ting I 's 'ticular 'bout."

The conspirators were wont to hold their meetings nightly in the woods, near the swamp, for purposes of concert and arrangement.

Jim had been trusted so much to come and go at his own pleasure that he felt little fear of detection, always having some plausible excuse on hand if inquiries were made. It is to be confessed that he had been a very profane and irreverent fellow, often attending prayer-meetings, and other religious exercises of the negroes, for no other apparent purpose than to be able to give burlesque imitations of all

the proceedings for the amusement of his master and his master's vile associates. Whenever, therefore, he was missed, he would upon inquiry assert, with a knowing wink, that "he had been out to de prayer-meetin'."

"Seems to me, Jim," says Tom one morning, when he felt peculiarly ill-natured, "seems to me you are doing nothing but go to meeting lately. I don't like it, and I 'm not going to have it. Some deviltry or other you are up to, and I 'm going to put a stop to it. Now, mind yourself; don't you go any more, or I 'll give you"—

We shall not mention particularly what Tom was in the habit of threatening to give.

Here was a dilemma. One attendance more in the woods this very night was necessary, — was, indeed, indispensable. Jim put all his powers of pleasing into requisition. Never had he made such desperate efforts to be entertaining. He sang, he danced, he mimicked sermons, carried on mock meetings, and seemed to whip all things sacred and profane together in one great syllabub of uproarious merriment; and this, to an idle man, with a whole day upon his hands and an urgent necessity for never having time to think, was no small affair.

Tom mentally reflected in the evening, as he lay stretched out in the veranda, smoking his cigar, what in the world he should do without Jim to keep him in spirits; and Jim, under cover of the day's glory, had ventured to request of his master the liberty of an hour, which he employed in going to his tryst in the woods. This was a bold step, considering how positively he had been forbidden to do it in the morning; but Jim heartily prayed to his own wits, the only god he had been taught to worship, to help him out once more. He was returning home, hastening, in order to be in season for his master's bedtime, hoping to escape unquestioned as to where he had been.

The appointments had all been made, and, between two

and three o'clock that night, the whole party were to strike out upon their course, and ere morning to have traveled the first stage of their pilgrimage towards freedom.

Already the sense of a new nature was beginning to dawn on Jim's mind, — a sense of something graver, steadier, and more manly than the wild, frolicsome life he had been leading; and his bosom throbbed with a strange, new, unknown hope. Suddenly, on the very boundary of the spot where the wood joins the plantation, whom should he meet but Tom Gordon, sent there as if he had been warned by his evil stars.

"Now, Lord help me! if dere is any Lord," said Jim. "Well, I 's got to blaze it out now de best way I ken."

He walked directly up to his master, with his usual air of saucy assurance.

"Why, Jim," said Tom, "where have you been? I 've been looking for you."

"Why, bless you, mas'r, honey, I 's been out to de meetin'."

"Did n't I tell you, you dog," said Tom with an oath, "that you were not to go to any more of those meetings?"

"Why, laws, mas'r, honey, chile, 'fore my Heavenly Mas'r, I done forgot every word you said!" said Jim. "I 's so kind o' tumbled up and down this day, and things has been so cur'us!"

The ludicrous grimace and tone, and attitude of affected contrition, with which all this was said, rather amused Tom; and, though he still maintained an air of sternness, the subtle negro saw at once his advantage, and added, "'Clare if I is n't most dead! Ole Pomp, he preached, and he gets me so full o' grace I 's fit to bust. Has to do something wicked, else I 'll get translated one dese yer days, like 'Lijah, and den who 'd mas'r have fur to wait on him?"

"I don't believe you 've been to meeting," said Tom,

eyeing him with affected suspicion. "You 've been out on some spree."

"Why, laws, mas'r, honey, you hurts my feelings! Why, now, I 's in hopes you 'd say you see de grace a-shining out all over me. Why, I 's been in a clar state of glorrufication all dis evening. Dat ar ole Pomp, dar 's no mistake, he does lift a body up powerful!"

"You don't remember a word he said, now, I 'll bet," said Tom. "Where was the text?"

"Text!" said Jim with assurance; "'t was in de twenty-fourth chapter of Jerusalem, sixteenth verse."

"Well," said Tom, "what was it? I should like to know."

"Laws, mas'r, I b'lieve I can 'peat it," said Jim, with an indescribable air of waggish satisfaction. "'T was dis yer: 'Ye shall sarch fur me in de mornin' and ye won't find me.' Dat ar 's a mighty solemn text, mas'r, and ye ought to be 'flecting on 't."

And Tom had occasion to reflect upon it the next morning, when, having stormed and sworn and pulled until he broke the bell-wire, no Jim appeared. It was some time before he could actually realize or believe he was gone. The ungrateful dog! The impudent puppy, who had had all his life everything he wanted, to run away from him!

Tom aroused the whole country in pursuit; and, as servants were found missing in many other plantations, there was a general excitement through the community. The "Trumpet of Liberty" began to blow dolorous notes, and articles headed, "The Results of Abolitionist Teaching and Covert Incendiarism," began to appear. It was recommended that a general search should be made through the country for all persons tinctured with abolitionist sentiments, and immediate measures pursued to oblige them to leave the State forthwith.

One or two respectable gentlemen, who were in the habit

of taking the "National Era," were visited by members of a vigilance committee, and informed that they must immediately drop the paper or leave the State; and when one of them talked of his rights as a free citizen, and inquired how they would enforce their requisitions, supposing he determined to stand for his liberty, the party informed him succinctly to the following purport: "If you do not comply, your corn, grain, and fodder will be burned, your cattle driven off; and, if you still persist, your house will be set on fire and consumed, and you will never know who does it."

When the good gentleman inquired if this was freedom, his instructors informed him that freedom consisted in their right and power to make their neighbors submit to their own will and dictation; and he would find himself in a free country so far as this, that every one would feel at liberty to annoy and maltreat him so long as he opposed the popular will. This modern doctrine of liberty has of late been strikingly and edifyingly enforced on the minds of some of our brethren and sisters in the new States, to whom the offer of relinquishing their principles or their property and lives has been tendered with the same admirable explicitness.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that both these worthy gentlemen, to use the language of their conquerors, "caved in," and thus escaped with no other disadvantage than a general plundering of their smoke-houses, the hams in which were thought a desirable addition to a triumphal entertainment proposed to be given in honor of law and order by The Associate Bands of the Glorious Immortal Coons, the body-guard which was Tom Gordon's instrument in all these exploits.

In fact, this association, although wanting the advantage of an ordaining prayer and a distribution of Bibles, as has been the case with some more recently sent from Southern States, to beat the missionary drum of state rights and the

principles of law and order on our frontiers, yet conducted themselves in a manner which might have won them approbation even in Colonel Buford's regiment, giving such exhibitions of liberty as were sufficient to justify all despots for putting it down by force for centuries to come.

Tom Gordon was the great organizer and leader of all these operations; his suspicions had connected Clayton with the disappearance of his slaves, and he followed upon his track with the sagacity of a bloodhound. The outrage which he had perpetrated upon him in the forest, so far from being a matter of shame or concealment, was paraded as a cause for open boast and triumph. Tom rode about with his arm in a sling as a wounded hero, and received touching testimonials and demonstrations from sundry ladies of his acquaintance for his gallantry and spirit. When on the present occasion he found the pursuit of his slaves hopeless, his wrath and malice knew no bounds, and he determined to stir up and enkindle against Clayton to the utmost degree the animosities of the planters around his estate of Magnolia Grove. This it was not difficult to do. We have already shown how much latent discontent and heartburning had been excited by the course which Clayton and his sister had pursued on their estate.

Tom Gordon had a college acquaintance with the eldest son of one of the neighboring families, a young man of as reckless and dissipated habits as his own. Hearing, therefore, that Clayton had retired to Magnolia Grove, he accepted an invitation of this young man to make him a visit, principally, as it would appear, for the purpose of instigating some mischief.

CHAPTER LV

LYNCH LAW AGAIN

THE reader next beholds Clayton at Magnolia Grove, whither he had fled to recruit his exhausted health and spirits. He had been accompanied there by Frank Russel.

Our readers may often have observed how long habits of intimacy may survive between two persons who have embarked in moral courses which, if pursued, must eventually separate them forever. For such is the force of moral elements that the ambitious and self-seeking cannot always walk with those who love good for its own sake. In this world, however, where all these things are imperfectly developed, habits of intimacy often subsist a long time between the most opposing affinities.

The fact was that Russel would not give up the society of Clayton. He admired the very thing in him which he wanted himself; and he comforted himself for not listening to his admonitions by the tolerance and good nature with which he had always heard them. When he heard that he was ill, he came to him and insisted upon traveling with him, attending him with the utmost fidelity and kindness.

Clayton had not seen Anne before since his affliction, — both because his time had been very much engaged, and because they who cannot speak of their sorrows often shrink from the society of those whose habits of intimacy and affection might lead then to desire such confidence. But he was not destined in his new retreat to find the peace he desired. Our readers may remember that there were

intimations conveyed through his sister some time since of discontent arising in the neighborhood.

The presence of Tom Gordon soon began to make itself felt. As a conductor introduced into an electric atmosphere will draw to itself the fluid, so he became an organizing point for the prevailing dissatisfaction.

He went to dinner-parties and talked; he wrote in the nearest paper; he excited the inflammable and inconsiderate; and before he had been there many weeks a vigilance association was formed, among the younger and more hot-headed of his associates, to search out and extirpate covert abolitionism. Anne and her brother first became sensible of an entire cessation of all those neighborly acts of kindness and hospitality in which Southern people, when in a good humor, are so abundant.

At last, one day Clayton was informed that three or four gentlemen of his acquaintance were wishing to see him in the parlor below. On descending, he was received first by his nearest neighbor, Judge Oliver, a fine-looking elderly gentleman, of influential family connection. He was attended by Mr. Bradshaw, whom we have already introduced to our readers, and by a Mr. Knapp, who was a very wealthy planter, a man of great energy and ability, who had for some years figured as the representative of his native State in Congress. It was evident, by the embarrassed air of the party, that they had come on business of no pleasing character.

It is not easy for persons, however much excited they may be, to enter at once upon offensive communications to persons who receive them with calm and gentlemanly civility; therefore, after being seated, and having discussed the ordinary topics of the weather and the crops, the party looked one upon another, in a little uncertainty which should begin the real business of the interview.

"Mr. Clayton," at length said Judge Oliver, "we are

really sorry to be obliged to make disagreeable communications to you. We have all of us had the sincerest respect for your family and for yourself. I have known and honored your father many years, Mr. Clayton; and, for my own part, I must say I anticipated much pleasure from your residence in our neighborhood. I am really concerned to be obliged to say anything unpleasant; but I am under the necessity of telling you that the course you have been pursuing with regard to your servants, being contrary to the laws and usages of our social institutions, can no longer be permitted among us. You are aware that the teaching of slaves to read and write is forbidden by the law, under severe penalties. We have always been liberal in the interpretation of this law. Exceptional violations, conducted with privacy and discretion in the case of favored servants, whose general good conduct seems to merit such confidence, have from time to time existed, and passed among us without notice or opposition; but the institution of a regular system of instruction, to the extent and degree which exists upon your plantation, is a thing so directly in the face of the law that we can no longer tolerate it; and we have determined, unless this course is dropped, to take measures to put the law into execution."

"I had paid my adopted State the compliment," said Clayton, "to suppose such laws to be a mere relic of barbarous ages, which the practical Christianity of our times would treat as a dead letter. I began my arrangements in all good faith, not dreaming that there could be found those who would oppose a course so evidently called for by the spirit of the gospel and the spirit of the age."

"You are entirely mistaken, sir," said Mr. Knapp, in a tone of great decision, "if you suppose these laws are, or can ever be, a matter of indifference to us, or can be suffered to become a dead letter. Sir, they are founded in the very nature of our institutions. They are indispensable to

the preservation of our property and the safety of our families. Once educate the negro population, and the whole system of our domestic institutions is at an end. Our negroes have acquired already, by living among us, a degree of sagacity and intelligence which makes it difficult to hold an even rein over them; and once open the flood-gates of education, and there is no saying where they and we might be carried. I, for my part, do not approve of these exceptional instances Judge Oliver mentioned. Generally speaking, those negroes whose intelligence and good conduct would make them the natural recipients of such favors are precisely the ones who ought not to be trusted with them. It ruins them. Why, just look at the history of the insurrection that very nearly cut off the whole city of Charleston: what sort of men were those who got it up? They were just your steady, thoughtful, well-conducted men, — just the kind of men that people are teaching to read, because they think they are so good it can do no harm. Sir, my father was one of the magistrates on the trial of those men, and I have heard him say often there was not one man of bad character among them. They had all been remarkable for their good character. Why, there was that Denmark Vesey, who was the head of it: for twenty years he served his master, and was the most faithful creature that ever breathed; and after he got his liberty, everybody respected him and liked him. Why, at first, my father said the magistrates could not be brought to arrest him, they were so sure that he could not have been engaged in such an affair. Now, all the leaders in that affair could read and write. They kept their lists of names; and nobody knows, or ever will know, how many were down on them, for those fellows were deep as the grave, and you could not get a word out of them. Sir, they died and made no sign; but all this is a warning to us."

"And do you think," said Clayton, "that if men of that

degree of energy and intelligence are refused instruction, they will not find means to get knowledge for themselves? And if they do get it themselves, in spite of your precautions, they will assuredly use it against you.

"The fact is, gentlemen, it is inevitable that a certain degree of culture must come from their intercourse with us, and minds of a certain class will be stimulated to desire more; and all the barriers we put up will only serve to inflame curiosity, and will make them feel a perfect liberty to use the knowledge they conquer from us against us. In my opinion, the only sure defense against insurrection is systematic education, by which we shall acquire that influence over their minds which our superior cultivation will enable us to hold. Then, as fast as they become fitted to enjoy rights, we must grant them."

"Not we, indeed!" said Mr. Knapp, striking his cane upon the floor. "We are not going to lay down our power in that way. We will not allow any such beginning. We must hold them down firmly and consistently. For my part, I dislike even the system of oral religious instruction. It starts their minds, and leads them to want something more. It 's indiscreet, and I always said so. As for teaching them out of the Bible, — why, the Bible is the most exciting book that ever was put together! It always starts up the mind, and it 's unsafe."

"Don't you see," said Clayton, "what an admission you are making? What sort of a system must this be, that requires such a course to sustain it?"

"I can't help that," said Mr. Knapp. "There 's millions and millions invested in it, and we can't afford to risk such an amount of property for mere abstract speculation. The system is as good as forty other systems that have prevailed, and will prevail. We can't take the framework of society to pieces. We must proceed with things as they are. And now, Mr. Clayton, another thing I have to say

to you," said he, looking excited, and getting up and walking the floor. "It has been discovered that you receive incendiary documents through the post-office; and this cannot be permitted, sir."

The color flushed into Clayton's face, and his eye kindled as he braced himself in his chair. "By what right," he said, "does any one pry into what I receive through the post-office? Am I not a free man?"

"No, sir, you are not," said Mr. Knapp, — "not free to receive that which may imperil a whole neighborhood. You are not free to store barrels of gunpowder on your premises, when they may blow up ours. Sir, we are obliged to hold the mail under supervision in this State; and suspected persons will not be allowed to receive communications without oversight. Don't you remember that the general post-office was broken open in Charleston, and all the abolition documents taken out of the mail-bags and consumed, and a general meeting of all the most respectable citizens, headed by the clergy in their robes of office, solemnly confirmed the deed?"

"I think, Mr. Knapp," said Judge Oliver, interposing in a milder tone, "that your excitement is carrying you further than you are aware. I should rather hope that Mr. Clayton would perceive the reasonableness of our demand, and of himself forego the taking of these incendiary documents."

"I take no incendiary documents," said Clayton warmly. "It is true I take an anti-slavery paper, edited at Washington, in which the subject is fairly and coolly discussed. I I hold it no more than every man's duty to see both sides of a question."

"Well, there, now," said Mr. Knapp, "you see the disadvantage of having your slaves taught to read. If they could not read your papers, it would be no matter what you took; but to have them get to reasoning on these subjects,

and spread their reasonings through our plantations, — why, there 'll be the devil to pay at once."

"You must be sensible," said Judge Oliver, "that there must be some individual rights which we resign for the public good. I have looked over the paper you speak of, and I acknowledge it seems to me very fair; but then, in our peculiar and critical position, it might prove dangerous to have such reading about my house, and I never have it."

"In that case," said Clayton, "I wonder you don't suppress your own newspapers; for as long as there is a congressional discussion, or a Fourth of July oration, or senatorial speech in them, so long they are full of incendiary excitement. Our history is full of it, our state bills of rights are full of it, the lives of our fathers are full of it; we must suppress our whole literature if we would avoid it."

"Now, don't you see," said Mr. Knapp, "you have stated just so many reasons why slaves must not learn to read?"

"To be sure I do," said Clayton, "if they are always to remain slaves, if we are never to have any views of emancipation for them."

"Well, they are to remain slaves," said Mr. Knapp, speaking with excitement. "Their condition is a finality; we will not allow the subject of emancipation to be discussed even."

"Then God have mercy on you!" said Clayton solemnly; "for it is my firm belief that, in resisting the progress of human freedom, you will be found fighting against God."

"It is n't the cause of human freedom," said Mr. Knapp hastily. "They are not human; they are an inferior race, made expressly for subjection and servitude. The Bible teaches this plainly."

"Why don't you teach them to read it, then?" said Clayton coolly.

"The long and the short of the matter is, Mr. Clayton,"

said Mr. Knapp, walking nervously up and down the room, "you 'll find this is not a matter to be trifled with. We come, as your friends, to warn you; and if you don't listen to our warnings, we shall not hold ourselves responsible for what may follow. You ought to have some consideration for your sister, if not for yourself."

"I confess," said Clayton, "I had done the chivalry of South Carolina the honor to think that a lady could have nothing to fear."

"It is so generally," said Judge Oliver, "but on this subject there is such a dreadful excitability in the public mind that we cannot control it. You remember when the commissioner was sent by the legislature of Massachusetts to Charleston, he came with his daughter, a very cultivated and elegant young lady; but the mob was rising, and we could not control it, and we had to go and beg them to leave the city. I, for one, would n't have been at all answerable for the consequences if they had remained."

"I must confess, Judge Oliver," said Clayton, "that I have been surprised this morning to hear South Carolinians palliating two such events in your history, resulting from mob violence, as the breaking open of the post-office, and the insult to the representative of a sister State, who came in the most peaceable and friendly spirit, and to womanhood in the person of an accomplished lady. Is this hydra-headed monster, the mob, to be our governor?"

"Oh, it is only upon this subject," said all three of the gentlemen at once; "this subject is exceptional."

"And do you think," said Clayton, "that

> 'you can set the land on fire,
> To burn just so high, and no higher?'

You may depend upon it you will find that you cannot. The mob that you smile on and encourage, when it does work that suits you, will one day prove itself your master in a manner that you will not like."

"Well, now, Mr. Clayton," said Mr. Bradshaw, who had not hitherto spoken, "you see this is a very disagreeable subject; but the fact is, we came in a friendly way to you. We all appreciate personally the merits of your character, and the excellence of your motives; but really, sir, there is an excitement rising, there is a state of the public mind which is getting every day more and more inflammable. I talked with Miss Anne on this subject some months ago, and expressed my feelings very fully; and now, if you will only give us a pledge that you will pursue a different course, we shall have something to take hold of to quiet the popular mind. If you will just write and stop your paper for the present, and let it be understood that your plantation system is to be stopped, the thing will gradually cool itself off."

"Gentlemen," said Clayton, "you are asking a very serious thing from me, and one which requires reflection. If I am violating the direct laws of the State, and these laws are to be considered as still in vital force, there is certainly some question with regard to my course; but still I have responsibilities for the moral and religious improvement of those under my care, which are equally binding. I see no course but removal from the State."

"Of course, we should be sorry," said Judge Oliver, "you should be obliged to do that; still we trust you will see the necessity, and our motives."

"Necessity is the tyrant's plea, I believe," said Clayton, smiling.

"At all events, it is a strong one," replied Judge Oliver, smiling also. "But I am glad we have had this conversation; I think it will enable me to pacify the minds of some of our hot-headed young neighbors, and prevent threatened mischief."

After a little general conversation, the party separated on apparently friendly terms, and Clayton went to seek counsel with his sister and Frank Russel.

Anne was indignant with that straight-out and generous indignation which belongs to women, who, generally speaking, are ready to follow their principles to any result with more inconsiderate fearlessness than men. She had none of the anxieties for herself which Clayton had for her. Having once been witness of the brutalities of a slave mob, Clayton could not, without a shudder, connect any such possibilities with his sister.

"I think," said Anne, "we had better give up this miserable sham of a free government, of freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and all that, if things must go on in this way."

"Oh," said Frank Russel, "the fact is that our republic, in these States, is like that of Venice: it 's not a democracy, but an oligarchy, and the mob is its standing army. We are, all of us, under the 'Council of Ten,' which has its eyes everywhere. We are free enough as long as our actions please them; when they don't, we shall find their noose around our necks. It 's very edifying, certainly, to have these gentlemen call on you to tell you that they will not be answerable for consequences of excitement which they are all the time stirring up; for, after all, who cares what you do, if they don't? The large proprietors are the ones interested. The rabble are their hands, and this warning about popular excitement just means, 'Sir, if you don't take care, I shall let out my dogs, and then I won't be answerable for consequences.'"

"And you call this liberty!" said Anne indignantly.

"Oh, well," said Russel, "this is a world of humbugs. We call it liberty because it 's an agreeable name. After all, what is liberty, that people make such a breeze about? We are all slaves to one thing or another. Nobody is absolutely free, except Robinson Crusoe, in the desolate island; and he tears all his shirts to pieces and hangs them up as signals of distress, that he may get back into slavery again."

"For all that," said Anne, warming, "I know there is such a thing as liberty. All that nobleness and enthusiasm which has animated people in all ages for liberty cannot be in vain. Who does not thrill at those words of the Marseillaise: —

> "'O Liberty, can man resign thee,
> Once having felt thy generous flame?
> Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
> Or whips thy noble spirit tame?'"

"These are certainly agreeable myths," said Russel, "but these things will not bear any close looking into. Liberty has generally meant the liberty of me and my nation and my class to do what we please; which is a very pleasant thing, certainly, to those who are on the upper side of the wheel, and probably involving much that's disagreeable to those who are under."

"That is a heartless, unbelieving way of talking," said Anne with tears in her eyes. "I know there have been some right true, noble souls, in whom the love of liberty has meant the love of right, and the desire that every human brother should have what rightly belongs to him. It is not my liberty, nor our liberty, but the principle of liberty itself, that they strove for."

"Such a principle, carried out logically, would make smashing work in this world," said Russel. "In this sense, where is there a free government on earth? What nation ever does or ever did respect the right of the weaker, or ever will, till the millennium comes? — and that's too far off to be of much use in practical calculations; so don't let's break our hearts about a name. For my part, I am more concerned about these implied threats. As I said before, 'the hand of Joab is in this thing.' Tom Gordon is visiting in this neighborhood, and you may depend upon it that this, in some way, comes from him. He is a perfectly reckless fellow, and I am afraid of some act of violence. If he should bring up a mob, whatever they do, there will

be no redress for you. These respectable gentlemen, your best friends, will fold their hands and say, 'Ah, poor fellow! we told him so!' while others will put their hands complacently in their pockets, and say, 'Served him right!'"

"I think," said Clayton, "there will be no immediate violence. I understood that they pledged as much when they departed."

"If Tom Gordon is in the camp," said Russel, "they may find that they have reckoned without their host in promising that. There are two or three young fellows in this vicinity who, with his energy to direct them, are reckless enough for anything; and there is always an abundance of excitable rabble to be got for a drink of whiskey."

The event proved that Russel was right. Anne's bedroom was in the back part of the cottage, opposite the little grove where stood her school-room. She was awakened, about one o'clock that night, by a broad, ruddy glare of light, which caused her at first to start from her bed with the impression that the house was on fire. At the same instant she perceived that the air was full of barbarous and dissonant sounds, such as the beating of tin pans, the braying of horns, and shouts of savage merriment, intermingled with slang oaths and curses.

In a moment, recovering herself, she perceived that it was her school-house which was in a blaze, crisping and shriveling the foliage of the beautiful trees by which it was surrounded, and filling the air with a lurid light. She hastily dressed, and in a few moments Clayton and Russel knocked at the door. Both were looking very pale.

"Don't be alarmed," said Clayton, putting his arm around her with that manner which shows that there is everything to fear; "I am going out to speak to them."

"Indeed, you are going to do no such thing," said Frank Russel decidedly. "This is no time for any extra displays

of heroism. These men are insane with whiskey and excitement. They have probably been especially inflamed against you, and your presence would irritate them still more. Let me go out: I understand the *ignobile vulgus* better than you do; besides which, providentially, I have n't any conscience to prevent my saying and doing what is necessary for an emergency. You shall see me lead off this whole yelling pack at my heels in triumph. And now, Clayton, you take care of Anne, like a good fellow, till I come back, which may be about four or five o'clock to-morrow morning. I shall toll all these fellows down to Muggins's, and leave them so drunk they cannot stand for one three hours."

So saying, Frank proceeded hastily to disguise himself in a shaggy old great-coat, and to tie around his throat a red bandana silk handkerchief, with a very fiery and dashing tie, and, surmounting these equipments by an old hat which had belonged to one of the servants, he stole out of the front door, and, passing around through the shrubbery, was very soon lost in the throng who surrounded the burning building. He soon satisfied himself that Tom Gordon was not personally among them, — that they consisted entirely of the lower class of whites.

"So far, so good," he said to himself, and, springing on to the stump of a tree, he commenced a speech in that peculiar slang dialect which was vernacular with them, and of which he perfectly well understood the use.

With his quick and ready talent for drollery, he soon had them around him in paroxysms of laughter; and, complimenting their bravery, flattering and cajoling their vanity, he soon got them completely in his power, and they assented, with a triumphant shout, to the proposition that they should go down and celebrate their victory at Muggins's grocery, a low haunt about a mile distant, whither, as he predicted, they all followed him. And he was as good as his word in not leaving them till all were so completely

under the power of liquor as to be incapable of mischief for the time being.

About nine o'clock the next day he returned, finding Clayton and Anne seated together at breakfast.

"Now, Clayton," he said, seating himself, "I am going to talk to you in good, solemn earnest for once. The fact is, you are checkmated. Your plans for gradual emancipation, or reform, or anything tending in that direction, are utterly hopeless; and if you want to pursue them with your own people, you must either send them to Liberia, or to the Northern States. There was a time, fifty years ago, when such things were contemplated with some degree of sincerity by all the leading minds at the South. That time is over. From the very day that they began to open new territories to slavery, the value of this kind of property mounted up, so as to make emancipation a moral impossibility. It is, as they told you, a finality; and don't you see how they make everything in the Union bend to it? Why, these men are only about three tenths of the population of our Southern States, and yet the other seven tenths virtually have no existence. All they do is to vote as they are told, — as they know they must, being too ignorant to know any better.

"The mouth of the North is stuffed with cotton, and will be kept full as long as it suits us. Good, easy gentlemen, they are so satisfied with their pillows, and other accommodations inside of the car, that they don't trouble themselves to reflect that we are the engineers, nor to ask where we are going. And when any one does wake up and pipe out in melancholy inquiry, we slam the door in his face, and tell him, 'Mind your own business, sir!' and he leans back on his cotton pillow and goes to sleep again, only whimpering a little that 'we might be more polite.'

"They have their fanatics up there. We don't trouble ourselves to put them down; we make them do it. They

get up mobs on our account, to hoot troublesome ministers and editors out of their cities; and their men that they send to Congress invariably do all our dirty work. There 's now and then an exception, it is true; but they only prove the rule.

"If there was any public sentiment at the North for you reformers to fall back upon, you might, in spite of your difficulties, do something; but there is not. They are all implicated with us, except the class of born fanatics, like you, who are walking in that very unfashionable narrow way we 've heard of."

"Well," said Anne, "let us go out of the State, then. I will go anywhere; but I will not stop the work that I have begun."

CHAPTER LVI

FLIGHT

THE party of fugitives which started for the North was divided into two bands. Harry, Lisette, Tiff, and his two children, assumed the character of a family, of whom Harry took the part of father, Lisette the nurse, and Tiff the man servant. The money which Clayton had given them enabling them to furnish a respectable outfit, they found no difficulty in taking passage under this character, at Norfolk, on board a small coasting-vessel bound to New York. Never had Harry known a moment so full of joyous security as that which found him out at sea in a white-winged vessel, flying with all speed toward the distant port of safety.

Before they neared the coast of New York, however, there was a change in their prospects. The blue sky became darkened, and the sea, before treacherously smooth, began to rise in furious waves. The little vessel was tossed baffling about by contrary and tumultuous winds. When she began to pitch and roll, in all the violence of a decided storm, Lisette and the children cried for fear. Old Tiff exerted himself for their comfort to the best of his ability. Seated on the cabin floor, with his feet firmly braced, he would hold the children in his arms, and remind them of what Miss Nina had read to them of the storm that came down on the Lake of Gennesareth, and how Jesus was in the hinder part of the boat, asleep on a pillow. "And he 's dar yet," Tiff would say.

"I wish they 'd wake him up, then," said Teddy disconsolately; "I don't like this dreadful noise! What does he let it be so for?"

Before the close of that day the fury of the storm increased; the horrors of the night can only be told by those who have felt the like. The plunging of the vessel, the creaking and straining of the timbers, the hollow and sepulchral sound of waves striking against the hull, and the shiver with which, like a living creature, she seemed to tremble at every shock, were things frightful even to the experienced sailor, much more so to our trembling refugees.

The morning dawned only to show the sailors their bark drifting helplessly toward a fatal shore, whose name is a sound of evil omen to seamen. It was not long before the final crash came, and the ship was wedged among rugged rocks, washed over every moment by the fury of the waves.

All hands came now on deck for the last chance of life. One boat after another was attempted to be launched, but was swamped by the furious waters. When the last boat was essayed, there was a general rush of all on board. It was the last chance for life. In such hours the instinctive fear of death often overbears every other consideration; and the boat was rapidly filled by the hands of the ship, who, being strongest and most accustomed to such situations, were more able to effect this than the passengers. The captain alone remained standing on the wreck, and with him Harry, Lisette, Tiff, and the children.

"Pass along," said the captain, hastily pressing Lisette on board, simply because she was the first that came to hand.

"For de good Lord's sake," said Tiff, "put de chil'en on board; dere won't be no room for me, and 't ain't no matter! You go 'board and take care of 'em," he said, pushing Harry along.

Harry mechanically sprang into the boat, and the captain after him. The boat was full.

"Oh, do take poor Tiff, — do!" said the children, stretching their hands after their old friend.

"Clear away, boys, — the boat's full!" shouted a dozen voices; and the boat parted from the wreck, and sunk in eddies and whirls of boiling waves, foam, and spray, and went, rising and sinking, onward driven toward the shore.

A few, looking backwards, saw a mighty green wave come roaring and shaking its crested head, lift the hull as if it had been an egg-shell, then dash it in fragments upon the rocks. This was all they knew, till they were themselves cast, wet and dripping, but still living, upon the sands.

A crowd of people were gathered upon the shore, who, with the natural kindness of humanity on such occasions, gathered the drenched and sea-beaten wanderers into neighboring cottages, where food and fire, and changes of dry clothing, awaited them.

The children excited universal sympathy and attention, and so many mothers of the neighborhood came bringing offerings of clothing, that their lost wardrobe was soon very tolerably replaced. But nothing could comfort them for the loss of their old friend. In vain the "little dears" were tempted with offers of cake and custard, and every imaginable eatable. They sat with their arms around each other, quietly weeping.

No matter how unsightly the casket may be which holds all the love there is on earth for us, be that love lodged in the heart of the poorest and most uneducated, the whole world can offer no exchange for the loss of it. Tiff's devotion to these children had been so constant, so provident, so absolute, that it did not seem to them possible they could live a day without him; and the desolation of their lot seemed to grow upon them every hour. Nothing would restrain them. They would go out and look up and down, if, perhaps, they might meet him; but they searched in vain. And Harry, who had attended them, led them back again, disconsolate.

"I say, Fanny," said Teddy, after they had said their prayers, and lain down in their little bed, "has Tiff gone to heaven?"

"Certainly he has," said Fanny, "if ever anybody went there."

"Won't he come and bring us pretty soon?" said Teddy. "He won't want to be there without us, will he?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Fanny. "I wish we could go; the world is so lonesome!"

And, thus talking, the children fell asleep. But it is written in an ancient record, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" and, verily, the next morning Teddy started up in bed, and awakened his sister with a cry of joy.

"Oh, Fanny! Fanny! Tiff is n't dead! I heard him laughing."

Fanny started up, and, sure enough, there came through the partition which separated their little sleeping-room from the kitchen a sound very much like Tiff's old, unctuous laugh. One would have thought no other pair of lungs could have rolled out the jolly "Ho! ho! ho!" with such a joyous fullness of intonation.

The children hastily put on their clothes, and opened the door.

"Why, bress de Lord! poppets, here dey is, sure 'nough! Ho! ho! ho!" said Tiff, stretching out his arms, while both the children ran and hung upon him.

"Oh, Tiff, we are so glad! Oh, we thought you was drowned; we 've been thinking so all night."

"No, no, no, bress de Lord! You don't get shet of Ole Tiff dat ar way! Won't get shet of him till ye 's fetched up and able to do for yerselves."

"Oh, Tiff, how did you get away?"

"Laws! why, chil'ens, 't was a very strait way. I told de Lord 'bout it. Says I, 'Good Lord, you knows I don't

care nothing 'bout it on my own 'count; but 'pears like dese chil'en is so young and tender, I could n't leave dem, noway;' and so I axed him if he would n't jest please to help me, 'cause I knowed he had de power of de winds and de sea. Well, sure 'nough, dat ar big wave toted me clar up right on de sho'; but it tuk my breff and my senses so I did n't fa'rly know whar I was. And de peoples dat foun' me took me a good bit 'way to a house down here, and dey was 'mazing good to me, and rubbed me wid de hot flannels, and giv me one ting and anoder, so 't I woke up quite peart dis mornin', and came out to look up my poppets; 'cause, yer see, it was kinder borne in on my mind dat I should find you. And now yer see, chil'en, you mark my words, de Lord been wid us in six troubles, and in seven, and he 'll bring us to good luck yet. Tell ye, de sea hain't washed dat ar out o' me, for all its banging and bruising." And Tiff chuckled in the fullness of his heart and made a joyful noise.

His words were so far accomplished that, before many days, the little party, rested and refreshed, and with the losses of their wardrobe made up by friendly contributions, found themselves under the roof of some benevolent friends in New York. Thither, in due time, the other detachment of their party arrived, which had come forward under the guidance of Hannibal, by ways and means which, as they may be wanted for others in like circumstances, we shall not further particularize.

Harry, by the kind patronage of friends, soon obtained employment, which placed him and his wife in a situation of comfort.

Milly and her grandson, and Old Tiff and his children, were enabled to hire a humble tenement together; and she, finding employment as a pastry cook in a confectioner's establishment, was able to provide a very comfortable support, while Tiff presided in the housekeeping department.

After a year or two an event occurred of so romantic a nature that, had we not ascertained it as a positive fact, we should hesitate to insert it in our veracious narrative. Fanny's mother had an aunt in the Peyton family, a maiden lady of very singular character, who, by habits of great penuriousness, had amassed a large fortune, apparently for no other purpose than that it should, some day, fall into the hands of somebody who would know how to enjoy it. Having quarreled, shortly before her death, with all her other relatives, she cast about in her mind for ways and means to revenge herself on them by placing her property out of their disposal. She accordingly made a will bequeathing it to the heirs of her niece Susan, if any such heirs existed; and, if not, the property was to go to an orphan asylum.

By chance, the lawyer's letter of inquiry was addressed to Clayton, who immediately took the necessary measures to identify the children and put them in possession of the property.

Tiff now was glorious. "I always knowed it," he said, "dat Miss Sue's chil'en would come to luck, and dat de Lord would open a door for them, and he had."

Fanny, who was now a well-grown girl of twelve years, chose Clayton as her guardian; and by his care she was placed at one of the best New England schools, where her mind and her person developed rapidly. Her brother was placed at school in the same town.

As for Clayton, after some inquiry and consideration, he bought a large and valuable tract of land in that portion of Canada where the climate is least severe, and the land most valuable for culture. To this place he removed his slaves, and formed there a township, which is now one of the richest and finest in the region. Here he built for himself a beautiful residence, where he and his sister live happily together, finding their enjoyment in the improvement of those by whom they are surrounded.

It is a striking comment on the success of Clayton's enterprise that the neighboring white settlers, who at first looked coldly upon him, fearing he would be the means of introducing a thriftless population among them, have been entirely won over, and that the value of the improvements which Clayton and his tenants have made has nearly doubled the price of real estate in the vicinity. So high a character have his schools borne, that the white settlers in the vicinity have discontinued their own, preferring to have their children enjoy the advantages of those under his and his sister's patronage and care.[1]

Harry is one of the head men of the settlement, and is rapidly acquiring property and consideration in the community.

A large farm, waving with some acres of fine wheat, with its fences and outhouses in excellent condition, marks the energy and thrift of Hannibal, who, instead of slaying men, is great in felling trees and clearing forests. He finds time, winter evenings, to read, with "none to molest or make afraid." His oldest son is construing Cæsar's Commentaries at school, and often reads his lesson of an evening to his delighted father, who willingly resigns the palm of scholarship into his hands.

As to our merry friend Jim, he is the life of the settlement. Liberty, it is true, has made him a little more sober; and a very energetic and capable wife, soberer still; but yet Jim has enough and to spare of drollery, which makes him an indispensable requisite in all social gatherings. He works on his farm with energy, and repels with indignation any suggestion that he was happier in the old times, when he had abundance of money and very little to do.

One suggestion more we almost hesitate to make, lest it

[1] These statements are all true of the Elgin settlement, founded by Mr. King, a gentleman who removed and settled his slaves in the south of Canada.

should give rise to unfounded reports; but we are obliged to speak the truth. Anne Clayton, on a visit to a friend's family in New Hampshire, met with Livy Ray, of whom she had heard Nina speak so much, and very naturally the two ladies fell into a most intimate friendship; visits were exchanged between them, and Clayton, on first introduction, discovered the lady he had met in the prison in Alexandria. The most intimate friendship exists between the three, and, of course, in such cases reports will arise; but we assure our readers we have never heard of any authentic foundation for them; so that, in this matter, we can clearly leave every one to predict a result according to their own fancies.

We have now two sketches, with which the scenery of our book must close.

CHAPTER LVII

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN

CLAYTON had occasion to visit New York on business.

He never went without carrying some token of remembrance from the friends in his settlement to Milly, now indeed far advanced in years, while yet, in the expressive words of Scripture, "her eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated."

He found her in a neat little tenement in one of the outer streets of New York, surrounded by about a dozen children, among whom were blacks, whites, and foreigners. These she had rescued from utter destitution in the streets, and was giving to them all the attention and affection of a mother.

"Why, bless you, sir," she said to him pleasantly, as he opened the door, "it 's good to see you once more! How is Miss Anne?"

"Very well, Milly. She sent you this little packet; and you will find something from Harry and Lisette, and all the rest of your friends in our settlement. Ah! are these all your children, Milly?"

"Yes, honey; mine and de Lord's. Dis yer 's my second dozen. De fust is all in good places and doing well. I keeps my eye on 'em, and goes round to see after 'em a little now and then."

"And how is Tomtit?"

"Oh, Tomtit 's doing beautiful, thank 'e, sir. He 's 'come a Christian, and jined the church; and they has him to wait and tend at the anti-slavery office, and he does *well*."

"I see you have black and white here," said Clayton, glancing around the circle.

"Laws, yes," said Milly, looking complacently around; "I don't make no distinctions of color, — I don't believe in them. White chil'en, when they 'haves themselves, is jest as good as black, and I loves 'em jest as well."

"Don't you sometimes think it a little hard you should have to work so in your old age?"

"Why, bress you, honey, no! I takes comfort of my money as I goes along. Dere's a heap in me yet," she said, laughing. "I's hoping to get dis yer batch put out and take in anoder afore I die. You see," she said, "dis yer's de way I took to get my heart whole. I found it was getting so sore for my chil'en I'd had took from me, 'pears like the older I grow'd the more I thought about 'em; but long's I keeps doing for chil'en it kinder eases it. I calls 'em all mine; so I's got good many chil'en now."

We will inform our reader, in passing, that Milly, in the course of her life, on the humble wages of a laboring woman, took from the streets, brought up, and placed in reputable situations, no less than forty destitute children.[1]

When Clayton returned to Boston, he received a note, written in a graceful female hand, from Fanny, expressing her gratitude for his kindness to her and her brother, and begging that he would come and spend a day with them at their cottage in the vicinity of the city. Accordingly, eight o'clock the next morning found him whirling in the cars through green fields and pleasant meadows, garlanded with flowers and draped with bending elms, to one of those peaceful villages which lie like pearls on the bosom of our fair old mother, Massachusetts.

Stopping at —— station, he inquired his way up to a little

[1] These circumstances are true of an old colored woman in New York, known by the name of Aunt Katy, who in her youth was a slave, and who is said to have established among these destitute children the first Sunday-school in the city of New York.

eminence which commanded a view of one of those charming lakes which open their blue eyes everywhere through the New England landscape. Here, embowered in blossoming trees, stood a little Gothic cottage, a perfect gem of rural irregularity and fanciful beauty. A porch in the front of it was supported on pillars of cedar, with the rough bark still on, around which were trained multitudes of climbing roses, now in full flower. From the porch a rustic bridge led across a little ravine into a summer-house, which was built like a nest into the branches of a great oak which grew up from the hollow below the knoll on which the house stood.

A light form, dressed in a pretty white wrapper, came fluttering across the bridge as Clayton ascended the steps of the porch. Perhaps our readers may recognize in the smoothly parted brown hair, the large blue eyes, and the bashful earnestness of the face, our sometime little friend Fanny; if they do not, we think they 'll be familiar with the cheery "Ho! ho! ho!" which comes from the porch, as our old friend Tiff, dressed in a respectable suit of black, comes bowing forward. "Bress de Lord, Mas'r Clayton, — it 's good for de eyes to look at you! So you 's come to see Miss Fanny, now she 's come to her property, and has got de place she ought for to have. Ah, ah! Old Tiff allers know'd it! He seed it, — he know'd de Lord would bring her out right, and he did. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Yes," said Fanny, "and I sometimes think I don't enjoy it half as well as Uncle Tiff. I 'm sure he ought to have some comfort of us, for he worked hard enough for us, — did n't you, Uncle Tiff?"

"Work! bress your soul, did n't I?" said Tiff, giggling all over in cheerful undulations. "Reckon I has worked, though I does n't have much of it to do now; but I sees good of my work now'days, — does so. Mas'r Teddy, he 's grow'd up tall, han'some young gen'leman, and he 's in col-

lege, — only tink of dat! Laws! he can make de Latin fly! Dis yer 's pretty good country, too. Dere 's families round here dat 's e'enamost up to old Virginny; and she goes with de best on 'em, — dat she does."

Fanny now led Clayton into the house, and, while she tripped upstairs to change her morning-dress, Tiff busied himself in arranging cake and fruit on a silver salver, as an apology for remaining in the room.

He seemed to consider the interval as an appropriate one for making some confidential communications on a subject that lay very near his heart. So, after looking out of the door with an air of great mystery, to ascertain that Miss Fanny was really gone, he returned to Clayton, and touched him on the elbow with an air of infinite secrecy and precaution.

"Dis yer ain't to be spoken of out loud," he said. "I 's ben mighty anxious; but, bress de Lord, I 's come safely through; 'cause, yer see, I 's found out he 's a right likely man, beside being one of de very fustest old families in de State; and dese yer old families here 'bout as good as dey was in Virginny; and, when all 's said and done, it 's de men dat 's de ting, after all; 'cause a gal can't marry all de generations back, if dey 's ever so nice. But he 's one of your likeliest men."

"What 's his name?"

"Russell," said Tiff, lifting up his hand apprehensively to his mouth, and shouting out the name in a loud whisper. "I reckon he 'll be here to-day, 'cause Mas'r Teddy 's coming home, and going to bring him wid him; so please, Mas'r Clayton, you won't notice nothing; 'cause Miss Fanny she 's jest like her ma, — she 'll turn red clar up to her har if a body only looks at her. See here," said Tiff, fumbling in his pocket and producing a spectacle-case, out of which he extracted a portentous pair of gold-mounted spectacles; "see what he give me, de last time he 's here. I puts dese yer on of a Sundays, when I sets down to read my Bible."

"Indeed," said Clayton; "have you learned, then, to read?"

"Why, no, honey, I dunno as I can rightly say dat I 's larn'd to read, 'cause I 's 'mazing slow at dat ar; but, den, I 's larn'd all de best words, like Christ, Lord, and God, and dem ar; and whar dey 's pretty thick, I makes out quite comfortable."

We shall not detain our readers with minute descriptions of how the day was spent: how Teddy came home from college a tall, handsome fellow, and rattled over Latin and Greek sentences in Tiff's delighted ears, who considered his learning as, without doubt, the eighth wonder of the world; nor how George Russell came with him, a handsome senior, just graduated; nor how Fanny blushed and trembled when she told her guardian her little secret, and, like other ladies, asked advice after she had made up her mind.

Nor shall we dilate on the yet brighter glories of the cottage three months after, when Clayton, and Anne, and Livy Ray were all at the wedding, and Tiff became three and four times blessed in this brilliant consummation of his hopes. The last time we saw him he was walking forth in magnificence, his gold spectacles set conspicuously astride of his nose, trundling a little wicker wagon, which cradled a fair, pearly little Miss Fanny, whom he informed all beholders was "de very sperit of de Peytons."

APPENDIX I

NAT TURNER'S CONFESSIONS

As an illustration of the character and views ascribed to Dred, we make a few extracts from the "Confessions of Nat Turner," as published by T. R. Gray, Esq., of Southampton, Virginia, in November, 1831. One of the principal conspirators in this affair was named Dred.

We will first give the certificate of the court, and a few sentences from Mr. Gray's introductory remarks, and then proceed with Turner's own narrative: —

We, the undersigned, members of the court convened at Jerusalem, on Saturday, the fifth day of November, 1831, for the trial of Nat, *alias* Nat Turner, a negro slave, late the property of Putnam Moore, deceased, do hereby certify that the confession of Nat to Thomas R. Gray was read to him in our presence, and that Nat acknowledged the same to be full, free, and voluntary; and that furthermore, when called upon by the presiding magistrate of the court to state if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, replied he had nothing further than he had communicated to Mr. Gray. Given under our hands and seals at Jerusalem, this fifth day of November, 1831.

JEREMIAH COBB.	[*Seal*]	THOMAS PRETLOW.	[*Seal*]
JAMES W. PARKER.	[*Seal*]	CARR BOWERS.	[*Seal*]
SAMUEL B. HINES.	[*Seal*]	ORRIS A. BROWNE.	[*Seal*]

State of Virginia, Southampton County, to wit: —

I, James Rochelle, Clerk of the County Court of Southampton in the State of Virginia, do hereby certify that Jeremiah Cobb, Thomas Pretlow, James W. Parker, Carr Bowers, Samuel B. Hines, and Orris A. Browne, Esqrs., are acting justices of the peace in and for the county aforesaid; and were members of the court which convened at Jerusalem, on Saturday, the fifth day of November, 1831, for the trial of Nat, *alias* Nat

Turner, a negro slave, late the property of Putnam Moore, deceased, who was tried and convicted as an insurgent in the late insurrection in the County of Southampton aforesaid, and that full faith and credit are due and ought to be given to their acts as justices of the peace aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the court aforesaid to be affixed, this fifth day of November, 1831.

[*Seal*]

JAMES ROCHELLE, C. S. C. C.

Everything connected with this sad affair was wrapt in mystery until Nat Turner, the leader of this ferocious band, whose name has resounded throughout our widely extended empire, was captured.

Since his confinement, by permission of the jailer I have had ready access to him; and, finding that he was willing to make a full and free confession of the origin, progress, and consummation of the insurrectory movements of the slaves, of which he was the contriver and head, I determined, for the gratification of public curiosity, to commit his statements to writing, and publish them, with little or no variation from his own words.

He was not only the contriver of the conspiracy, but gave the first blow towards its execution.

It will thus appear that, whilst everything upon the surface of society wore a calm and peaceful aspect, whilst not one note of preparation was heard to warn the devoted inhabitants of woe and death, a gloomy fanatic was revolving, in the recesses of his own dark, bewildered, and overwrought mind, schemes of indiscriminate massacre to the whites: schemes too fearfully executed, as far as his fiendish band proceeded in their desolating march. No cry for mercy penetrated their flinty bosoms. No acts of remembered kindness made the least impression upon these remorseless murderers. Men, women, and children, from hoary age to helpless infancy, were involved in the same cruel fate. Never did a band of savages do their work of death more unsparingly.

Nat has survived all his followers, and the gallows will speedily close his career. His own account of the conspiracy is submitted to the public without comment. It reads an awful, and it is hoped a useful, lesson as to the operations of a

mind like his, endeavoring to grapple with things beyond its reach, — how it first became bewildered and confounded, and finally corrupted and led to the conception and perpetration of the most atrocious and heart-rending deeds.

If Nat's statements can be relied on, the insurrection in this county was entirely local, and his designs confided but to a few, and these in his immediate vicinity. It was not instigated by motives of revenge or sudden anger, but the result of long deliberation and a settled purpose of mind, — the offspring of gloomy fanaticism acting upon materials but too well prepared for such impressions : —

I was thirty-one years of age the second of October last, and born the property of Benjamin Turner, of this county. In my childhood a circumstance occurred which made an indelible impression on my mind, and laid the groundwork of that enthusiasm which has terminated so fatally to many, both white and black, and for which I am about to atone at the gallows. It is here necessary to relate this circumstance. Trifling as it may seem, it was the commencement of that belief which has grown with time, and even now, sir, in this dungeon, helpless and forsaken as I am, I cannot divest myself of. Being at play with other children, when three or four years old, I was telling them something, which my mother, overhearing, said it had happened before I was born. I stuck to my story, however, and related some things which went, in her opinion, to confirm it. Others, being called on, were greatly astonished, knowing that these things had happened, and caused them to say, in my hearing, I surely would be a prophet, as the Lord had shown me things that had happened before my birth. And my father and mother strengthened me in this my first impression, saying, in my presence, I was intended for some great purpose, which they had always thought from certain marks on my head and breast. [A parcel of excrescences, which, I believe, are not at all uncommon, particularly among negroes, as I have seen several with the same. In this case he has either cut them off, or they have nearly disappeared.]

My grandmother, who was very religious, and to whom I was much attached; my master, who belonged to the church; and other religious persons who visited the house, and whom I often saw at prayers, noticing the singularity of my manners, I suppose, and my uncommon intelligence for a child, — remarked

I had too much sense to be raised, and, if I was, I would never be of any service to any one as a slave. To a mind like mine, restless, inquisitive, and observant of everything that was passing, it is easy to suppose that religion was the subject to which it would be directed; and although this subject principally occupied my thoughts, there was nothing that I saw or heard of to which my attention was not directed. The manner in which I learned to read and write not only had great influence on my own mind, as I acquired it with the most perfect ease, — so much so, that I have no recollection whatever of learning the alphabet, — but, to the astonishment of the family, one day, when a book was shown me to keep me from crying, I began spelling the names of different objects. This was a source of wonder to all in the neighborhood, particularly the blacks; and this learning was constantly improved at all opportunities. When I got large enough to go to work, while employed I was reflecting on many things that would present themselves to my imagination; and whenever an opportunity occurred of looking at a book, when the school-children were getting their lessons, I would find many things that the fertility of my own imagination had depicted to me before. All my time, not devoted to my master's service, was spent either in prayer, or in making experiments in casting different things in moulds made of earth, in attempting to make paper, gunpowder, and many other experiments, that, although I could not perfect, yet convinced me of its practicability if I had the means.[1]

I was not addicted to stealing in my youth, nor have ever been; yet such was the confidence of the negroes in the neighborhood, even at this early period of my life, in my superior judgment that they would often carry me with them, when they were going on any roguery, to plan for them. Growing up among them with this confidence in my superior judgment, and when this, in their opinion, was perfected by Divine inspiration, from the circumstances already alluded to in my infancy, and which belief was ever afterwards zealously inculcated by the austerity of my life and manners, which became the subject of remark by white and black — having soon discovered to be great, I must appear so, and therefore studiously avoided mixing in society, and wrapped myself in mystery, devoting my time to fasting and prayer.

[1] When questioned as to the manner of manufacturing those different articles, he was found well informed.

By this time, having arrived to man's estate, and hearing the Scriptures commented on at meetings, I was struck with that particular passage which says, "Seek ye the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added unto you." I reflected much on this passage, and prayed daily for light on this subject. As I was praying one day at my plough, the Spirit spoke to me, saying, "Seek ye the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added unto you."

Question. What do you mean by "the Spirit"?

Answer. The Spirit that spoke to the prophets in former days. And I was greatly astonished, and for two years prayed continually, whenever my duty would permit; and then again I had the same revelation, which fully confirmed me in the impression that I was ordained for some great purpose in the hands of the Almighty. Several years rolled round, in which many events occurred to strengthen me in this my belief. At this time I reverted in my mind to the remarks made of me in my childhood, and the things that had been shown me; and as it had been said of me in my childhood, by those by whom I had been taught to pray, both white and black, and in whom I had the greatest confidence, that I had too much sense to be raised, and, if I was, I would never be of any use to any one as a slave, — now, finding I had arrived to man's estate and was a slave, and these revelations being made known to me, I began to direct my attention to this great object, to fulfill the purpose for which, by this time, I felt assured I was intended. Knowing the influence I had obtained over the minds of my fellow servants, — not by the means of conjuring and such-like tricks (for to them I always spoke of such things with contempt), but by the communion of the Spirit, whose revelations I often communicated to them, and they believed and said my wisdom came from God, — I now began to prepare them for my purpose by telling them something was about to happen that would terminate in fulfilling the great promise that had been made to me.

About this time I was placed under an overseer, from whom I ran away, and, after remaining in the woods thirty days, I returned, to the astonishment of the negroes on the plantation, who thought I had made my escape to some other part of the country, as my father had done before. But the reason of my return was, that the Spirit appeared to me and said I had my wishes directed to the things of this world, and not to the king-

dom of heaven, and that I should return to the service of my earthly master, "for he who knoweth his Master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes, and thus have I chastened you." And the negroes found fault, and murmured against me, saying that if they had my sense they would not serve any master in the world. And about this time I had a vision, and I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle, and the sun was darkened; the thunder rolled in the heavens, and blood flowed in streams; and I heard a voice saying, "Such is your luck, such you are called to see; and let it come, rough or smooth, you must surely bear it."

I now withdrew myself, as much as my situation would permit, from the intercourse of my fellow servants, for the avowed purpose of serving the Spirit more fully; and it appeared to me, and reminded me of the things it had already shown me, and that it would then reveal to me the knowledge of the elements, the revolution of the planets, the operation of tides, and changes of the seasons. After this revelation in the year 1825, and the knowledge of the elements being made known to me, I sought more than ever to obtain true holiness before the great day of judgment should appear, and then I began to receive the true knowledge of faith. And, from the first steps of righteousness until the last, was I made perfect; and the Holy Ghost was with me, and said, "Behold me as I stand in the heavens." And I looked and saw the forms of men in different attitudes; and there were lights in the sky, to which the children of darkness gave other names than what they really were; for they were the lights of the Saviour's hands, stretched forth from east to west, even as they were extended on the cross on Calvary for the redemption of sinners. And I wondered greatly at these miracles, and prayed to be informed of a certainty of the meaning thereof; and shortly afterwards, while laboring in the field, I discovered drops of blood on the corn, as though it were dew from heaven; and I communicated it to many, both white and black, in the neighborhood. And I then found on the leaves in the woods hieroglyphic characters and numbers, with the forms of men in different attitudes portrayed in blood, and representing the figures I had seen before in the heavens. And now the Holy Ghost had revealed itself to me, and made plain the miracles it had shown me; for as the blood of Christ had been shed on this earth, and had ascended to heaven for the salvation of sinners, and was now returning

to earth again in the form of dew, — and as the leaves on the trees bore the impression of the figures I had seen in the heavens, — it was plain to me that the Saviour was about to lay down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and the great day of judgment was at hand.

About this time I told these things to a white man (Etheldred T. Brantley), on whom it had a wonderful effect; and he ceased from his wickedness, and was attacked immediately with a cutaneous eruption, and blood oozed from the pores of his skin, and after praying and fasting nine days he was healed. And the Spirit appeared to me again, and said, as the Saviour had been baptized, so should we be also; and when the white people would not let us be baptized by the church, we went down into the water together, in the sight of many who reviled us, and were baptized by the Spirit. After this I rejoiced greatly, and gave thanks to God. And on the 12th of May, 1828, I heard a loud noise in the heavens, and the Spirit instantly appeared to me, and said the Serpent was loosened, and Christ had laid down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and that I should take it on and fight against the Serpent, for the time was fast approaching when the first should be last, and the last should be first.

Question. Do you not find yourself mistaken now?

Answer. Was not Christ crucified?

And, by signs in the heavens, that it would make known to me when I should commence the great work, and until the first sign appeared I should conceal it from the knowledge of men; and on the appearance of the sign (the eclipse of the sun last February), I should arise and prepare myself, and slay my enemies with their own weapons. And immediately, on the sign appearing in the heavens, the seal was removed from my lips, and I communicated the great work laid out for me to do to four in whom I had the greatest confidence (Henry, Hark, Nelson, and Sam). It was intended by us to have begun the work of death on the 4th of July last. Many were the plans formed and rejected by us, and it affected my mind to such a degree that I fell sick, and the time passed without our coming to any determination how to commence, — still forming new schemes and rejecting them, when the sign appeared again, which determined me not to wait longer.

Since the commencement of 1830 I had been living with Mr. Joseph Travis, who was to me a kind master, and placed the

greatest confidence in me; in fact, I had no cause to complain of his treatment to me. On Saturday evening, the 20th of August, it was agreed between Henry, Hark, and myself to prepare a dinner the next day for the men we expected, and then to concert a plan, as we had not yet determined on any. Hark, on the following morning, brought a pig, and Henry brandy; and, being joined by Sam, Nelson, Will, and Jack, they prepared in the woods a dinner, where, about three o'clock, I joined them.

Question. Why were you so backward in joining them?

Answer. The same reason that had caused me not to mix with them for years before.

I saluted them on coming up, and asked Will how came he there. He answered, his life was worth no more than others, and his liberty as dear to him. I asked him if he thought to obtain it. He said he would, or lose his life. This was enough to put him in full confidence. Jack, I knew, was only a tool in the hands of Hark. It was quickly agreed we should commence a home (Mr. J. Travis's) on that night; and until we had armed and equipped ourselves, and gathered sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared, — which was invariably adhered to. We remained at the feast until about two hours in the night, when we went to the house and found Austin.

We will not go into the horrible details of the various massacres, but only make one or two extracts, to show the spirit and feelings of Turner: —

I then went to Mr. John T. Harrow's; they had been here and murdered him. I pursued on their track to Captain Newit Harris's, where I found the greater part mounted and ready to start. The men, now amounting to about forty, shouted and hurraed as I rode up. Some were in the yard, loading their guns; others drinking. They said Captain Harris and his family had escaped; the property in the house they destroyed, robbing him of money and other valuables. I ordered them to mount and march instantly; this was about nine or ten o'clock Monday morning. I proceeded to Mr. Levi Waller's, two or three miles distant. I took my station in the rear, and, as it was my object to carry terror and devastation wherever we went, I placed fifteen or twenty of the best armed and most to be

relied on in front, who generally approached the houses as fast as their horses could run. This was for two purposes, — to prevent their escape and strike terror to the inhabitants. On this account I never got to the houses, after leaving Mrs. Whitehead's, until the murders were committed, except in one case. I sometimes got in sight in time to see the work of death completed; viewed the mangled bodies, as they lay, in silent satisfaction, and immediately started in quest of other victims. Having murdered Mrs. Waller and ten children, we started for Mr. Wm. Williams's, having killed him and two little boys that were there; while engaged in this, Mrs. Williams fled and got some distance from the house, but she was pursued, overtaken, and compelled to get up behind one of the company, who brought her back, and, after showing her the mangled body of her lifeless husband, she was told to get down and lay by his side, where she was shot dead.

The white men pursued and fired on us several times. Hark had his horse shot under him, and I caught another for him as it was running by me; five or six of my men were wounded, but none left on the field. Finding myself defeated here, I instantly determined to go through a private way, and cross the Nottoway River at the Cypress Bridge, three miles below Jerusalem, and attack that place in the rear, as I expected they would look for me on the other road, and I had a great desire to get there to procure arms and ammunition. After going a short distance in this private way, accompanied by about twenty men, I overtook two or three, who told me the others were dispersed in every direction.

On this I gave up all hope for the present; and on Thursday night, after having supplied myself with provisions from Mr. Travis's, I scratched a hole under a pile of fence-rails in a field, where I concealed myself for six weeks, never leaving my hiding-place but for a few minutes in the dead of the night to get water, which was very near. Thinking by this time I could venture out, I began to go about in the night, and eavesdrop the houses in the neighborhood; pursuing this course for about a fortnight, and gathering little or no intelligence, afraid of speaking to any human being, and returning every morning to my cave before the dawn of day. I know not how long I might have led this life if accident had not betrayed me. A dog in the neighborhood, passing by my hiding-place one night while I was out, was attracted by some meat I had in my cave, and

crawled in and stole it, and was coming out just as I returned. A few nights after, two negroes having started to go hunting with the same dog, and passed that way, the dog came again to the place, and, having just gone out to walk about, discovered me and barked; on which, thinking myself discovered, I spoke to them to beg concealment. On making myself known, they fled from me. Knowing then they would betray me, I immediately left my hiding-place and was pursued almost incessantly, until I was taken, a fortnight afterwards, by Mr. Benjamin Phipps, in a little hole I had dug out with my sword, for the purpose of concealment, under the top of a fallen tree.

During the time I was pursued, I had many hair-breadth escapes, which your time will not permit you to relate. I am here loaded with chains, and willing to suffer the fate that awaits me.

Mr. Gray asked him if he knew of any extensive or concerted plan. His answer was, "I do not." When I questioned him as to the insurrection in North Carolina happening about the same time, he denied any knowledge of it; and when I looked him in the face, as though I would search his inmost thoughts, he replied, "I see, sir, you doubt my word; but can you not think the same ideas, and strange appearances about this time in the heavens, might prompt others, as well as myself, to this undertaking?" I now had much conversation with and asked him many questions, having forborne to do so previously, except in the cases noted in parenthesis; but during his statement had, unnoticed by him, taken notes as to some particular circumstances, and, having the advantage of his statement before me in writing, on the evening of the third day that I had been with him, I began a cross-examination, and found his statement corroborated by every circumstance coming within my own knowledge, or the confessions of others who had been either killed or executed, and whom he had not seen or had any knowledge of since the 22d of August last. He expressed himself fully satisfied as to the impracticability of his attempt. It has been said he was ignorant and cowardly, and that his object was to murder and to rob for the purpose of obtaining money to make his escape. It is notorious that he was never known to have a dollar in his life, to swear an oath, or drink a drop of spirits. As to his ignorance, he certainly never had the advantages of education, but he can read and write (it was taught

him by his parents), and for natural intelligence and quickness of apprehension is surpassed by few men I have ever seen. As to his being a coward, his reason as given for not resisting Mr. Phipps shows the decision of his character. When he saw Mr. Phipps present his gun, he said he knew it was impossible for him to escape, as the woods were full of men; he therefore thought it was better to surrender, and trust to fortune for his escape. He is a complete fanatic, or plays his part most admirably. On other subjects he possesses an uncommon share of intelligence, with a mind capable of attaining anything, but warped and perverted by the influence of early impressions. He is below the ordinary stature, though strong and active, having the true negro face, every feature of which is strongly marked. I shall not attempt to describe the effect of his narrative, as told and commented on by himself, in the condemned hole of the prison, — the calm, deliberate composure with which he spoke of his late deeds and intentions; the expression of his fiend-like face when excited by enthusiasm, still bearing the stains of the blood of helpless innocence about him; clothed with rags and covered with chains, yet daring to raise his manacled hands to Heaven, with a spirit soaring above the attributes of man. I looked on him, and my blood curdled in my veins.

APPENDIX II

THE chapter headed *Jegar Sahadutha* contains some terrible stories. It is to be said, they are all facts on judicial record, of the most fiend-like cruelty, terminating in the death of the victim, where the affair has been judicially examined, and the perpetrator escaped death, and in most cases *any* punishment for his crime.

1. Case of Souther.

Souther v. *The Commonwealth*, 7 Grattan, 673, 1851.

The killing of a slave by his master and owner, by willful and excessive whipping, is murder in the first degree, though it may not have been the purpose and intention of the master and owner to kill the slave.

Simon Souther was indicted at the October term, 1850, of the Circuit Court for the County of Hanover, for the murder of his own slave. The indictment contained fifteen counts, in which the various modes of punishment and torture by which the homicide was charged to have been committed were stated singly and in various combinations. The fifteenth count unites them all; and, as the court certifies that the *indictment was sustained by the evidence*, the giving the facts stated in that count will show what was the charge against the prisoner, and what was the proof to sustain it.

The count charged that on the 1st day of September, 1849, the prisoner tied his negro slave, Sam, with ropes about his wrists, neck, body, legs, and ankles, to a tree; that, whilst so tied, the prisoner first whipped the slave with switches; that he next beat and cobbed the slave with a shingle, and compelled two of his slaves, a man and a woman, also to cob the deceased with the shingle; that, whilst the deceased was so tied to the tree, the prisoner did strike, knock, kick, stamp, and beat him upon various parts of his head, face, and body; that he applied fire to his body; . . . that he then washed his body with warm

water, in which pods of red pepper had been put and steeped, and he compelled his two slaves aforesaid also to wash him with this same preparation of warm water and red pepper; that, after the tying, whipping, cobbing, striking, beating, knocking, kicking, stamping, wounding, bruising, lacerating, burning, washing, and torturing, as aforesaid, the prisoner untied the deceased from the tree in such a way as to throw him with violence to the ground, and he then and there did knock, kick, stamp, and beat the deceased upon his head, temples, and various parts of his body; that the prisoner then had the deceased carried into a shed-room of his house, and there he compelled one of his slaves, in his presence, to confine the deceased's feet in stocks, by making his legs fast to a piece of timber, and to tie a rope about the neck of the deceased, and fasten it to a bedpost in the room, thereby strangling, choking, and suffocating the deceased; and that, whilst the deceased was thus made fast in stocks as aforesaid, the prisoner did kick, knock, stamp, and beat him upon his head, face, breast, belly, sides, back, and body; and he again compelled his two slaves to apply fire to the body of the deceased whilst he was so made fast as aforesaid. And the count charged that, from these various modes of punishment and torture, the slave Sam then and there died. It appeared that the prisoner commenced the punishment of the deceased in the morning, and that it was continued throughout the day; and that the deceased died in the presence of the prisoner and one of his slaves, and one of the witnesses, whilst the punishment was still progressing.

Field, J., delivered the opinion of the court.

The prisoner was indicted and convicted of *murder in the second degree*, in the Circuit Court of Hanover, at its April term last past, and was sentenced to the *penitentiary for five years*, the period of time ascertained by the jury. The murder consisted in the killing of a negro man slave by the name of Sam, the property of the prisoner, by cruel and excessive whipping and torture, inflicted by Souther, aided by two of his other slaves, on the 1st day of September, 1849. The prisoner moved for a new trial, upon the ground that the offense, *if any*, amounted only to manslaughter. The motion for a new trial was overruled, and a bill of exceptions taken to the opinion of the court, setting forth the facts proved, or as many of them as were deemed material for the consideration of the application for a new trial. The bill of exception states: That the

slave Sam, in the indictment mentioned, was the slave and property of the prisoner; that, for the purpose of chastising the slave for the offense of getting drunk, and dealing, as the slave confessed and alleged, with Henry and Stone, two of the witnesses for the Commonwealth, he caused him to be tied and punished in the presence of the said witnesses, with the exception of slight whipping with peach or apple tree switches, before the said witnesses arrived at the scene after they were sent for by the prisoner (who were present by request from the defendant), and of several slaves of the prisoner, in the manner and by the means charged in the indictment; and the said slave died under and from the infliction of the said punishment, in the presence of the prisoner, one of his slaves, and one of the witnesses for the Commonwealth. But it did not appear that it was the design of the prisoner to kill the said slave, unless such design be properly inferable from the manner, means, and duration of the punishment. And, on the contrary, it did appear that the prisoner frequently declared, while the said slave was undergoing the punishment, that he believed the said slave was feigning, and pretending to be suffering and injured when he was not. The judge certifies that the slave was punished in the *manner and by the means charged in the indictment.* The indictment contains fifteen counts, and sets forth a case of the most cruel and excessive whipping and torture. . . .

It is believed that the records of criminal jurisprudence do not contain a case of more atrocious and wicked cruelty than was presented upon the trial of Souther; and yet it has been gravely and earnestly contended here by his counsel that his offense amounts to manslaughter only.

It has been contended by the counsel of the prisoner that a man cannot be indicted and prosecuted for the cruel and excessive whipping of his own slave; that it is lawful for the master to chastise his slave; and that if death ensues from such chastisement, unless it was intended to produce death, it is like the case of homicide which is committed by a man in the performance of a lawful act, which is manslaughter only. It has been decided by this court in *Turner's Case*, 5 Rand., that the owner of a slave, for the malicious, cruel, and excessive beating of his own slave, cannot be indicted; yet it by no means follows, when such malicious, cruel, and excessive beating results in death,

though not intended and premeditated, that the beating is to be regarded as lawful for the purpose of reducing the crime to manslaughter, when the whipping is inflicted for the sole purpose of chastisement. *It is the policy of the law in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination and obedience on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution in all such cases, even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel, and excessive.* But, in so inflicting punishment for the sake of punishment, the owner of the slave acts at his peril; and if death ensues in consequence of such punishment, the relation of master and slave affords no ground of excuse or palliation. The principles of the common law, in relation to homicide, apply to his case without qualification or exception; and, according to those principles, the act of the prisoner, in the case under consideration, amounted to murder. . . . The crime of the prisoner is not manslaughter, but murder in the first degree.

2. Death of Hark.

The master is, as we have asserted, protected from prosecution by express enactment, if the victim dies in the act of resistance to his will, or under moderate correction.

Whereas by another Act of the Assembly, passed in 1774, the killing of a slave, however wanton, cruel, and deliberate, is only punishable in the first instance by imprisonment and paying the value thereof to the owner, which *distinction of criminality between the murder of a white person and one who is equally a human creature, but merely of a different complexion, is* DISGRACEFUL TO HUMANITY, AND DEGRADING IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE TO THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF A FREE, CHRISTIAN, AND ENLIGHTENED COUNTRY, Be it enacted, etc., That if any person shall hereafter be guilty of willfully and maliciously killing a slave, such offender shall, upon the first conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of murder, and shall suffer the same punishment as if he had killed a free man: *Provided always, this act shall not extend to the person killing a slave* OUTLAWED BY VIRTUE OF ANY ACT OF ASSEMBLY OF THIS STATE, *or to any slave in the act of resistance to his lawful owner or master, or to any slave dying under moderate correction.*

Instance in point: —

From the "National Era," Washington, November 6, 1851.

HOMICIDE CASE IN CLARKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Some time since, the newspapers of Virginia contained an account of a horrible tragedy enacted in Clarke County, of that State. A slave of Colonel James Castleman, it was stated, had been chained by the neck, and whipped to death by his master, on the charge of stealing. The whole neighborhood in which the transaction occurred was incensed; the Virginia papers abounded in denunciations of the cruel act; and the people of the North were called upon to bear witness to the justice which would surely be meted out in a slave State to the master of a slave. We did not publish the account. The case was horrible; it was, we were confident, exceptional. It should not be taken as evidence of the general treatment of slaves. We chose to delay any notice of it till the courts should pronounce their judgment, and we could announce at once the crime and its punishment, so that the State might stand acquitted of the foul deed.

Those who were so shocked at the transaction will be surprised and mortified to hear that the actors in it have been tried and *acquitted!* and when they read the following account of the trial and verdict, published at the instance of the friends of the accused, their mortification will deepen into bitter indignation.

From the "Spirit of Jefferson."

COLONEL JAMES CASTLEMAN.

The following statement, understood to have been drawn up by counsel since the trial, has been placed by the friends of this gentleman in our hands for publication: —

At the Circuit Superior Court of Clarke County, commencing on the 13th of October, Judge Samuels presiding, James Castleman and his son Stephen D. Castleman were indicted jointly for the murder of negro Lewis, property of the latter. By advice of their counsel, the parties elected to be tried separately, and the attorney for the Commonwealth directed that James Castleman should be tried first.

It was proved, on this trial, that for many months previous to the occurrence the money-drawer of the tavern kept by Stephen D. Castleman, and the liquors kept in large quantities in

his cellar, had been pillaged from time to time, until the thefts had attained to a considerable amount. Suspicion had, from various causes, been directed to Lewis, and another negro, named Reuben (a blacksmith), the property of James Castleman; but, by the aid of two of the house servants, they had eluded the most vigilant watch.

On the 20th of August last, in the afternoon, S. D. Castleman accidentally discovered a clue, by means of which, and through one of the house servants implicated, he was enabled fully to detect the depredators, and to ascertain the manner in which the theft had been committed. He immediately sent for his father, living near him, and, after communicating what he had discovered, it was determined that the offenders should be punished at once, and before they should know of the discovery that had been made.

Lewis was punished first, and in a manner, as was fully shown, to preclude all risk of injury to his person, by stripes with a broad leathern strap. He was punished severely, but to an extent by no means disproportionate to his offense; nor was it pretended, in any quarter, that this punishment implicated either his life or health. He confessed the offense, and admitted that it had been effected by false keys, furnished by the blacksmith Reuben.

The latter servant was punished immediately afterwards. It was believed that he was the principal offender, and he was found to be more obdurate and contumacious than Lewis had been in reference to the offense. Thus it was proved, both by the prosecution and the defense, that he was punished with greater severity than his accomplice. It resulted in a like confession on his part, and he produced the false key, one fashioned by himself, by which the theft had been effected.

It was further shown, on the trial, that Lewis was whipped in the upper room of a warehouse connected with Stephen Castleman's store, and near the public road, where he was at work at the time; that after he had been flogged, to secure his person whilst they went after Reuben, he was confined by a chain around his neck, which was attached to a joist above his head. The length of this chain, the breadth and thickness of the joist, its height from the floor, and the circlet of chain on the neck, were accurately measured; and it was thus shown that the chain unoccupied by the circlet and the joist was a foot and a half longer than the space between the shoulders of the man

and the joist above, or to that extent the chain hung loose above him; that the circlet (which was fastened so as to prevent its contraction) rested on the shoulders and breast, the chain being sufficiently drawn only to prevent being slipped over his head, and that there was no other place in the room to which he could be fastened except to one of the joists above. His hands were tied in front; a white man, who had been at work with Lewis during the day, was left with him by the Messrs. Castleman, the better to insure his detention whilst they were absent after Reuben. It was proved by this man (who was a witness for the prosecution) that Lewis asked for a box to stand on, or for something that he could jump off from; that after the Castlemans had left him he expressed a fear that when they came back he would be whipped again, and said, if he had a knife and could get one hand loose, he would cut his throat. The witness stated that the negro "stood firm on his feet," that he could turn freely in whatever direction he wished, and that he made no complaint of the mode of his confinement. This man stated that he remained with Lewis about half an hour, and then left there to go home.

After punishing Reuben, the Castlemans returned to the warehouse, bringing him with them; their object being to confront the two men, in the hope that by further examination of them jointly all their accomplices might be detected.

They were not absent more than half an hour. When they entered the room above, Lewis was found hanging by the neck, his feet thrown behind him, his knees a few inches from the floor, and his head thrown forward, — the body warm and supple (or relaxed), but life was extinct.

It was proved by the surgeons who made a post-mortem examination before the coroner's inquest that the death was caused by strangulation by hanging; and other eminent surgeons were examined to show, from the appearance of the brain and its blood-vessels after death (as exhibited at the post-mortem examination), that the subject could not have fainted before strangulation.

After the evidence was finished on both sides, the jury, from their box, and of their own motion, without a word from counsel on either side, informed the court that they had agreed upon their verdict. The counsel assented to its being thus received, and a verdict of "*Not guilty*" was immediately rendered. The attorney for the Commonwealth then informed the

court that all the evidence for the prosecution had been laid before the jury; and, as no new evidence could be offered on the trial of Stephen D. Castleman, he submitted to the court the propriety of entering a *nolle prosequi*. The judge replied that the case had been fully and fairly laid before the jury upon the evidence; that the court was not only satisfied with the verdict, but, if any other had been rendered, it must have been set aside; and that, if no further evidence was to be adduced on the trial of Stephen, the attorney for the Commonwealth would exercise a proper discretion in entering a *nolle prosequi* as to him; and the court would approve its being done. A *nolle prosequi* was entered accordingly, and both gentlemen discharged.

It may be added that two days were consumed in exhibiting the evidence, and that the trial was by a jury of Clarke County. Both the parties had been on bail from the time of their arrest, and were continued on bail whilst the trial was depending.

Let us admit that the evidence does not prove the legal crime of homicide; what candid man can doubt, after reading this *ex parte* version of it, that the slave died in consequence of the punishment inflicted upon him?

In criminal prosecutions the Federal Constitution guarantees to the accused the right to a public trial by an impartial jury; the right to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witness in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel: guaranties necessary to secure innocence against hasty or vindictive judgment, — absolutely necessary to prevent injustice. Grant that they were not intended for slaves, every master of a slave must feel that they are still morally binding upon him. He is the sole judge; he alone determines the offense, the proof requisite to establish it, and the amount of the punishment. The slave, then, has a peculiar claim upon him for justice. When charged with a crime, common humanity requires that he should be informed of it, that he should be confronted with the witnesses against him, that he should be permitted to show evidence in favor of his innocence.

But how was poor Lewis treated? The son of Castleman said he had discovered who stole the money; and it was forth-

with "determined that the offenders should be punished at once, and *before they should know of the discovery that had been made.*" Punished without a hearing! Punished on the testimony of a house servant, the nature of which does not appear to have been inquired into by the court! Not a word is said which authorizes the belief that any careful examination was made as it respects their guilt. Lewis and Reuben were assumed, on loose evidence, without deliberate investigation, to be guilty; and then, without allowing them to attempt to show their evidence, they were whipped until a confession of guilt was extorted by bodily pain.

Is this Virginia justice?

To the Editor of the "Era:" —

I see that Castleman, who lately had a trial for whipping a slave to death in Virginia, was "*triumphantly acquitted,*" — as many expected. There are three persons in this city, with whom I am acquainted, who stayed at Castleman's the same night in which this awful tragedy was enacted. They heard the dreadful lashing, and the heart-rending screams and entreaties of the sufferer. They implored the only white man they could find on the premises, not engaged in the bloody work, to interpose, but for a long time he refused, on the ground that he was a dependent and was afraid to give offense; and that, moreover, they had been drinking, and he was in fear of his own life, should he say a word that would be displeasing to them. He did, however, venture, and returned and reported the cruel manner in which the slaves were chained, and lashed, and secured in a blacksmith's vise. In the morning, when they ascertained that one of the slaves was dead, they were so shocked and indignant that they refused to eat in the house, and reproached Castleman with his cruelty. He expressed his regret that the slave had died, and especially as he had ascertained that he *was innocent* of the accusation for which he had suffered. The idea was that he had fainted from exhaustion; and, the chain being round his neck, he was strangled. The persons I refer to are themselves slave-holders; but their feelings were so harrowed and lacerated that they could not sleep (two of them are ladies), and for many nights afterwards their rest was disturbed, and their dreams made frightful, by the appalling recollection.

These persons would have been material witnesses, and would

have willingly attended on the part of the prosecution. The knowledge they had of the case was communicated to the proper authorities, yet their attendance was not required. The only witness was that dependent who considered his own life in danger. Yours, etc., J. F.

THE LAW OF OUTLAWRY.

(*Revised* Statutes of North Carolina, chap. cxi., sect. 22.)

Whereas, MANY TIMES *slaves run away and lie out, hid and lurking in swamps, woods, and other obscure places,* killing cattle and hogs, and committing other injuries to the inhabitants of this State; in all such cases, upon intelligence of any slave or slaves lying out as aforesaid, any two justices of the peace for the county wherein such slave or slaves is or are supposed to lurk or do mischief, shall, and they are hereby empowered and required to issue proclamation against such slave or slaves (reciting his or their names, and the name or names of the owner or owners, if known), thereby requiring him or them, and every of them, forthwith to surrender him or themselves; and also to empower and require the sheriff of the said county to take such power with him as he shall think fit and necessary for going in search and pursuit of, and effectually apprehending, such outlying slave or slaves; which proclamation shall be published at the door of the court-house, and at such other places as said justices shall direct. And if any slave or slaves, against whom proclamation hath been thus issued, stay out, and do not immediately return home, it shall be lawful for any person or persons whatsoever to kill and destroy such slave or slaves by *such ways and means as he shall think fit,* without accusation or impeachment of any crime for the same.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, LENOIR COUNTY. — Whereas complaint hath been this day made to us, two of the justices of the peace for the said county, by William D. Cobb, of Jones County, that two negro slaves belonging to him, named Ben (commonly known by the name of Ben Fox) and Rigdon, have absented themselves from their said master's service, and are lurking about in the counties of Lenoir and Jones, committing acts of felony; these are, in the name of the State, to command the said slaves forthwith to surrender themselves, and turn home to their said master. And we do hereby also require the sheriff of said county

of Lenoir to make diligent search and pursuit after the above-mentioned slaves. . . . And we do hereby, by virtue of an Act of Assembly of this State concerning servants and slaves, intimate and declare, if the said slaves do not surrender themselves and return home to their master immediately after the publication of these presents, that any person may kill or destroy said slaves by such means as he or they think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offense for so doing, or without incurring any penalty of forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seals, this 12th of November, 1836.

B. Coleman, J. P. [*Seal*]
Jas. Jones, J. P. [*Seal*]

$200 Reward. — Ran away from the subscriber, about three years ago, a certain negro man, named Ben, commonly known by the name of Ben Fox; also one other negro, by the name of Rigdon, who ran away on the eighth of this month.

I will give the reward of one hundred dollars for each of the above negroes, to be delivered to me, or confined in the jail of Lenoir or Jones County, *or for the killing of them, so that I can see them.*

November 12, 1836. W. D. Cobb.

That this act was *not* a dead letter, also, was plainly implied in the protective act first quoted. If slaves were not, as a matter of fact, ever outlawed, why does the act formally recognize such a class? — "provided that this act shall not extend to the killing of any slave *outlawed* by any Act of the Assembly." This language sufficiently indicates the existence of the custom.

Further than this, the statute-book of 1821 contained two acts: the first of which provides that all masters, in certain counties, who have had slaves killed in consequence of outlawry, shall have a claim on the treasury of the State for their value, unless cruel treatment of the slaves be proved on the part of the master; the second act extends the benefits of the latter provision to all the counties in the State.

Finally there is evidence that this act of outlawry was executed so recently as the year 1850, — the year in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. See the following from the "Wilmington Journal" of December 13, 1850, —

State of North Carolina, New Hanover County. — Whereas complaint, upon oath, hath this day been made to us, two of the justices of the peace for the said State and county aforesaid, by Guilford Horn, of Edgecombe County, that a certain male slave belonging to him, named Harry, a carpenter by trade, about forty years old, five feet five inches high, or thereabouts, yellow complexion, stout built; with a scar on his left leg (from the cut of an axe); has very thick lips, eyes deep sunk in his head; forehead very square; tolerably loud voice; has lost one or two of his upper teeth; and has a very dark spot on his jaw, supposed to be a mark, — hath absented himself from his master's service, and is supposed to be lurking about in this county, committing acts of felony or other misdeeds; these are, therefore, in the name of State aforesaid, to command the said slave forthwith to surrender himself and return home to his said master; and we do hereby, by virtue of the Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided, intimate and declare that if the said slave Harry doth not surrender himself and return home immediately after the publication of these presents, that any person or persons may kill and destroy the said slave by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offense in so doing, and without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seals, this 29th day of June, 1850.

James T. Miller, J. P. [*Seal*]
W. C. Bettencourt, J. P. [*Seal*]

One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars Reward will be paid for the delivery of the said Harry to me at Tosnott Depot, Edgecombe County, or for his confinement in any jail in the State, so that I can get him; or *One Hundred and Fifty Dollars will be given for his head.*

He was lately heard from in Newbern, where he called himself Henry Barnes (or Burns), and will be likely to continue the same name, or assume that of Copage or Farmer. He has a free mulatto woman for a wife, by the name of Sally Bozeman, who has lately removed to Wilmington, and lives in that part of the town called Texas, where he will likely be lurking.

Masters of vessels are particularly cautioned against harboring

or concealing the said negro on board their vessels, as the full penalty of the law will be rigorously enforced.

GUILFORD HORN.

June 29, 1850.

This last advertisement was cut by the author from the "Wilmington Journal," December 13, 1850, a paper published in Wilmington, North Carolina.

APPENDIX III

CHURCH ACTION ON SLAVERY

In reference to this important subject, we present a few extracts from the first and second chapters of the fourth part of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin:"—

Let us review the declarations that have been made in the Southern church, and see what principles have been established by them.

1. That slavery is an innocent and lawful relation, as much as that of parent and child, husband and wife, or any other lawful relation of society. (Harmony Pres., S. C.)

2. That it is consistent with the most fraternal regard for the good of the slave. (Charlestown Union Pres., S. C.)

3. That masters ought not to be disciplined for selling slaves without their consent. (New School Pres. Church, Petersburg, Va.)

4. That the right to buy, sell, and hold men for purposes of gain was given by express permission of God. (James Smylie and his Presbyteries.)

5. That the laws which forbid the education of the slave are right, and meet the approbation of the reflecting part of the Christian community. (*Ibid.*)

6. That the fact of slavery is not a question of morals at all, but is purely one of political economy. (Charleston Baptist Association.)

7. The right of masters to dispose of the time of their slaves has been distinctly recognized by the Creator of all things. (*Ibid.*)

8. That slavery, as it exists in these United States, is not a moral evil. (Georgia Conference, Methodist.)

9. That, without a new revelation from heaven, no man is entitled to pronounce slavery wrong.

10. That the separation of slaves by sale should be regarded as separation by death, and the parties allowed to marry again. (Shiloh Baptist Ass'n and Savannah River Ass'n.)

11. That the testimony of colored members of the churches shall not be taken against a white person. (Methodist Church.)

In addition, it has been plainly avowed, by the expressed principles and practice of Christians of various denominations, that they regard it right and proper to put down all inquiry upon this subject by lynch law.

The Old School Presbyterian Church, in whose communion the greater part of the slave-holding Presbyterians of the South are found, has never felt called upon to discipline its members for upholding a system which denies legal marriage to all slaves. Yet this church was agitated to its very foundation by the discussion of a question of morals which an impartial observer would probably consider of far less magnitude, namely, whether a man might lawfully marry his deceased wife's sister. For the time, all the strength and attention of the church seemed concentrated upon this important subject. The trial went from presbytery to synod, and from synod to General Assembly; and ended with deposing a very respectable minister for this crime.

Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, D. D., a member of the Old School Assembly, has thus described the state of the slave population as to their marriage relations: —

> The system of slavery denies to a whole class of human beings the sacredness of marriage and of home, compelling them to live in a state of concubinage; for, in the eye of the law, no colored slave man is the husband of any wife in particular, nor any slave woman the wife of any husband in particular; no slave man is the father of any child in particular, and no slave child is the child of any parent in particular.

Now, had this church considered the fact that three millions of men and women were, by the laws of the land, obliged to live in this manner, as of equally serious consequence, it is evident, from the ingenuity, argument, vehemence, biblical research, and untiring zeal, which they bestowed on Mr. McQueen's trial, that they could have made a very strong case with regard to this also.

The history of the united action of denominations which included churches both in the slave and free States is a melancholy exemplification, to a reflecting mind, of that gradual deterioration of the moral sense which results from admitting

any compromise, however slight, with an acknowledged sin. The best minds in the world cannot bear such a familiarity without injury to the moral sense. The facts of the slave system and of the slave laws, when presented to disinterested judges in Europe, have excited a universal outburst of horror; yet, in assemblies composed of the wisest and best clergymen of America, these things have been discussed from year to year, and yet brought no results that have, in the slightest degree, lessened the evil. The reason is this. A portion of the members of these bodies had pledged themselves to sustain the system, and peremptorily to refuse and put down all discussion of it; and the other part of the body did not consider this stand so taken as being of sufficiently vital consequence to authorize separation.

Nobody will doubt that, had the Southern members taken such a stand against the divinity of our Lord, the division would have been immediate and unanimous; but yet the Southern members do maintain the right to buy and sell, lease, hire, and mortgage, multitudes of men and women, whom, with the same breath, they declare to be members of their churches, and true Christians. The Bible declares of all such that they are the temples of the Holy Ghost; that they are the members of Christ's body, of his flesh and bones. Is not the doctrine that men may lawfully sell the members of Christ, his body, his flesh and bones, for purposes of gain, as really a heresy as the denial of the divinity of Christ? and is it not a dishonor to Him who is over all, God blessed forever, to tolerate this dreadful opinion, with its more dreadful consequences, while the smallest heresies concerning the imputation of Adam's sin are pursued with eager vehemence? If the history of the action of all the bodies thus united can be traced downwards, we shall find that, by reason of this tolerance of an admitted sin, the anti-slavery testimony has every year grown weaker and weaker. If we look over the history of all denominations, we shall see that at first they used very stringent language with relation to slavery. This is particularly the case with the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies, and for that reason we select these two as examples.

The Methodist Society especially, as organized by John Wesley, was an anti-slavery society, and the Book of Discipline contained the most positive statutes against slave-holding. The history of the successive resolutions of the Conference of this

church is very striking. In 1780, before the church was regularly organized in the United States, they resolved as follows: —

The Conference acknowledges that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society; contrary to the dictates of conscience and true religion; and doing what we would not others should do unto us.

In 1784, when the church was fully organized, rules were adopted prescribing the times at which members who were already slave-holders should emancipate their slaves. These rules were succeeded by the following: —

Every person concerned, who will not comply with these rules, shall have liberty quietly to withdraw from our society within the twelve months following the notice being given him, as aforesaid; otherwise the assistants shall exclude him from the society.

No person holding slaves shall in future be admitted into the society, or to the Lord's Supper, till he previously comply with these rules concerning slavery.

Those who buy, sell, or give slaves away, unless on purpose to free them, shall be expelled immediately.

In 1801: —

We declare that we are more than ever convinced of the great evil of African slavery, which still exists in these United States.

Every member of the society who sells a slave shall immediately, after full proof, be excluded from the society, etc.

The Annual Conferences are directed to draw up addresses for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, to the legislature. Proper committees shall be appointed by the Annual Conference, out of the most respectable of our friends, for the conducting of the business; and the presiding elders, deacons, and traveling preachers, shall procure as many proper signatures as possible to the addresses, and give all the assistance in their power, in every respect, to aid the committees, and to further the blessed undertaking. Let this be continued from year to year, till the desired end be accomplished.

In 1836, let us notice the change. The General Conference held its annual session in Cincinnati, and resolved as follows: —

Resolved, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled, that they are decidedly opposed to modern abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right, wish, or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slave-holding States of this Union.

These resolutions were passed by a very large majority. An address was received from the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England, affectionately remonstrating on the subject of slavery. The Conference refused to publish it. In the pastoral address to the churches are these passages: —

It cannot be unknown to you that the question of slavery in the United States, by the constitutional compact which binds us together as a nation, is left to be regulated by the several state legislatures themselves; and thereby is put beyond the control of the general government, as well as that of all ecclesiastical bodies, it being manifest that in the slave-holding States themselves the entire responsibility of its existence, or non-existence, rests with those state legislatures. . . . These facts, which are only mentioned here as a reason for the friendly admonition which we wish to give you, constrain us, as your pastors, who are called to watch over your souls, as they must give account, to exhort you to abstain from all abolition movements and associations, and to refrain from patronizing any of their publications, etc. . . .

The subordinate conferences showed the same spirit.

In 1836 the New York Annual Conference resolved that no one should be elected a deacon or elder in a church unless he would give a pledge to the church he would refrain from discussing this subject.[1]

In 1838 the Conference resolved, —

As the sense of this Conference, that any of its members or probationers who shall patronize "Zion's Watchman," either by writing in commendation of its character, by circulating it,

[1] This resolution is given in Birney's pamphlet.

recommending it to our people, or procuring subscribers, or by collecting or remitting moneys, shall be deemed guilty of indiscretion, and dealt with accordingly.

It will be recollected that "Zion's Watchman" was edited by La Roy Sunderland, for whose abduction the State of Alabama had offered fifty thousand dollars.

In 1840 the General Conference at Baltimore passed the resolution that we have already quoted, forbidding preachers to allow colored persons to give testimony in their churches. It has been computed that about eighty thousand people were deprived of the right of testimony by this act. This Methodist Church subsequently broke into a Northern and Southern Conference. The Southren Conference is avowedly all pro-slavery, and the Northern Conference has still in its communion slaveholding conferences and members.

Of the Northern Conferences, one of the largest, the Baltimore, passed the following: —

Resolved, That this Conference disclaims having any fellowship with abolitionism. On the contrary, while it is determined to maintain its well-known and long-established position by keeping the traveling preachers composing its own body free from slavery, it is also determined not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that shall make non-slave holding a condition of membership in the church, but to stand by and maintain the discipline as it is.

The following extract is made from an address of the Philadelphia Annual Conference to the societies under its care, dated Wilmington, Delaware, April 7, 1847: —

If the plan of separation gives us the pastoral care of you, it remains to inquire whether we have done anything, as a Conference or as men, to forfeit your confidence and affection. We are not advised that, even in the great excitement which has distressed you for some months past, any one has impeached our moral conduct, or charged us with unsoundness in doctrine, or corruption, or tyranny in the administration of discipline. But we learn that the simple cause of the unhappy excitement among you is that some suspect us, or affect to suspect us, of being abolitionists. Yet no particular act of the Conference, or

any particular member thereof, is adduced as the ground of the erroneous and injurious suspicion. We would ask you, brethren, whether the conduct of our ministry among you for sixty years past ought not to be sufficient to protect us from this charge? Whether the question we have been accustomed, for a few years past, to put to candidates for admission among us, namely, Are you an abolitionist? and, without each one answered in the negative, he was not received, ought not to protect us from the charge? Whether the action of the last Conference on this particular matter ought not to satisfy any fair and candid mind that we are not, and do not desire to be, abolitionists? . . . We cannot see how we can be regarded as abolitionists without the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South being considered in the same light. . . .

Wishing you all heavenly benedictions, we are, dear brethren, yours in Christ Jesus,

J. P. Durbin,
J. Kennaday,
Ignatius T. Cooper, } *Committee.*
William H. Gilder,
Joseph Castle,

These facts sufficiently define the position of the Methodist Church. The history is melancholy, but instructive. The history of the Presbyterian Church is also of interest.

In 1793 the following note to the eighth commandment was inserted in the Book of Discipline, as expressing the doctrine of the church upon slave-holding: —

1 Tim. i. 10. — The law is made for man-stealers. This crime among the Jews exposed the perpetrators of it to capital punishment (Exodus xxi. 15), and the apostle here classes them with sinners of the first rank. The word he uses, in its original import, comprehends all who are concerned in bringing any of the human race into slavery, or in retaining them in it. *Hominum fures, qui servos vel liberos, abducunt, retinent, vendunt, vel emunt.* Stealers of men are all those who bring off slaves or free men, and keep, sell, or buy them. To steal a free man, says Grotius, is the highest kind of theft. In other instances we only steal human property; but when we steal or retain men in slavery, we seize those who, in common with ourselves, are constituted, by the original grant, lords of the earth.

No rules of church discipline were enforced, and members whom this passage declared guilty of this crime remained undisturbed in its communion as ministers and elders. This inconsistency was obviated in 1816 by expunging the passage from the Book of Discipline. In 1818 it adopted an expression of its views on slavery. This document is a long one, conceived and written in a very Christian spirit. The Assembly's Digest says (page 341) that it was *unanimously* adopted. The following is its testimony as to the nature of slavery: —

We consider the voluntary enslaving of one part of the human race by another as a gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature, as utterly inconsistent with the law of God which requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the gospel of Christ, which enjoin that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Slavery creates a paradox in the moral system. It exhibits rational, accountable, and immortal beings in such circumstances as scarcely to leave them the power of moral action. It exhibits them as dependent on the will of others whether they shall receive religious instruction; whether they shall know and worship the true God; whether they shall enjoy the ordinances of the gospel; whether they shall perform the duties and cherish the endearments of husbands and wives, parents and children, neighbors and friends; whether they shall preserve their chastity and purity, or regard the dictates of justice and humanity. Such are some of the consequences of slavery, — consequences not imaginary, but which connect themselves with its very existence. The evils to which the slave is always exposed often take place in fact, and in their very worst degree and form; and where all of them do not take place, — as we rejoice to say that in many instances, through the influence of the principles of humanity and religion on the minds of masters, they do not, — still the slave is deprived of his natural right, degraded as a human being, and exposed to the danger of passing into the hands of a master who may inflict upon him all the hardships and injuries which inhumanity and avarice may suggest.

This language was surely decided, and it was *unanimously* adopted by slave-holders and non-slave-holders. Certainly one

might think the time of redemption was drawing nigh. The declaration goes on to say: —

It is manifestly the duty of all Christians who enjoy the light of the present day, when the inconsistency of slavery both with the dictates of humanity and religion has been demonstrated, and is generally seen and acknowledged, to use honest, earnest, unwearied endeavors to correct the errors of former times, and as speedily as possible to efface this blot on our holy religion, and to OBTAIN THE COMPLETE ABOLITION of slavery throughout Christendom and throughout the world.

Here we have the Presbyterian Church, slave-holding and non-slave-holding, virtually formed into one great *abolition society*, as we have seen the Methodist was.

The Assembly then goes on to state that the slaves are not *at present* prepared to be free, — that they tenderly sympathize with the portion of the church and country that has had this evil entailed upon them, where, as they say, "a great and the most virtuous part of the community ABHOR SLAVERY, and wish ITS EXTERMINATION." But they exhort them to commence immediately the work of instructing slaves, with a view to preparing them for freedom, and to let no greater delay take place than "a regard to public welfare *indispensably* demands;" "to be governed by no other considerations than an *honest and impartial regard to the happiness of the injured party, uninfluenced by the expense and inconvenience* which such regard may involve." It warns against "*unduly extending this plea of necessity*," — against making it a cover for the *love and practice of slavery*. It ends by recommending that any one who shall sell a fellow Christian without his consent be immediately disciplined and suspended.

If we consider that this was *unanimously* adopted by slaveholders and all, and grant, as we certainly do, that it was adopted in all honesty and good faith, we shall surely expect something from it. We should expect forthwith the organizing of a set of common schools for the slave children; for an efficient religious ministration; for an entire discontinuance of trading in Christian slaves; for laws which make the family relations sacred. Was any such thing done or attempted? Alas! Two years after this came the ADMISSION OF MISSOURI, and the increase of demand in the Southern slave market and

the internal slave-trade. Instead of school-teachers, they had slave-traders; instead of gathering *schools*, they gathered *slave-coffles*. Instead of building school-houses, they built slave-pens and slave-prisons, jails, barracoons, factories, or whatever the trade pleases to term them; and so went the plan of gradual emancipation.

In 1834, sixteen years after, a committee of the synod of Kentucky, in which State slavery is generally said to exist in its mildest form, appointed to make a report on the condition of the slaves, gave the following picture of their condition. First, as to their spiritual condition, they say: —

After making all reasonable allowances, our colored population can be considered, at the most, but semi-heathen.

Brutal stripes, and all the various kinds of personal indignities, are not the only species of cruelty which slavery licenses. The law does not recognize the family relations of the slave, and extends to him no protection in the enjoyment of domestic endearments. The members of a slave family may be forcibly separated, so that they shall never more meet until the final judgment. And cupidity often induces the masters to practice what the law allows. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, are torn asunder, and permitted to see each other no more. These acts are daily occurring in the midst of us. The shrieks and the agony often witnessed on such occasions proclaim with a trumpet tongue the iniquity and cruelty of our system. The cries of these sufferers go up to the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. There is not a neighborhood where these heart-rending scenes are not displayed. There is not a village or road that does not behold the sad procession of manacled outcasts, whose chains and mournful countenances tell that they are exiled by force from all that their hearts hold dear. Our church, years ago, raised its voice of solemn warning against this flagrant violation of every principle of mercy, justice, and humanity. Yet we blush to announce to you and to the world, that this warning has been often disregarded, even by those who hold to our communion. Cases have occurred, in our own denomination, where professors of the religion of mercy have torn the mother from her children, and sent her into a merciless and returnless exile. Yet acts of discipline have rarely followed such conduct.

Hon. John G. Birney, for years a resident of Kentucky, in his pamphlet, amends the word *rarely* by substituting *never*. What could show more plainly the utter inefficiency of the past Act of the Assembly, and the necessity of adopting some measures more efficient? In 1835, therefore, the subject was urged upon the General Assembly, entreating them to carry out the principles and designs they had avowed in 1818.

Mr. Stuart, of Illinois, in a speech he made upon the subject, said: —

I hope this Assembly are prepared to come out fully and declare their sentiments, that slave-holding is a most flagrant and heinous SIN. Let us not pass it by in this indirect way, while so many thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow creatures are writhing under the lash, often inflicted, too, by ministers and elders of the Presbyterian Church.

. . . . . .

In this church a man may take a free-born child, force it away from its parents, to whom God gave it in charge, saying, "Bring it up for me," and sell it as a beast, or hold it in perpetual bondage, and not only escape corporal punishment, but really be esteemed an excellent Christian. Nay, even ministers of the gospel and doctors of divinity may engage in this unholy traffic, and yet sustain their high and holy calling.

. . . . . .

Elders, ministers, and doctors of divinity are, with both hands, engaged in the practice.

One would have thought facts like these, stated in a body of Christians, were enough to wake the dead; but, alas! we can become accustomed to very awful things. No action was taken upon these remonstrances, except to refer them to a committee, to be reported on at the next session, in 1836.

The moderator of the Assembly in 1836 was a slave-holder, Dr. T. S. Witherspoon, the same who said to the editor of the "Emancipator," "I draw my warrant from the scriptures of the Old and New Testament to hold my slaves in bondage. The principle of holding the heathen in bondage is recognized by God. When the tardy process of the law is too long in redressing our grievances, we at the South have adopted the summary process of Judge Lynch."

The majority of the committee appointed made a report as follows: —

Whereas the subject of slavery is inseparably connected with the laws of many of the States in this Union, with which it is by no means proper for an ecclesiastical judicature to interfere, and involves many considerations in regard to which great diversity of opinion and intensity of feeling are known to exist in the churches represented in this Assembly; and whereas there is great reason to believe that any action on the part of this Assembly, in reference to this subject, would tend to distract and divide our churches, and would probably in no wise promote the benefit of those whose welfare is immediately contemplated in the memorials in question: —

Therefore, Resolved, —

1. That it is not expedient for the Assembly to take any further order in relation to this subject.

2. That as the notes which have been expunged from our public formularies, and which some of the memorials referred to the committee request to have restored, were introduced irregularly, never had the sanction of the church, and, therefore, never possessed any authority, the General Assembly has no power, nor would they think it expedient, to assign them a place in the authorized standards of the church.

The minority of the committee, the Rev. Messrs. Dickey and Beman, reported as follows:

Resolved, 1. That the buying, selling, or holding a human being as property is in the sight of God a heinous sin, and ought to subject the doer of it to the censures of the church.

2. That it is the duty of every one, and especially of every Christian, who may be involved in this sin, to free himself from its entanglement without delay.

3. That it is the duty of every one, especially of every Christian, in the meekness and firmness of the gospel, to plead the cause of the poor and needy, by testifying against the principle and practice of slave-holding, and to use his best endeavors to deliver the church of God from the evil, and to bring about the emancipation of the slaves in these United States, and throughout the world.

The slave-holding delegates, to the number of forty-eight, met *apart*, and Resolved, —

That if the General Assembly shall undertake to exercise authority on the subject of slavery, so as to make it an immorality, or shall in any way declare that Christians are criminal in holding slaves, that a declaration shall be presented by the Southern delegation declining their jurisdiction in the case, and our determination not to submit to such decision.

In view of these conflicting reports, the Assembly resolved as follows: —

Inasmuch as the constitution of the Presbyterian Church, in its preliminary and fundamental principles, declares that no church judicatories ought to pretend to make laws to bind the conscience in virtue of their own authority; and as the urgency of the business of the Assembly, and the shortness of the time during which they can continue in session, render it impossible to deliberate and decide judiciously on the subject of slavery in its relation to the church, therefore, Resolved, that this whole subject be indefinitely postponed.

The amount of the slave-trade at the time when the General Assembly refused to act upon the subject of slavery at all may be inferred from the following items. The "Virginia Times," in an article published in this very year of 1836, estimated the number of slaves exported for sale from that State alone, during the twelve months preceding, at forty thousand. The "Natchez (Miss.) Courier" says that in the same year the States of Alabama, Missouri, and Arkansas imported two hundred and fifty thousand slaves from the more northern States. If we deduct from these all who may be supposed to have emigrated with their masters, still what an immense trade is here indicated!

Two years after, the General Assembly, by a sudden and very unexpected movement, passed a vote exscinding, without trial, from the communion of the church, four synods, comprising the most active and decided anti-slavery portions of the church. The reasons alleged were, doctrinal differences and ecclesiastical practices inconsistent with Presbyterianism. By this act about five hundred ministers and sixty thousand members were cut off from the Presbyterian Church.

That portion of the Presbyterian Church called New School, considering this act unjust, refused to assent to it, joined the exscinded synods, and formed themselves into the New School General Assembly. In this communion only three slave-holding presbyteries remained; in the old there were between thirty and forty.

The course of the Old School Assembly, after the separation, in relation to the subject of slavery, may be best expressed by quoting one of their resolutions, passed in 1845. Having some decided anti-slavery members in its body, and being, moreover, addressed on the subject of slavery by associated bodies, they presented, in this year, the following deliberate statement of their policy (Minutes for 1845, p. 18): —

Resolved, 1. That the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States was originally organized, and has since continued the bond of union in the church, upon the conceded principle that the existence of domestic slavery, under the circumstances in which it is found in the Southern portion of the country, is no bar to Christian communion.

2. That the petitions that ask the Assembly to make the holding of slaves in itself a matter of discipline do virtually require this judicatory to dissolve itself, and abandon the organization under which, by the Divine blessing, it has so long prospered. The tendency is evidently to separate the Northern from the Southern portion of the church, — a result which every good Christian must deplore, as tending to the dissolution of the Union of our beloved country, and which every enlightened Christian will oppose, as bringing about a ruinous and unnecessary schism between brethren who maintain a common faith.

Yeas, Ministers and Elders, 168.
Nays, " " " 13.

It is scarcely necessary to add a comment to this very explicit declaration. It is the plainest possible disclaimer of any protest against slavery; the plainest possible statement that the existence of the ecclesiastical organization is of more importance than all the moral and social considerations which are involved in a full defense and practice of American slavery.

The next year a large number of petitions and remonstrances were presented, requesting the Assembly to utter additional testimony against slavery.

In reply to the petitions, the General Assembly reaffirmed all their former testimonies on the subject of slavery for sixty years back, and also affirmed that the previous year's declaration must not be understood as a retraction of that testimony; in other words, they expressed it as their opinion, in the words of 1818, that slavery is "*wholly opposed to the law of God*," and "*totally irreconcilable with the precepts of the gospel of Christ;*" and yet that they "had formed their church organization upon the conceded principle that the existence of it, under the circumstances in which it is found in the Southern States of the Union, is no bar to Christian communion."

Some members protested against this action. (Minutes, 1846. Overture, No. 17.)

Great hopes were at first entertained of the New School body. As a body, it was composed mostly of anti-slavery men. It had in it three synods whose anti-slavery opinions and actions had been, to say the least, one very efficient cause for their excision from the Church. It had only three slave-holding presbyteries. The power was all in its own hands. Now, if ever, was their time to cut this loathsome encumbrance wholly adrift, and stand up, in this age of concession and conformity to the world, a purely protesting church, free from all complicity with this most dreadful national immorality.

On the first session of the General Assembly this course was most vehemently urged, by many petitions and memorials. These memorials were referred to a committee of decided anti-slavery men. The argument on one side was, that the time was now come to take decided measures to cut free wholly from all pro-slavery complicity, and avow their principles with decision, even though it should repel all such churches from their communion as were not prepared for immediate emancipation.

On the other hand, the majority of the committee were urged by opposing considerations. The brethren from slave States made to them representations somewhat alike to these: "Brethren, our hearts are with you. We are with you in faith, in charity, in prayer. We sympathized in the injury that had been done you by excision. We stood by you then, and are ready to stand by you still. We have no sympathy with the party that have expelled you, and we do not wish to go back to them. As to this matter of slavery, we do not differ from you. We consider it an evil. We mourn and lament over it.

We are trying, by gradual and peaceable means, to exclude it from our churches. We are going as far in advance of the sentiment of our churches as we consistently can. We cannot come up to more decided action without losing our hold over them, and, as we think, throwing back the cause of emancipation. If you begin in this decided manner, we cannot hold our churches in the union; they will divide, and go to the Old School."

Here was a very strong plea, made by good and sincere men. It was an appeal, too, to the most generous feelings of the heart. It was, in effect, saying, "Brothers, we stood by you, and fought your battles, when everything was going against you; and, now that you have the power in your hands, are you going to use it so as to cast us out?"

These men, strong anti-slavery men as they were, were affected. One member of the committee foresaw and feared the result. He felt and suggested that the course proposed conceded the whole question. The majority thought, on the whole, that it was best to postpone the subject. The committee reported that the applicants, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, had withdrawn their papers.

The next year, in 1839, the subject was resumed; and it was again urged that the Assembly should take high, and decided, and unmistakable ground; and certainly, if we consider that all this time not a single church had emancipated its slaves, and that the power of the institution was everywhere stretching and growing and increasing, it would certainly seem that something more efficient was necessary than a general understanding that the church agreed with the testimony delivered in 1818. It was strongly represented that it was time something was done. This year the Assembly decided to refer the subject to presbyteries, to do what they deemed advisable. The words employed were these: "Solemnly referring the whole to the lower judicatories, to take such action as in their judgment is most judicious, and adapted to remove the evil." The Rev. George Beecher moved to insert the word moral before evil; they declined.[1]

This brought, in 1840, a much larger number of memorials and petitions; and very strong attempts were made by the abolitionists to obtain some decided action.

The committee this year referred to what had been done last year, and declared it inexpedient to do anything further. The

[1] Goodell's *History of the Great Struggle between Freedom and Slavery.*

subject was indefinitely postponed. At this time it was resolved that the Assembly should meet only once in three years. Accordingly, it did not meet till 1843. In 1843, several memorials were again presented, and some resolutions offered to the Assembly, of which this was one (Minutes of the General Assembly for 1843, p. 15): —

Resolved, That we affectionately and earnestly urge upon the ministers, sessions, presbyteries, and synods, connected with this Assembly, that they treat this as all other sins of great magnitude; and by a diligent, kind, and faithful application of the means which God has given them, by instruction, remonstrance, reproof, and effective discipline, seek to purify the church of this great iniquity.

This resolution they declined. They passed the following: —

Whereas there is in this Assembly great diversity of opinion as to the proper and best mode of action on the subject of slavery; and whereas, in such circumstances, any expression of sentiment would carry with it but little weight, as it would be passed by a small majority, and must operate to produce alienation and division; and whereas the Assembly of 1839, with great unanimity, referred this whole subject to the lower judicatories, to take such order as in their judgment might be adapted to remove the evil; — Resolved, That the Assembly do not think it for the edification of the church for this body to take any action on the subject.

They, however, passed the following: —

Resolved, That the fashionable amusement of promiscuous dancing is so entirely unscriptural, and eminently and exclusively that of "the world which lieth in wickedness," and so wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christ, and with that propriety of Christian deportment and that purity of heart which his followers are bound to maintain, as to render it not only improper and injurious for professing Christians either to partake in it, or to qualify their children for it, by teaching them the "art," but also to call for the faithful and judicious exercise of discipline on the part of church sessions, when any of the members of their churches have been guilty.

Thus has the matter gone on from year to year, ever since.

In 1856 we are sorry to say that we can report no improvement in the action of the great ecclesiastical bodies on the subject of slavery, but rather deterioration. Notwithstanding all the aggressions of slavery, and notwithstanding the constant developments of its horrible influence in corrupting and degrading the character of the nation, as seen in the mean, vulgar, assassin-like outrages in our national Congress, and the brutal, bloodthirsty, fiend-like proceedings in Kansas, connived at and protected, if not directly sanctioned and in part instigated, by our national government, — notwithstanding all this, the great ecclesiastical organizations seem less disposed than ever before to take any efficient action on the subject. This was manifest in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, held at Indianapolis during the spring of the present year, and in the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church held at New York at about the same time.

True, a very large minority in the Methodist Conference resisted with great energy the action, or rather no action, of the majority, and gave fearless utterance to the most noble sentiments; but in the final result the numbers were against them.

The same thing was true to some extent in the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, though here the anti-slavery utterances were, on the whole, inferior to those in the Methodist Conference. In both bodies the Packthreads, and Cushings, and Calkers, and Bonnies are numerous and have the predominant influence, while the Dicksons and the Ruskins are fewer, and have far less power. The representations, therefore, in the body of the work, though very painful, are strictly just. Individuals, everywhere in the free States, and in some of the slave States, are most earnestly struggling against the prevailing corruption; but the churches, as such, are, for the most part, still on the wrong side. There are churches free from this stain, but they are neither numerous nor popular.

For an illustration of the lynching of father Dickson, see "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," Part III., chapter viii.

ANTI-SLAVERY TALES AND PAPERS

THE TWO ALTARS; OR, TWO PICTURES IN ONE

I. THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY, OR 1776

THE well-sweep of the old house on the hill was relieved dark and clear, against the reddening sky, as the early winter sun was going down in the west. It was a brisk, clear, metallic evening; the long drifts of snow blushed crimson red on their tops, and lay in shades of purple and lilac in the hollows; and the old wintry wind brushed shrewdly along the plain, tingling people's noses, blowing open their cloaks, puffing in the back of their necks, and showing other unmistakable indications that he was getting up steam for a real roistering night.

"Hurrah! How it blows!" said little Dick Ward, from the top of the mossy wood-pile.

Now Dick had been sent to said wood-pile, in company with his little sister Grace, to pick up chips, which, everybody knows, was in the olden time considered a wholesome and gracious employment, and the peculiar duty of the rising generation. But said Dick, being a boy, had mounted the wood-pile, and erected there a flagstaff, on which he was busily tying a little red pocket-handkerchief, occasionally exhorting Grace "to be sure and pick up fast."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Grace; "but you see the chips have got ice on 'em, and make my hands so cold!"

"Oh, don't stop to suck your thumbs! Who cares for ice? Pick away, I say, while I set up the flag of liberty."

So Grace picked away as fast as she could, nothing doubting but that her cold thumbs were in some mysterious sense an offering on the shrine of liberty; while soon the red handkerchief, duly secured, fluttered and snapped in the brisk evening wind.

"Now you must hurrah, Gracie, and throw up your bonnet," said Dick, as he descended from the pile.

"But won't it lodge down in some place in the woodpile?" suggested Grace thoughtfully.

"Oh, never fear; give it to me, and just holler now, Gracie, 'Hurrah for liberty!' and we'll throw up your bonnet and my cap; and we'll play, you know, that we are a whole army and I'm General Washington."

So Grace gave up her little red hood, and Dick swung his cap, and up they both went into the air; and the children shouted, and the flag snapped and fluttered, and altogether they had a merry time of it. But then the wind — good-for-nothing, roguish fellow! — made an ungenerous plunge at poor Grace's little hood, and snipped it up in a twinkling, and whisked it off, off, off, — fluttering and bobbing up and down, quite across a wide, waste, snowy field, — and finally lodged it on the top of a tall, strutting rail, that was leaning, very independently, quite another way from all the other rails of the fence.

"Now see, do see!" said Grace; "there goes my bonnet! What will Aunt Hitty say?" and Grace began to cry.

"Don't you cry, Gracie; you offered it up to liberty, you know: it's glorious to give up everything for liberty."

"Oh, but Aunt Hitty won't think so."

"Well, don't cry, Gracie, you foolish girl! Do you think I can't get it? Now, only play that that great rail is a fort, and your bonnet is a prisoner in it, and see how quick I'll take the fort and get it!" and Dick shouldered a stick, and started off.

"What upon *airth* keeps those children so long? I should think they were *making* chips!" said Aunt Mehetabel; "the fire 's just a-going out under the tea-kettle."

By this time Grace had lugged her heavy basket to the door, and was stamping the snow off her little feet, which were so numb that she needed to stamp, to be quite sure they were yet there. Aunt Mehetabel's shrewd face was the first that greeted her as the door opened.

"Gracie — What upon *airth!* — wipe your nose, child; your hands are frozen. Where alive is Dick? — and what's kept you out all this time? — and where 's your bonnet?"

Poor Grace, stunned by this cataract of questions, neither wiped her nose nor gave any answer, but sidled up into the warm corner where grandmamma was knitting, and began quietly rubbing and blowing her fingers, while the tears silently rolled down her cheeks, as the fire made the former ache intolerably.

"Poor little dear!" said grandmamma, taking her hands in hers; "Hitty sha'n't scold you. Grandma knows you 've been a good girl, — the wind blew poor Gracie's bonnet away;" and grandmamma wiped both eyes and nose, and gave her, moreover, a stalk of dried fennel out of her pocket, whereat Grace took heart once more.

"Mother always makes fools of Roxy's children," said Mehetabel, puffing zealously under the tea-kettle. "There 's a little maple sugar in that saucer up there, mother, if you will keep giving it to her," she said, still vigorously puffing. "And now, Gracie," she said, when, after a while, the fire seemed in tolerable order, "will you answer my question? Where is Dick?"

"Gone over in the lot to get my bonnet."

"How came your bonnet off?" said Aunt Mehetabel. "I tied it on firm enough."

"Dick wanted me to take it off for him, to throw up for liberty," said Grace.

"Throw up for fiddlestick! Just one of Dick's cut-ups; and you was silly enough to mind him!"

"Why, he put up a flagstaff on the wood-pile, and a flag to liberty, you know, that papa's fighting for," said Grace more confidently, as she saw her quiet, blue-eyed mother, who had silently walked into the room during the conversation.

Grace's mother smiled, and said encouragingly, "And what then?"

"Why, he wanted me to throw up my bonnet and he his cap, and shout for liberty; and then the wind took it and carried it off, and he said I ought not to be sorry if I did lose it, — it was an offering to liberty."

"And so I did," said Dick, who was standing as straight as a poplar behind the group; "and I heard it in one of father's letters to mother that we ought to offer up everything on the altar of liberty and so I made an altar of the wood-pile."

"Good boy!" said his mother; "always remember everything your father writes. He has offered up everything on the altar of liberty, true enough; and I hope you, son, will live to do the same."

"Only, if I have the hoods and caps to make," said Aunt Hitty, "I hope he won't offer them up every week, — that's all!"

"Oh, well, Aunt Hitty, I've got the hood; let me alone for that. It blew clear over into the Daddy Ward pasture lot, and there stuck on the top of the great rail; and I played that the rail was a fort, and besieged it, and took it."

"Oh, yes! you're always up to taking forts, and anything else that nobody wants done. I'll warrant, now, you left Gracie to pick up every blessed one of them chips."

"Picking up chips is girls' work," said Dick; "and taking forts and defending the country is men's work."

"And pray, Mister Pomp, how long have you been a man?" said Aunt Hitty.

"If I ain't a man, I soon shall be; my head is 'most up to my mother's shoulder, and I can fire off a gun, too. I tried, the other day, when I was up to the store. Mother, I wish you 'd let me clean and load the old gun, so that, if the British should come" —

"Well, if you are so big and grand, just lift me out that table, sir," said Aunt Hitty; "for it 's past supper-time."

Dick sprang, and had the table out in a trice, with an abundant clatter, and put up the leaves with quite an air. His mother, with the silent and gliding motion characteristic of her, quietly took out the table-cloth and spread it, and began to set the cups and saucers in order, and to put on the plates and knives, while Aunt Hitty bustled about the tea.

"I 'll be glad when the war 's over, for one reason," said she. "I 'm pretty much tired of drinking sage tea, for one, I know."

"Well, Aunt Hitty, how you scolded that peddler, last week, that brought along that real tea!"

"To be sure I did. S'pose I 'd be taking any of his old tea, bought of the Brittsh? — fling every teacup in his face first."

"Well, mother," said Dick, "I never exactly understood what it was about the tea, and why the Boston folks threw it all overboard."

"Because there was an unlawful tax laid upon it, that the government had no right to lay. It was n't much in itself; but it was a part of a whole system of oppressive meanness, designed to take away our rights, and make us slaves of a foreign power."

"Slaves!" said Dick, straightening himself proudly. "Father a slave!"

"But they would not be slaves! They saw clearly where

it would all end, and they would not begin to submit to it in ever so little," said the mother.

"I would n't, if I was they," said Dick.

"Besides," said his mother, drawing him towards her, "it was n't for themselves alone they did it. This is a great country, and it will be greater and greater; and it 's very important that it should have free and equal laws, because it will by and by be so great. This country, if it is a free one, will be a light of the world, — a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid; and all the oppressed and distressed from other countries shall come here to enjoy equal rights and freedom. This, dear boy, is why your father and uncles have gone to fight, and why they do stay and fight, though God knows what they suffer and" — And the large blue eyes of the mother were full of tears; yet a strong, bright beam of pride and exultation shone through those tears.

"Well, well, Roxy, you can always talk, everybody knows," said Aunt Hitty, who had been not the least attentive listener of this little patriotic harangue; "but, you see, the tea is getting cold, and yonder I see the sleigh is at the door, and John 's come; so let 's set up our chairs for supper."

The chairs were soon set up, when John, the eldest son, a lad of about fifteen, entered with a letter. There was one general exclamation, and stretching out of hands towards it. John threw it into his mother's lap; the tea-table was forgotten, and the tea-kettle sang unnoticed by the fire, as all hands crowded about mother's chair to hear the news. It was from Captain Ward, then in the American army at Valley Forge. Mrs. Ward ran it over hastily, and then read it aloud. A few words we may extract.

"There is still," it said, "much suffering. I have given away every pair of stockings you sent me, reserving to myself only one; for I will not be one whit better off than the poorest soldier that fights for his country. Poor fellows!

it makes my heart ache sometimes to go round among them, and see them with their worn clothes and torn shoes, and often bleeding feet, yet cheerful and hopeful, and every one willing to do his very best. Often the spirit of discouragement comes over them, particularly at night, when, weary, cold, and hungry, they turn into their comfortless huts, on the snowy ground. Then sometimes there is a thought of home, and warm fires, and some speak of giving up; but next morning out come Washington's general orders, — little short note, but 's wonderful the good it does; and then they all resolve to hold on, come what may. There are commissioners going all through the country to pick up supplies. If they come to you, I need not to tell you what to do. I know all that will be in your hearts."

"There, children, see what your father suffers," said the mother, "and what it costs these poor soldiers to gain our liberty."

"Ephraim Scranton told me that the commissioners had come as far as the Three Mile Tavern, and that he rather 'spected they 'd be along here to-night," said John, as he was helping round the baked beans to the silent company at the tea-table.

"To-night? — do tell, now!" said Aunt Hitty. "Then it's time we were awake and stirring. Let 's see what can be got."

"I 'll send my new overcoat, for one," said John. "That old one is n't cut up yet, is it, Aunt Hitty?"

"No," said Aunt Hitty; "I was laying out to cut it over next Wednesday, when Desire Smith could be here to do the tailoring."

"There 's the south room," said Aunt Hitty, musing; "that bed has the two old Aunt Ward blankets on it, and the great blue quilt, and two comforters. Then mother's and my room, two pair — four comforters — two quilts — the best chamber has got" —

"Oh, Aunt Hitty, send all that 's in the best chamber! If any company comes, we can make it up off from our beds," said John. "I can send a blanket or two off from my bed, I know, — can't but just turn over in it, so many clothes on, now."

"Aunt Hitty, take a blanket off from our bed," said Grace and Dick at once.

"Well, well, we 'll see," said Aunt Hitty, bustling up.

Up rose grandmamma, with great earnestness, now, and going into the next room, and opening a large cedar-wood chest, returned, bearing in her arms two large snow-white blankets, which she deposited flat on the table, just as Aunt Hitty was whisking off the table-cloth.

"Mortal! mother, what are you going to do?" said Aunt Hitty.

"There," she said, "I spun those, every thread of 'em, when my name was Mary Evans. Those were my wedding-blankets, made of real nice wool, and worked with roses in all the corners. I 've got *them* to give!" and grandmamma stroked and smoothed the blankets, and patted them down, with great pride and tenderness. It was evident she was giving something that lay very near her heart; but she never faltered.

"La! mother, there 's no need of that," said Aunt Hitty. "Use them on your own bed, and send the blankets off from that; they are just as good for the soldiers."

"No, I sha'n't!" said the old lady, waxing warm; "'t is n't a bit too good for 'em. I 'll send the very best I've got, before they shall suffer. Send 'em the *best!*" and the old lady gestured oratorically.

They were interrupted by a rap at the door, and two men entered, and announced themselves as commissioned by Congress to search out supplies for the army. Now the plot thickens. Aunt Hitty flew in every direction, — through entry passage, meal-room, milk-room, down cellar, up cham-

ber, — her cap border on end with patriotic zeal; and followed by John, Dick, and Grace, who eagerly bore to the kitchen the supplies that she turned out, while Mrs. Ward busied herself in quietly sorting and arranging, in the best possible traveling order, the various contributions that were precipitately launched on the kitchen floor.

Aunt Hitty soon appeared in the kitchen with an armful of stockings, which, kneeling on the floor, she began counting and laying out.

"There," she said, laying down a large bundle on some blankets, "that leaves just two pair apiece all round."

"La!" said John, "what's the use of saving two pair for me? I can do with one pair, as well as father."

"Sure enough," said his mother; "besides, I can knit you another pair in a day."

"And I can do with one pair," said Dick.

"Yours will be too small, young master, I guess," said one of the commissioners.

"No," said Dick; "I've got a pretty good foot of my own, and Aunt Hitty will always knit my stockings an inch too long, 'cause she says I grow so. See here, — these will do;" and the boy shook his triumphantly.

"And mine, too," said Grace, nothing doubting, having been busy all the time in pulling off her little stockings.

"Here," she said to the man who was packing the things into a wide-mouthed sack; "here's mine," and her large blue eyes looked earnestly through her tears.

Aunt Hitty flew at her. "Good land! the child's crazy. Don't think the men could wear your stockings, — take 'em away!"

Grace looked around with an air of utter desolation, and began to cry. "I wanted to give them something," said she. "I'd rather go barefoot on the snow all day than not send 'em anything."

"Give me the stockings, my child," said the old soldier

tenderly. "There, I 'll take 'em, and show 'em to the soldiers, and tell them what the little girl said that sent them. And it will do them as much good as if they could wear them. They 've got little girls at home, too." Grace fell on her mother's bosom completely happy, and Aunt Hitty only muttered, —

"Everybody does spile that child; and no wonder, neither!"

Soon the old sleigh drove off from the brown house, tightly packed and heavily loaded. And Grace and Dick were creeping up to their little beds.

"There 's been something put on the altar of Liberty to-night, has n't there, Dick?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick; and, looking up to his mother, he said, "But, mother, what did you give?"

"I?" said the mother musingly.

"Yes, you, mother; what have you given to the country?"

"All that I have, dears," said she, laying her hands gently on their heads, — "my husband and my children!"

II. THE ALTAR OF ——, OR 1850

The setting sun of chill December lighted up the solitary front window of a small tenement on —— Street, in Boston, which we now have occasion to visit. As we push gently aside the open door, we gain sight of a small room, clean as busy hands can make it, where a neat, cheerful young mulatto woman is busy at an ironing-table. A basket full of glossy-bosomed shirts, and faultless collars and wristbands, is beside her, into which she is placing the last few items with evident pride and satisfaction. A bright black-eyed boy, just come in from school, with his satchel of books over his shoulder, stands, cap in hand, relating to his mother how he has been at the head of his class, and show-

ing his school tickets, which his mother, with untiring admiration, deposits in the little real china teapot, which, as being their most reliable article of gentility, is made the deposit of all the money and most especial valuables of the family.

"Now, Henry," says the mother, "look out and see if father is coming along the street;" and she begins filling the little black tea-kettle, which is soon set singing on the stove.

From the inner room now daughter Mary, a well-grown girl of thirteen, brings the baby, just roused from a nap, and very impatient to renew his acquaintance with his mamma.

"Bless his bright eyes! — mother will take him," ejaculates the busy little woman, whose hands are by this time in a very floury condition, in the incipient stages of wetting up biscuit, — "in a minute;" and she quickly frees herself from the flour and paste, and, deputing Mary to roll out her biscuit, proceeds to the consolation and succor of young master.

"Now, Henry," says the mother, "you 'll have time, before supper, to take that basket of clothes up to Mr. Sheldin's; put in that nice bill that you made out last night. I shall give you a cent for every bill you write out for me. What a comfort it is, now, for one's children to be gettin' learnin' so!"

Henry shouldered the basket and passed out the door, just as a neatly dressed colored man walked up with his pail and whitewash brushes.

"Oh, you 've come, father, have you? Mary, are the biscuits in? You may as well set the table now. Well, George, what 's the news?"

"Nothing, only a pretty smart day's work. I 've brought home five dollars, and shall have as much as I can do, these two weeks;" and the man, having washed his hands, proceeded to count out his change on the ironing-table.

"Well, it takes you to bring in the money," said the delighted wife; "nobody but you could turn off that much in a day."

"Well, they do say — those that 's had me once — that they never want any other hand to take hold in their rooms. I s'pose it 's a kinder practice I 've got, and kinder natural!"

"Tell ye what," said the little woman, taking down the family strong box, — to wit, the china teapot aforenamed, — and pouring the contents on the table, "we 're getting mighty rich now! We can afford to get Henry his new Sunday cap, and Mary her mousseline-de-laine dress — Take care, baby, you rogue!" she hastily interposed, as young master made a dive at a dollar bill, for his share in the proceeds.

"He wants something, too, I suppose," said the father; "let him get his hand in while he 's young."

The baby gazed, with round, astonished eyes, while mother, with some difficulty, rescued the bill from his grasp; but, before any one could at all anticipate his purpose, he dashed in among the small change with such zeal as to send it flying all over the table.

"Hurrah! Bob 's a smasher!" said the father, delighted; "he 'll make it fly, he thinks;" and, taking the baby on his knee, he laughed merrily as Mary and her mother pursued the rolling coin all over the room.

"He knows now, as well as can be that he 's been doing mischief," said the delighted mother, as the baby kicked and crowed uproariously; "he 's such a forward child, now, to be only six months old! Oh, you 've no idea, father, how mischievous he grows;" and therewith the little woman began to roll and tumble the little mischief-maker about, uttering divers frightful threats, which appeared to contribute, in no small degree, to the general hilarity.

"Come, come, Mary," said the mother at last, with a sudden burst of recollection; "you must n't be always on

your knees fooling with this child! Look in the oven at them biscuits."

"They 're done exactly, mother, — just the brown!" and, with the word, the mother dumped baby on to his father's knee, where he sat contentedly munching a very ancient crust of bread, occasionally improving the flavor thereof by rubbing it on his father's coat-sleeve.

"What have you got in that blue dish there?" said George, when the whole little circle were seated around the table.

"Well, now, what do you suppose?" said the little woman, delighted; "a quart of nice oysters, — just for a treat, you know. I would n't tell you till this minute," said she, raising the cover.

"Well," said George, "we both work hard for our money, and we don't owe anybody a cent; and why should n't we have our treats, now and then, as well as rich folks?"

And gayly passed the supper hour; the tea-kettle sung, the baby crowed, and all chatted and laughed abundantly.

"I 'll tell you," said George, wiping his mouth; "wife, these times are quite another thing from what it used to be down in Georgia. I remember then old mas'r used to hire me out by the year; and one time, I remember, I came and paid him in two hundred dollars, — every cent I 'd taken. He just looked it over, counted it, and put it in his pocket-book, and said, 'You are a good boy, George,' — and he gave me half a dollar!"

"I want to know, now!" said his wife.

"Yes, he did, and that was every cent I ever got of it; and, I tell you, I was mighty bad off for clothes, them times."

"Well, well, the Lord be praised, they 're over, and you are in a free country now!" said the wife, as she rose thoughtfully from the table, and brought her husband the great Bible. The little circle were ranged around the stove for evening prayers.

"Henry, my boy, you must read — you are a better reader than your father — thank God, that let you learn early!"

The boy, with a cheerful readiness, read, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the mother gently stilled the noisy baby to listen to the holy words. Then all kneeled, while the father, with simple earnestness, poured out his soul to God.

They had but just risen — the words of Christian hope and trust scarce died on their lips — when, lo! the door was burst open, and two men entered; and one of them, advancing, laid his hand on the father's shoulder. "This is the fellow," said he.

"You are arrested in the name of the United States!" said the other.

"Gentlemen, what is this?" said the poor man, trembling.

"Are you not the property of Mr. B., of Georgia?" said the officer.

"Gentlemen, I've been a free, hard-working man these ten years."

"Yes; but you are arrested, on suit of Mr. B., as his slave."

Shall we describe the leave-taking, — the sorrowing wife, the dismayed children, the tears, the anguish, that simple, honest, kindly home, in a moment so desolated? Ah, ye who defend this because it is law, think for one hour what if this that happens to your poor brother should happen to you!

It was a crowded court-room, and the man stood there to be tried — for life? — no; but for the life of life — for liberty!

Lawyers hurried to and fro, buzzing, consulting, bringing authorities, — all anxious, zealous, engaged, — for what?

To save a fellow man from bondage? No; anxious and zealous lest he might escape; full of zeal to deliver him over to slavery. The poor man's anxious eyes follow vainly the busy course of affairs, from which he dimly learns that he is to be sacrificed — on the altar of the Union; and that his heart-break and anguish, and the tears of his wife, and the desolation of his children are, in the eyes of these well-informed men, only the bleat of a sacrifice, bound to the horns of the glorious American altar!

Again it is a bright day, and business walks brisk in this market. Senator and statesman, the learned and patriotic, are out, this day, to give their countenance to an edifying and impressive and truly American spectacle, — the sale of a man! All the preliminaries of the scene are there: dusky-browed mothers, looking with sad eyes while speculators are turning round their children, looking at their teeth, and feeling of their arms; a poor, old, trembling woman, helpless, half blind, whose last child is to be sold, holds on to her bright boy with trembling hands. Husbands and wives, sisters and friends, all soon to be scattered like the chaff of the threshing-floor, look sadly on each other with poor nature's last tears; and among them walk briskly glib, oily politicians, and thriving men of law, letters, and religion, exceedingly sprightly and in good spirits — for why? — it is n't *they* that are going to be sold; it 's only somebody else. And so they are very comfortable, and look on the whole thing as quite a matter-of-course affair, and, as it is to be conducted to-day, a decidedly valuable and judicious exhibition.

And now, after so many hearts and souls have been knocked and thumped this way and that way by the auctioneer's hammer, comes the *instructive* part of the whole; and the husband and father, whom we saw in his simple home, reading and praying with his children, and rejoicing in

the joy of his poor ignorant heart that he lived in a free country, is now set up to be admonished of his mistake.

Now there is great excitement, and pressing to see, and exultation and approbation; for it is important and interesting to see a man put down that has tried to be a *free man.*

"That 's he, is it? Could n't come it, could he?" says one.

"No; and he will never come it, that 's more," says another triumphantly.

"I don't generally take much interest in scenes of this nature," says a grave representative; "but I came here today for the sake of the principle!"

"Gentlemen," says the auctioneer, "we 've got a specimen here that some of your Northern abolitionists would give any price for; but they sha'n't have him! no! we 've looked out for that. The man that buys him must give bonds never to sell him to go North again!"

"Go it!" shout the crowd; "good! good! hurrah!" "An impressive idea!" says a Senator; "a noble maintaining of principle!" and the man is bid off, and the hammer falls with a last crash on his heart, his hopes, his manhood, and he lies a bleeding wreck on the altar of Liberty!

Such was the altar in 1776; such is the altar in 1850!

A REPLY

TO "THE AFFECTIONATE AND CHRISTIAN ADDRESS OF MANY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND TO THEIR SISTERS THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA"

Signed by

ANNA MARIA BEDFORD (*Duchess of Bedford*).
OLIVIA CECILIA COWLEY (*Countess Cowley*).
CONSTANCE GROSVENOR (*Countess Grosvenor*).
HARRIET SUTHERLAND (*Duchess of Sutherland*).
ELIZABETH ARGYLL (*Duchess of Argyll*).
ELIZABETH FORTESCUE (*Countess Fortescue*).
EMILY SHAFTESBURY (*Countess of Shaftesbury*).
MARY RUTHVEN (*Baroness Ruthven*).
M. A. MILMAN (*Wife of Dean of St. Paul's*).
R. BUXTON (*Daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*).
CAROLINE AMELIA OWEN (*Wife of Professor Owen*).
MRS. CHARLES WINDHAM.
C. A. HATHERTON (*Baroness Hatherton*).
ELIZABETH DUCIE (*Countess Dowager of Ducie*).
CECILIA PARKE (*Wife of Baron Parke*).
MARY ANN CHALLIS (*Wife of the Lord Mayor of London*).
E. GORDON (*Duchess Dowager of Gordon*).
ANNA M. L. MELVILLE (*Dauyhter of Earl of Leven and Melville*).
GEORGIANA EBRINGTON (*Lady Ebrington*).
A. HILL (*Viscountess Hill*).

Mrs. Gobat (*Wife of Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem*).
E. Palmerston (*Viscountess Palmerston*).
and others.

Sisters, — More than eight years ago you sent to us in America a document with the above heading. It is as follows: —

A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely, believe, a common cause, urge us, at the present moment, to address you on the subject of that system of negro slavery which still prevails so extensively, and, even under kindly disposed masters, with such frightful results, in many of the vast regions of the Western world.

We will not dwell on the ordinary topics, — on the progress of civilization, on the advance of freedom everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century; but we appeal to you very seriously to reflect and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with his Holy Word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion. We do not shut our eyes to the difficulties, nay, the dangers, that might beset the immediate abolition of that long-established system. We see and admit the necessity of preparation for so great an event; but, in speaking of indispensable preliminaries, we cannot be silent on those laws of your country which, in direct contravention of God's own law, 'instituted in the time of man's innocency,' deny in effect to the slave the sanctity of marriage, with all its joys, rights, and obligations; which separate, at the will of the master, the wife from the husband and the children from the parents. Nor can we be silent on that awful system which either by statute or by custom interdicts to any race of man or any portion of the human family education in the truths of the gospel and the

ordinances of Christianity. A remedy applied to these two evils alone would commence the amelioration of their sad condition. We appeal to you, then, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow citizens and your prayers to God for the removal of this affliction and disgrace from the Christian world.

We do not say these things in a spirit of self-complacency, as though our nation were free from the guilt it perceives in others.

We acknowledge with grief and shame our heavy share in this great sin. We acknowledge that our forefathers introduced, nay, compelled the adoption of slavery in those mighty colonies. We humbly confess it before Almighty God; and it is because we so deeply feel and so unfeignedly avow our own complicity that we now venture to implore your aid to wipe away our common crime and our common dishonor.

This address, splendidly illuminated on vellum, was sent to our shores at the head of tweny-six folio volumes, containing considerably more than half a million of signatures of British women. It was forwarded to me with a letter from a British nobleman, now occupying one of the highest official positions in England, with a request on behalf of these ladies that it should be in any possible way presented to the attention of my countrywomen.

This memorial, as it now stands in its solid oaken case, with its heavy folios, each bearing on its back the imprint of the American eagle, forms a most unique library, a singular monument of an international expression of a moral idea.

No right-thinking person can find aught to be objected against the substance or the form of this memorial. It is temperate, just, and kindly, and on the high ground of Christian equality, where it places itself, may be regarded

as a perfectly proper expression of sentiment, as between blood-relations and equals in two different nations.

The signatures to this appeal are not the least remarkable part of it; for, beginning at the very steps of the throne, they go down to the names of women in the very humblest conditions in life, and represent all that Great Britain possesses, not only of highest and wisest, but of plain, homely common sense and good feeling. Names of wives of cabinet ministers appear on the same page with the names of wives of humble laborers, — names of duchesses and countesses, of wives of generals, ambassadors, savans, and men of letters mingled with names traced in trembling characters by hands evidently unused to hold the pen and stiffened by lowly toil. Nay, so deep and expansive was the feeling, that British subjects in foreign lands had their representation. Among the signatures are those of foreign residents from Paris to Jerusalem. Autographs so diverse, and collected from sources so various, have seldom been found in juxtaposition. They remain at this day a silent witness of a most singular tide of feeling which at that time swept over the British community, and *made* for itself an expression, even at the risk of offending the sensibilities of an equal and powerful nation.

No reply to that address, in any such tangible and monumental form, has ever been possible. It was impossible to canvass our vast territories with the zealous and indefatigable industry with which England was canvassed for signatures. In America, those possessed of the spirit which led to this efficient action had no leisure for it. All their time and energies were already absorbed in direct efforts to remove the great evil concerning which the minds of their English sisters had been newly aroused, and their only answer was the silent continuance of these efforts.

From the slave-holding States, however, as was to be expected, came a flood of indignant recrimination and rebuke.

No one act, perhaps, ever produced more frantic irritation or called out more unsparing abuse. It came with the whole united weight of the British aristocracy and commonalty on the most diseased and sensitive part of our national life; and it stimulated that fierce excitement which was working before and has worked since till it has broken out into open war.

The time has come, however, when such an astonishing page has been turned in the anti-slavery history of America that the women of our country, feeling that the great anti-slavery work to which their English sisters exhorted them is almost done, may properly and naturally feel moved to reply to their appeal, and lay before them the history of what has occurred since the receipt of their affectionate and Christian address.

Your address reached us just as a great moral conflict was coming to its intensest point.

The agitation kept up by the anti-slavery portion of America, by England, and by the general sentiment of humanity in Europe, had made the situation of the slave-holding aristocracy intolerable. As one of them at the time expressed it, they felt themselves under the ban of the civilized world. Two courses only were open to them, — to abandon slave institutions, the sources of their wealth and political power, or to assert them with such an overwhelming national force as to compel the respect and assent of mankind. They chose the latter.

To this end they determined to seize on and control all the resources of the Federal government, and to spread their institutions through new States and Territories until the balance of power should fall into their hands and they should be able to force slavery into all the free States. A leading Southern Senator boasted that he would yet call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill; and for a while the political successes of the slave power were such as to sug-

gest to New England that this was no impossible event. They repealed the Missouri Compromise, which had hitherto stood, like the Chinese wall, between our Northwestern Territories and the irruptions of slave-holding barbarians.

Then came the struggle between Freedom and Slavery in the new territory, — the battle for Kansas and Nebraska, fought with fire and sword and blood, where a race of men, of whom John Brown was the immortal type, acted over again the courage, the perseverance, and the military religious ardor of the old Covenanters of Scotland, and, like them, redeemed the Ark of Liberty at the price of their own blood and blood dearer than their own.

The time of the presidential canvass which elected Mr. Lincoln was the crisis of this great battle. The conflict had become narrowed down to the one point of the extension of slave territory. If the slave-holders could get States enough, they could control and rule; if they were outnumbered by free States, their institutions, by the very law of their nature, would die of suffocation. Therefore Fugitive Slave Law, District of Columbia, Interstate Slave Trade, and what not, were all thrown out of sight for a grand rally on this vital point. A President was elected pledged to opposition to this one thing alone, — a man known to be in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law and other so-called compromises of the Constitution, but honest and faithful in his determination on this one subject. That this was indeed the vital point was shown by the result. The moment Lincoln's election was ascertained, the slave-holders resolved to destroy the Union they could no longer control.

They met and organized a Confederacy which they openly declared to be the first republic founded on the right and determination of the white man to enslave the black man, and, spreading their banners, declared themselves to the Christian world of the nineteenth century as a nation organized with the full purpose and intent of perpetuating slavery. But,

in the course of the struggle that followed, it became important for the new confederation to secure the assistance of foreign powers, and infinite pains were then taken to blind and bewilder the mind of England as to the real issues of the conflict in America.

It has been often and earnestly asserted that slavery had nothing to do with this conflict; that it was a mere struggle for power; that the only object was to restore the Union as it was, with all its abuses. It is to be admitted that expressions have proceeded from the national administration which naturally gave rise to misapprehension, and therefore we beg to speak to you on this subject more fully.

And, first, the declaration of the Confederate States themselves is proof enough that, whatever may be declared on the other side, the maintenance of slavery is regarded by them as the vital object of their movement.

We ask your attention under this head to the declaration of their Vice-President, Stephens, in that remarkable speech delivered on the 21st of March, 1861, at Savannah, Georgia, wherein he declares the object and purposes of the new Confederacy. It is one of the most extraordinary papers which our century has produced. I quote from the *verbatim* report in the Savannah "Republican" of the address as it was delivered in the Athenæum of that city, on which occasion, says the newspaper from which I copy, "Mr. Stephens took his seat amid a burst of enthusiasm and applause such as the Athenæum has never had displayed within its walls within 'the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.'"

Last, not least, the new Constitution has put at rest *forever* all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution, — African slavery as it exists among us, the proper *status* of the negro in our form of civilization. *This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution.* Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as

the "rock upon which the old Union would split." He was right. What was conjecture with him is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock *stood* and *stands* may be doubted. *The prevailing ideas entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature, that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically.* It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with; but the general opinion of the men of that day was that, somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. This idea, though not incorporated in the Constitution, was the prevailing idea at the time. The Constitution, it is true, secured every essential guaranty to the institution while it should last; and hence no argument can be justly used against the Constitutional guaranties thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. *Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error.* It was a sandy foundation; and the idea of a government built upon it — when "the storm came and the wind blew, it fell."

Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas: its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition. (*Applause.*) *This our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth.*

This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science. It is so even amongst us. Many who hear me, perhaps, can recollect well that this truth was not generally

admitted, even within their day. The errors of the past generation still clung to many as late as twenty years ago. Those at the North who still cling to these errors with a zeal above knowledge we justly denominate fanatics. All fanaticism springs from an aberration of the mind, from a defect in reasoning. It is a species of insanity. One of the most striking characteristics of insanity, in many instances, is forming correct conclusions from fancied or erroneous premises. So with the *anti-slavery* fanatics: their conclusions are right if their premises are. They assume that the negro is equal, and hence conclude that he is entitled to equal privileges and rights with the white man. If their premises were correct, their conclusions would be logical and just; but, their premises being wrong, their whole argument fails.

. . . . . .

In the conflict thus far, success has been on our side complete, throughout the length and breadth of the Confederate States. It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted; and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world.

As I have stated, the truth of this principle may be slow in development, as all truths are, and ever have been, in the various branches of science. It was so with the principles announced by Galileo; it was so with Adam Smith and his principles of political economy; it was so with Harvey in his theory of the circulation of the blood. It is said that not a single one of the medical profession, at the time of the announcement of the truths made by him, admitted them; now they are universally aknowledged. May we not, therefore, look with confidence to the ultimate universal acknowledgment of the truths upon which our system rests? It is the first government ever instituted upon principles in strict conformity to nature and the ordination of Providence in furnishing the material of human society. Many govern-

ments have been founded upon the principles of certain classes; but the classes thus enslaved were of the same race and in violation of the laws of nature. Our system commits no such violation of nature's laws. The negro, by nature or by the curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. The architect, in the construction of buildings, lays the foundation with the proper material, — the granite; then comes the brick or marble. The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it; and by experience we know that it is best, not only for the superior but the inferior race, that it should be so. It is, indeed, in conformity with the Creator. It is not safe for us to inquire into the wisdom of his ordinances, or to question them. For his own purposes He has made one race to differ from another, as one star differeth from another in glory. The great objects of humanity are best attained when conformed to his laws and decrees, in the formation of government as well as in all things else. Our Confederacy is founded on a strict conformity with those laws. *This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, has become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice!*

Thus far the declarations of the slave-holding Confederacy.

On the other hand, the declarations of the President and the Republican party, as to their intention to restore "the Union as it was," require an explanation. It is the doctrine of the Republican party that freedom is national and slavery sectional; that the Constitution of the United States was designed for the promotion of liberty, and not of slavery; that its framers contemplated the gradual abolition of slavery; and that in the hands of an anti-slavery majority it could be so wielded as peaceably to extinguish this great evil.

They reasoned thus: Slavery ruins land, and requires

fresh territory for profitable working. Slavery increases a dangerous population, and requires an expansion of this population for safety. Slavery, then, being hemmed in by impassable limits, emancipation in each State becomes a necessity.

By restoring the Union as it was the Republican party meant the Union in the sense contemplated by the original framers of it, who, as has been admitted by Stephens in his speech just quoted, were from principle opposed to slavery. It was, then, restoring a *status* in which, by the inevitable operation of natural laws, peaceful emancipation would become a certainty.

In the mean while, during the past year, the Republican administration, with all the unwonted care of organizing an army and navy and conducting military operations on an immense scale, have proceeded to demonstrate the feasibility of overthrowing slavery by purely constitutional measures. To this end they have instituted a series of movements which have made this year more fruitful in anti-slavery triumphs than any other since the emancipation of the British West Indies.

The District of Columbia, as belonging strictly to the national government and to no separate State, has furnished a fruitful subject of remonstrance from British Christians with America. We have abolished slavery there, and thus wiped out the only blot of territorial responsibility on our escutcheon.

By another act, equally grand in principle and far more important in its results, slavery is forever excluded from the Territories of the United States.

By another act, America has consummated the long-delayed treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade. In ports whence slave vessels formerly sailed with the connivance of the port officers the administration has placed men who stand up to their duty, and for the first

time in our history the slave-trader is convicted and hung as a pirate. This abominable secret traffic has been wholly demolished by the energy of the Federal government.

Lastly, and more significant still, the United States government has in its highest official capacity taken distinct anti-slavery ground, and presented to the country a plan of peaceable emancipation with suitable compensation. This noble-spirited and generous offer has been urged on the slave-holding States by the chief executive with an earnestness and sincerity of which history in after-times will make honorable account in recording the events of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

Now, when a President and administration who have done all these things declare their intention of restoring "*the Union as it was,*" ought not the world fairly to interpret their words by their actions and their avowed principles? Is it not *necessary* to infer that they mean by it the Union as it was in the intent of its anti-slavery framers, under which, by the exercise of normal constitutional powers, slavery should be peaceably abolished?

We are aware that this theory of the Constitution has been disputed by certain abolitionists; but it is conceded, as you have seen, by the secessionists. Whether it be a just theory or not is, however, nothing to our purpose at present. We only assert that such is the professed belief of the present administration of the United States, and such are the acts by which they have illustrated their belief.

But this is but half the story of the anti-slavery triumphs of this year. We have shown you what has been done for freedom by the simple use of the ordinary constitutional forces of the Union. We are now to show you what has been done to the same end by the constitutional war-power of the nation.

By this power it has been this year decreed that every slave of a rebel who reaches the lines of our army becomes a

free man; that all slaves found deserted by their masters become free men; that every slave employed in any service for the United States thereby obtains his liberty; and that every slave employed against the United States in any capacity obtains his liberty; and, lest the army should contain officers disposed to remand slaves to their masters, the power of judging and delivering up slaves is denied to army officers, and all such acts are made penal.

By this act, the Fugitive Slave Law is for all present purposes practically repealed. With this understanding and provision, wherever our armies march they carry liberty with them. For be it remembered that our army is almost entirely a volunteer one, and that the most zealous and ardent volunteers are those who have been for years fighting with tongue and pen the abolition battle. So marked is the character of our soldiers in this respect, that they are now familiarly designated in the official military dispatches of the Confederate States as "the abolitionists." Conceive the results when an army so empowered by national law marches through a slave territory. One regiment alone has to our certain knowledge liberated two thousand slaves during the past year, and this regiment is but one out of hundreds. We beg to lay before you some details given by an eye-witness of what has recently been done in this respect in the department of the South: —

On Board Steamer from Fortress Monroe to Baltimore, *November* 14, 1862.

Events of no ordinary interest have just occurred in the department of the South. The negro troops have been tested, and to their great joy, though not contrary to their own expectations, they have triumphed, not only over enemies armed with muskets and swords, but over what the black man dreads most, — sharp and cruel prejudices.

General Saxton, on the 28th of October, sent the captured

steamer Darlington, Captain Crandell, down the coast of Georgia, and to Fernandina, Florida, to obtain recruits for the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. Lieutenant-Colonel O. T. Beard, of the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, was given the command of the expedition. In addition to obtaining recruits, the condition and wants of the recent refugees from slavery along the coast were to be looked into, and, if occasion should offer, it was permitted to "feel the enemy." At St. Simon's, Georgia, Captain Trowbridge, with thirty-five men of the "Hunter Regiment of First South Carolina Volunteers," who had been stationed there for three months, together with twenty-seven more men, were received on board. With this company of sixty-two men the Darlington proceeded to Fernandina.

On arriving, a meeting of the colored men was called to obtain enlistments. The large church was crowded. After addresses had been made by the writer and Colonel Beard, one hundred men volunteered at once, and the number soon reached about one hundred and twenty-five. Such, however were the demands of Fort Clinch and the quartermaster's department for laborers that Colonel Rich, commanding the fort, consented to only twenty-five men leaving. This was a sad disappointment, and one which some determined not to bear. The twenty-five men were carefully selected from among those not employed either on the fort or in the quartermaster's department, and put on board. Amid the farewells and benedictions of hundreds of their friends on shore they took their departure, to prove the truth or falsity of the charge, "the black man can never fight." On calling the roll, a few miles from port, it was found our twenty-five men had increased to fifty-four. Determined not to be foiled in their purpose of being soldiers, it was found that thirty men had quietly found their way on board just at break of day, and had concealed themselves in the hold of the ship. When asked why they did so, their reply was, —

"Oh, we want to fight for our liberty, and for de liberty of our wives and children."

"But would you dare to face your old masters?"

"Oh, yes, yes! why, we would fight to de death to get our families," was the quick response.

No one doubted their sincerity. Muskets were soon in their hands, and no time was lost in drilling them. Our steamer, a very frail one, had been barricaded around the bow and stern, and also provided with two twelve-pounder Parrott guns. These guns had to be worked by black men, under the direction of the captain of the steamer. Our fighting men numbered only about one hundred and ten, and fifty of them were raw recruits. The expedition was not a very formidable one, still all seemed to have an unusual degree of confidence as to its success.

. . . . . .

November 6. The women and children (about fifty) taken from St. Simon's on the day previous were now landed for safety in St. Catharine's, as a more hazardous work was to be undertaken. Much of the night was spent in getting wood for the steamer, killing beeves, and cooking meats, rice, and corn for our women and children on shore and for the troops. The men needed no "driver's lash" to incite them to labor. Sleep and rest were almost unwelcome, for they were preparing to go up Sapelo River, along whose banks, on the beautiful plantations, were their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children. Weeks and months before, some of the men had left those loved ones, with a promise to return "if de good Lord jis open de way."

At five o'clock on Friday morning, November 7, we were under way. Captain Budd, of the gunboat Potomska, had kindly promised the evening before to accompany us past the most dangerous places. On reaching his station in Sapelo Sound, we found him in readiness. Our little fleet,

led by the Potomska and followed by the Darlington, sailed proudly up the winding Sapelo, now through marshes and then past large and beautiful plantations. It was very affecting to see our soldiers watching intensely the colored forms on land, one saying, in the agony of deepest anxiety, "Oh, mas'r, my wife and chillen lib dere," and another singing out, "Dere, dere my brodder," or "my sister." The earnest longings of their poor, anguish-riven hearts for landings, and then the sad, inexpressible regrets as the steamer passed, must be imagined, — they cannot be described.

The first landing was made at a picket station on Charles Hopkins's plantation. The enemy was driven back; a few guns and a sword only captured. The Potomska came to anchorage, for lack of sufficient water, a few miles above, at Reuben King's plantation. Here we witnessed a rich scene. Some fifty negroes appeared on the banks, about thirty rods distant from their master's house, and some distance from the Darlington. They gazed upon us with intense feelings, alternately turning their eyes toward their master, who was watching them from his piazza, and toward our steamer, which, as yet, had given them no assurances of landing. The moment she headed to the shore, their doubts were dispersed, and they gave us such a welcome as angels would be satisfied with. Some few women were so filled with joy that they ran, leaped, clapped their hands, and cried, "Glory to God! Glory to God!"

. . . . . .

After relieving the old planter of twenty thousand dollars' worth of humanity, that is, fifty-two slaves, and the leather of his tannery, we reëmbarked. Our boats were sent once and again, however, to the shore for men, who, having heard the steam-whistle, came in greatest haste from distant plantations.

As the Potomska could go no farther, Captain Budd

kindly offered to accompany us with one gun's crew. We were glad to have his company and the services of the crew, as we had only one gun's crew of colored men. Above us was a bend in the river, and a high bluff covered with thick woods. There we apprehended danger, for the rebels had had ample time to collect their forces. The men were carefully posted, fully instructed as to their duties and dangers by Colonel Beard. Our Parrotts were manned, and everything was in readiness. No sooner were we within rifleshot than the enemy opened upon us a heavy fire from behind the bank and trees, and also from the tops of the trees. Our speed being slow and the river's bend quite large, we were within range of the enemy's guns for some time. How well our troops bore themselves will be seen by Captain Budd's testimony.

Our next landing was made at Daniel McDonald's plantation. His extensive and valuable salt-works were demolished, and he himself taken prisoner. By documents captured, it was ascertained that he was a rebel of the worst kind. We took only a few of his slaves, as he drove back into the woods about ninety of them just before our arrival. One fine-looking man came hobbling down on a crutch. McDonald had shot off one of his legs some eighteen months before. The next plantation had some five hundred slaves on it; several of our troops had come from it, and also had relatives there, but the lateness of the hour and the dangerous points to be passed on our return admonished us to retreat.

Our next attack was expected at the bluff. The enemy had improved the time since we parted from them in gathering reinforcements. Colonel Beard prepared the men for a warm fire. While everything was in readiness, and the steamer dropping down hard upon the enemy, the writer passed around among the men, who were waiting coolly for the moment of attack, and asked them if they found their

courage failing. "Oh, no, mas'r, our trust be in de Lord. We only want fair chance at 'em," was the unanimous cry.

. . . . . .

Most people have doubted the courage of negroes, and their ability to stand a warm fire of the enemy. The engagements of this day were not an open-field fight, to be sure, but the circumstances were peculiar. They were taken by surprise, the enemy concealed, his force not known, and some of the troops had been enlisted only two days. Captain Budd, a brave and experienced officer, and eye-witness of both engagements, has kindly given his opinion, which we are sure will vindicate the policy, as well as justness, of arming the colored man for his own freedom at least: —

United States Steamer Potomska,
Sapelo River, Ga., *Nov.* 7, 1862.

Sir, — It gives me pleasure to testify to the admirable conduct of the negro troops (First S. C. Volunteers) under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beard, Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, during this day's operations. They behaved splendidly under the warm and galling fire we were exposed to in the two skirmishes with the enemy. I did not see a man flinch, contrary to my expectations.

One of them, particularly, came under my notice, who, although badly wounded in the face, continued to load and fire, in the coolest manner imaginable.

Every one of them acted like veterans.

Very respectfully,
William Budd,
Acting Lieutenant Commanding Potomska.

To the Rev. M. French, Chaplain, U. S. A.

On reaching his ship, Captain Budd led our retreat. It had been agreed, after full consultation on the subject, that, in our descent down the river, it was best to burn the buildings of Captain Hopkins and Colonel Brailsford. Both of these places were strong picket stations, particularly the latter. Brailsford had been down with a small force a few days before our arrival at St. Catharine's, and shot one of our contrabands, wounded mortally, as was supposed, another, and carried off four women and three men. He had also

whipped to death, three weeks before, a slave for attempting to make his escape. We had on board Sam Miller, a former slave, who had received over three hundred lashes for refusing to inform on a few of his fellows who had escaped.

. . . . . .

On passing among the men, as we were leaving the scenes of action, I inquired if they had grown any to-day. Many simultaneously exclaimed, "Oh, yes, massa, we have grown three inches!" Sam said, "I feel a heap more of a man!"

With the lurid flames still lighting up all the region behind, and the bright rays of the smiling moon before them, they formed a circle on the lower deck, and around the hatchway leading to the hold, where were the women and children captured during the day, and on bended knees they offered up sincere and heartfelt thanksgivings to Almighty God for the mercies of the day. Such fervent prayers for the President, for the hearing of his Proclamation by all in bonds, and for the ending of the war and slavery, were seldom, if ever, heard before. About one hour was spent in singing and prayer. Those waters surely never echoed with such sounds before.

. . . . . .

Our steamer left Beaufort without a soldier, and returned, after an absence of twelve days, with one hundred and fifty-six fighting colored men, some of whom dropped the hoe, took a musket, and were at once soldiers, ready to fight for the freedom of others.

It is conceded on all sides that, wherever our armies have had occupancy, there slavery has been practically abolished. The fact was recognized by President Lincoln in his last appeal to the loyal slave States to consummate emancipation.

Another noticeable act of our government in behalf of liberty is the official provision it makes for the wants of

the thousands of helpless human beings thus thrown upon our care. Taxed with the burden of an immense war, with the care of thousands of sick and wounded, the United States government has cheerfully voted rations for helpless slaves, no less than wages to the helpful ones. The United States government pays teachers to instruct them, and overseers to guide their industrial efforts. A free-labor experiment is already in successful operation among the beautiful sea-islands in the neighborhood of Beaufort, which, even under most disadvantageous circumstances, is fast demonstrating how much more efficiently men will work from hope and liberty than from fear and constraint. Thus, even amid the roar of cannon and the confusion of war, cotton-planting, as a free-labor institution, is beginning its infant life, to grow hereafter to a glorious manhood.

Lastly, the great, decisive measure of the war has appeared, — *the President's Proclamation of Emancipation.* This also has been much misunderstood and misrepresented in England. It has been said to mean virtually this: Be loyal, and you shall keep your slaves; rebel, and they shall be free.

But let us remember what we have just seen of the purpose and meaning of the Union to which the rebellious States are invited back. It is to a Union which has abolished slavery in the District of Columbia, and interdicted slavery in the Territories; which vigorously represses the slave trade, and hangs the convicted slaver as a pirate; which necessitates emancipation by denying expansion to slavery, and facilitates it by the offer of compensation. Any slave-holding States which should return to such a Union might fairly be supposed to return with the purpose of peaceable emancipation. The President's Proclamation simply means this: Come in, and emancipate peaceably with compensation; stay out, and I emancipate, nor will I protect you from the consequences.

That continuance in the Union is thus understood is already made manifest by the votes of Missouri and Delaware in the recent elections. Both of these States have given strong majorities for emancipation. Missouri, long tending towards emancipation, has already planted herself firmly on the great rock of freedom, and thrown out her bold and eloquent appeal to the free States of the North for aid in overcoming the difficulties of her position. Other States will soon follow; nor is it too much to hope that, before a new year has gone far in its course, the sacred fire of freedom will have flashed along the whole line of the Border States responsive to the generous proposition of the President and Congress, and that universal emancipation will have become a fixed fact in the American Union.

Will our sisters in England feel no heart-beat at that event? Is it not one of the predicted voices of the latter day, saying under the whole heavens, "It is done: the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ"?

And now, sisters of England, in this solemn, expectant hour, let us speak to you of one thing which fills our hearts with pain and solicitude.

It is an unaccountable fact, and one which we entreat you seriously to ponder, that the party which has brought the cause of freedom thus far on its way, during the past eventful year, has found little or no support in England. Sadder than this, the party which makes slavery the chief corner-stone of its edifice finds in England its strongest defenders.

The voices that have spoken for us who contend for liberty have been few and scattering. God forbid that we should forget those few noble voices, so sadly exceptional in the general outcry against us! They are, alas, too few to be easily forgotten. False statements have blinded the minds of your community, and turned the most generous

sentiments of the British heart against us. The North are fighting for supremacy, and the South for independence, has been the voice. Independence? for what? to do what? To prove the doctrine that all men are not equal. To establish the doctrine that the white may enslave the negro.

It is natural to sympathize with people who are fighting for their rights; but if these prove to be the right of selling children by the pound and trading in husbands and wives as merchantable articles, should not Englishmen think twice before giving their sympathy? A pirate ship on the high seas is fighting for independence! Let us be consistent.

It has been said that we have been over-sensitive, thin-skinned. It is one inconvenient attendant of love and respect that they do induce sensitiveness. A brother or father turning against one in the hour of trouble, a friend sleeping in the Gethsemane of our mortal anguish, does not always find us armed with divine patience. We loved England; we respected, revered her; we were bound to her by ties of blood and race. Alas! must all these declarations be written in the past tense?

But, that we may not be thought to have overestimated the popular tide against us, we shall express our sense of it in the words of an English writer, one of the noble few who have spoken the truth on our side. Referring to England's position on this question, he says: —

What is the meaning of this? Why does the English nation, which has made itself memorable to all time as the destroyer of negro slavery, which has shrunk from no sacrifices to free its own character from that odious stain, and to close all the countries of the world against the slave-merchant, — why is it that the nation which is at the head of abolitionism not only feels no sympathy with those who are fighting against the slave-holding conspiracy, but actually desires its success? Why is the general voice of our press, the general sentiment

of our people, bitterly reproachful to the North, while for the South, the aggressors in the war, we have either mild apologies or direct and downright encouragement, — and this not only from the Tory and anti-democratic camp, but from Liberals, or *soi-disant* such ?

This strange perversion of feeling prevails nowhere else. The public of France, and of the Continent generally, at all events the Liberal part of it, saw at once on which side were justice and moral principle, and gave its sympathies consistently and steadily to the North. Why is England an exception ?

In the beginning of our struggle, the voices that reached us across the water said, "If we were only sure you were fighting for the abolition of slavery, we should not dare to say whither our sympathies for your cause might not carry us."

Such, as we heard, were the words of the honored and religious nobleman who drafted this very letter which you signed and sent to us, and to which we are now replying.

When those words reached us we said, "We can wait; our friends in England will soon see whither this conflict is tending." A year and a half have passed; step after step has been taken for liberty; chain after chain has fallen, till the march of our armies is choked and clogged by the glad flocking of emancipated slaves; the day of final emancipation is set; the Border States begin to move in voluntary consent; universal freedom for all dawns like the sun in the distant horizon : and still no voice from England. No voice ? Yes, we have heard on the high seas the voice of a war steamer, built for a man-stealing Confederacy with English gold in an English dockyard, going out of an English harbor, manned by English sailors, with the full knowledge of English government officers, in defiance of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality. So far has English sympathy overflowed. We have heard of other steamers, iron-clad,

designed to furnish to a slavery-defending Confederacy their only lack, — a navy for the high seas. We have heard that the British Evangelical Alliance refuses to express sympathy with the liberating party, when requested to do so by the French Evangelical Alliance. We find in English religious newspapers all those sad degrees in the downward-sliding scale of defending and apologizing for slave-holders and slave-holding with which we have so many years contended in our own country. We find the President's Proclamation of Emancipation spoken of in those papers only as an incitement to servile insurrection. Nay, more, — we find in your papers, from thoughtful men, the admission of the rapid decline of anti-slavery sentiments in England. Witness the following: —

The Rev. Mr. Maurice, principal of the Workingmen's College, Great Ormond Street, delivered the first general lecture of the term on Saturday evening, and took for his subject the state of English feeling on the slavery question. He said, a few days ago, in a conversation on the American war, that some gentlemen connected with the college had confessed to a change in their sympathies in the matter. On the outbreak of the war, they had been strong sympathizers with the government and the Northern States, but gradually they had drifted until they found themselves desiring the success of the seceded States, and all but free from their anti-slavery feelings and tendencies. These confessions elicited strong expressions of indignation from a gentleman present, who had lectured in the college on the war in Kansas. He (Mr. Maurice) felt inclined to share in the indignation expressed; but since, he could not help feeling that this change was very general in England.

Alas, then, England! is it so? In this day of great deeds and great heroisms, this solemn hour when the Mighty Re-

deemer is coming to break every yoke, do we hear such voices from England ?

This very day the writer of this has been present at a solemn religious festival in the national capital, given at the home of a portion of those fugitive slaves who have fled to our lines for protection, — who, under the shadow of our flag, find sympathy and succor. The national day of thanksgiving was there kept by over a thousand redeemed slaves, and for whom Christian charity had spread an ample repast.

Our sisters, we wish *you* could have witnessed the scene. We wish you could have heard the prayer of a blind old negro, called among his fellows John the Baptist, when in touching broken English he poured forth his thanksgivings. We wish you could have heard the sound of that strange rhythmical chant which is now forbidden to be sung on Southern plantations, — the psalm of this modern exodus, — which combines the barbaric fire of the Marseillaise with the religious fervor of the old Hebrew prophet : —

"Oh, go down, Moses,
'Way down into Egypt's land !
Tell King Pharaoh
To let my people go !
Stand away dere,
Stand away dere,
And let my people go !

"Oh, Pharaoh said he would go 'cross!
Let my people go !
Oh, Pharaoh and his hosts were lost !
Let my people go!
You may hinder me here,
But ye can't up dere!
Let my people go!

"Oh, Moses, stretch your hand across!
Let my people go!
And don't get lost in de wilderness!
Let my people go!
He sits in de heavens
And answers prayers.
Let my people go!"

As we were leaving, an aged woman came and lifted up her hands in blessing. "Bressed be de Lord dat brought me to see dis first happy day of my life! Bressed be de Lord!" In all England is there no Amen?

We have been shocked and saddened by the question asked in an association of Congregational ministers in England, the very blood-relations of the liberty-loving Puritans, — "Why does not the North let the South go?"

What! give up the point of emancipation for these four million slaves? Turn our backs on them, and leave them to their fate? What! leave our white brothers to run a career of oppression and robbery, that, as sure as there is a God that ruleth in the armies of heaven, will bring down a day of wrath and doom?

Is it any advantage to people to be educated in man-stealing as a principle, to be taught systematically to rob the laborer of his wages, and to tread on the necks of weaker races? Who among you would wish your sons to become slave-planters, slave-merchants, slave-dealers? And shall we leave our brethren to this fate? Better a generation should die on the battlefield, that their children may grow up in liberty and justice. Yes, our sons must die, their sons must die. We give ours freely; they die to redeem the very brothers that slay them; they give their blood in expiation of this great sin, begun by you in England, perpetuated by us in America, and for which God in this great day of judgment is making inquisition in blood.

In a recent battle fell a secession colonel, the last remaining son of his mother, and she a widow. That mother had sold eleven children of an old slave mother, her servant. That servant went to her and said, "Missis, we even now. You sold all my children. God took all yourn. Not one to bury either of us. *Now* I forgive you."

In another battle fell the only son of another widow. Young, beautiful, heroic, brought up by his mother in the

sacred doctrines of human liberty, he gave his life an offering as to a holy cause. He died. No slave woman came to tell *his* mother of God's justice, for many slaves have reason to call her blessed.

Now we ask you, Would you change places with that Southern mother? Would you not think it a great misfortune for a son or daughter to be brought into such a system? — a worse one to become so perverted as to defend it? Remember, then, that wishing success to this slavery-establishing effort is only wishing to the sons and daughters of the South all the curses that God has written against oppression. *Mark our words!* If we succeed, the children of these very men who are now fighting us will rise up to call us blessed. Just as surely as there is a God who governs in the world, so surely all the laws of national prosperity follow in the train of equity; and if we succeed, we shall have delivered the children's children of our misguided brethren from the wages of sin, which is always and everywhere death.

And now, sisters of England, think it not strange if we bring back the words of your letter, not in bitterness but in deepest sadness, and lay them down at your door. We say to you: Sisters, you have spoken well; we have heard you; we have heeded; we have striven in the cause, even unto death. We have sealed our devotion by desolate hearth and darkened homestead, — by the blood of sons, husbands, and brothers. In many of our dwellings the very light of our lives has gone out; and yet we accept the lifelong darkness as our own part in this great and awful expiation, by which the bonds of wickedness shall be loosed, and abiding peace established on the foundation of righteousness. Sisters, what have *you* done, and what do you mean to do?

In view of the decline of the noble anti-slavery fire in England, in view of all the facts and admissions recited

from your own papers, we beg leave in solemn sadness to return to you your own words: —

"A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common cause, urge us, at the present moment, to address you on the subject" of that fearful encouragement and support which is being afforded by England to a slave-holding Confederacy.

We will not dwell on the ordinary topics, — on the progress of civilization, on the advance of freedom everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century; but we appeal to you very seriously to reflect, and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with his Holy Word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion.

We appeal to you, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow citizens, and your prayers to God, for the removal of this affliction and disgrace from the Christian world.

In behalf of many thousands of American women,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WASHINGTON, *November* 27, 1862.

TRIBUTE OF A LOVING FRIEND TO THE MEMORY OF A NOBLE WOMAN

"God bless her sweet face! she's not a bit the worse for being a duchess!"

So spoke a good old broad-brimmed Quaker, when he bought at the Anti-Slavery Fair the splendid engraving of the late beautiful Duchess of Sutherland. The old Quaker heard around him sneers, as if a republican and a Quaker should be ashamed to exhibit enthusiasm for the pictured form of one who then stood at the head of modern aristocracy. And he spoke words that embody a deep truth, that a truly grand and noble woman has a worth and value of her own altogether superior to that of rank or station, and that at her feet even the most unworldly may bow, giving homage to *her* and not to her position.

The late Duchess of Sutherland was one of those few individuals in this world who may be said in the general drift of life to have been completely fortunate. By lineage she was of the noblest English blood. Her ancestral grandmother on the mother's side was the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty, wit, and genius, and the warm and decided part which she took in the liberal and progressive politics of her day, have become matter of history. She was the ornament and pride and patroness of that very strong party in England which, during our Revolutionary War, sympathized with our leaders in their assertion of human rights, and remonstrated against the suicidal policy of England. The Duchess of Devonshire was not only a charming and admired woman in society, but gifted with

some considerable degree of literary talent. Thus we find among Coleridge's "Occasional Poems" an "Ode addressed to Georgianna, Duchess of Devonshire," on the twenty-fourth stanza of her poem entitled "Passage over Mount Gothard."

We shall quote the opening lines of this ode, as they suggest an idea which is a leading one in the consideration of a character like that of the Duchess of Sutherland. They are written upon the following quatrain of the Duchess's poem: —

> "And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild,
> Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
> With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
> Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart."

Of this the poet says: —

> "Splendor's fondly fostered child!
> And did you hail the platform wild
> Where once the Austrian fell
> Beneath the shaft of Tell?
> O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Whence learned you that heroic measure?
>
> "Light as a dream, your days their circlets ran
> From all that teaches brotherhood to man,
> Far, far removed from want, from hope, from fear!
> Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
> Obeisance, praises, soothed your infant heart;
> Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
> With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
> Detained your eye from nature; stately vests,
> That, veiling, strove to deck your charms divine,
> Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine
> Were yours, unearned by toil, nor could you see
> The unenjoying toiler's misery.
> And yet, free nature's uncorrupted child,
> You hailed the chapel and the platform wild
> Where once the Austrian fell
> Beneath the shaft of Tell.
> O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Whence learned you that heroic measure?"

On a first view, it certainly would appear that the influence engendered by aristocratic institutions, on those who

are born inheritors of their privileges, would be one entirely contrary to any deep and generous sympathy with the mass of mankind; and such, as a general thing, has been the influence of aristocracy on the minds that have been formed by it. The utter want of sympathy with humanity in the aristocracy of France was what precipitated their downfall in the Revolution. But in the English nation it is a noticeable fact that the long struggle by which liberal ideas and the rights of the common people have been steadily advanced has found some of its most efficient supporters among the nobility.

The Duchess of Devonshire, although living in an age of great fashionable extravagance and dissipation, is celebrated by the poet as a good mother, who nursed her own children, and formed their minds and character herself. The Countess of Carlisle, the mother of the Duchess of Sutherland, did credit to the system under which she was brought up. It was our fortune to know her, in the serene old age of a beautiful life, spent in a conscientious fulfillment of every duty. Cultivated, polished, refined, remembering most of the men and things best worth knowing in her period, her conversation and her letters, even after her seventieth year, were delightful. Nothing in the progress of mankind escaped her, — every good cause, every heroic movement in any land or country, had her intelligent and appreciative sympathy.

The Earl of Carlisle, her husband, was a man well known in his day for his liberal patronage of art and letters. Castle Howard, the family residence, has one of the finest collections of pictures and statuary in England. It was here that the youth of the Duchess of Sutherland was passed. She was gifted generously by nature, first with beauty, which in its mature hour might well have been chosen as the perfected type of English loveliness; but, independent of her beauty, and greatly superior to it as an endowment, she re-

ceived from nature the gift of a large and generous heart, with such a breadth and capacity of love, such powers of sympathy and tenderness and friendship, as are given to few. Her nature was as magnificent in its wealth of the affectional and emotive powers as in personal charms.

In some respects, her face and head reminded one of traits in the Venus de Milo, particularly in the shape and character of the eyes; but no marble and no painting can ever do justice to the beauty of those eyes in their varied moods of expression. Their general character was that of serious tenderness, but a tale of injury or wrong, the suggestion of anything like meanness or unfairness or harshness and cruelty, would bring lightnings from those blue eyes, and an expression of indignation to the beautiful face.

Her goodness was not mere physical softness, or love of ease, or aversion to earnest thought. Much of what is called amiability, in beautiful ladies, is little more than the purring of a sleek, well-fed cat, happy and contented because every animal sense is gratified. That of the Duchess of Sutherland, while it had its foundation in a harmonious and well-developed animal nature, was a deeper principle, a clear, discriminating virtue. Her sense of justice was as broad and deep as her powers of emotion. Everywhere, both in her own country and in all other countries, she hated wrong, and she loved right, with a passionate enthusiasm.

Her mother, the Countess of Carlisle, belonged to that generation in which the abolition of slavery on English territory was conceived and executed. Some of the most untiring friends of that great reform were to be found in the list of her personal friends among the English nobility; and Lady Carlisle educated her children in the principles of universal liberty, as in a religion. It was, therefore, no fine lady's whim, or passing caprice of fashionable sentiment, that led the Duchess of Sutherland always to manifest the deepest sympathy with those in America who were struggling to

bring about the same reform which had already been wrought in England.

The Boston Anti-Slavery Fair, at which the good Quaker bought the engraving of the Duchess, was held some time during those eventful years between 1831 and 1866, when the battle for human rights and human liberty was being fought out in this country. About this time, in the good city of Boston, this same Anti-Slavery Fair represented a class of persons whose position resembled that of certain others mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as the "sect that is everywhere spoken against." The few stanch spirits that kept up that fair were of the old heroic blood of Massachusetts, and could trace their lineage back through generations of men who never flinched from a principle.

For a simple effort to carry out logically the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society were ostracized from the polite circles of Boston: they lost standing everywhere, and in every respect, and good society — meaning by this the majority of what was cultivated, refined, and even professedly religious — could not do enough to express contempt of them. If a distinguished European stranger in those days chanced to be sharing Boston hospitalities, he was always sure to be invited by some zealous member to show himself at this fair, and give, at least, the comfort of his countenance to the effort that was being then made for the cause of universal liberty. It would not be difficult to furnish a list of distinguished Europeans who, when safely across the water, could testify, like the very apostles and prophets, against American slavery, but who, brought to this simple test in the city of Boston, refused then and there to acknowledge the only men and women who were doing anything efficient against it. There was, however, one marked exception: the Earl of Carlisle and brother of the Duchess of Sutherland, then Lord Morpeth, visited the United States

in those days, and while in the city of Boston, notwithstanding the officious warnings of the unpopularity of the act, went to the Anti-Slavery Fair, and took pains in the most marked and significant manner to avow his sympathy with the object represented. The Duchess of Sutherland, also, sent contributions to this fair, accompanied with expressions of sympathy.

When Mr. Garrison, then the object of unmitigated obloquy and contempt in America, visited England during these years, he was invited to Stafford House by the Duchess, and made to feel at ease there by that matchless charm of manner of which she had the gift, and which enabled her to shed over the splendors of a palace the charm of a simple, warm-hearted home. At her request he sat for his picture to Richmond, the celebrated crayon-artist; and the picture occupied an honored place in Stafford House. At this time several high rewards had been offered in Southern States for the head of Garrison, and he said to the Duchess, when she made the request, that desires had been frequently expressed to obtain his head, but that they had never come in a form so flattering.

It was for many years said that the severe denunciatory language of the Garrisonian abolitionists, and their want of Christian charity in their mode of carrying on the movement, were a sufficient reason why every one should fall away from them, and leave them to work alone. We believe, however, that the disclosures which have been made, in this late struggle, of the awful character of the evil which they attacked, have wrought such a change in the public mind that, should Mr. Garrison's early articles on this subject be now published, people would inquire with surprise, Where is the strong language, and where the excessive denunciations? Mr. Garrison was like a man on the front cars of a swift-rushing train, who sees terrific danger not seen by those at the other end. The cries that he uttered in time

came to be uttered by every one in the United States, as in their turn the real meaning of the situation flashed upon them.

The sympathy which was felt with the American anti-slavery struggle in England was in part the continued burning of that fire of enthusiasm which had been kindled by the labors of Clarkson and Wilberforce. When the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" roused this smouldering enthusiasm once more in England, there is no manner of doubt that all good people there regarded it as an outbreak of pure virtue. England, so they thought, had come through this great struggle victoriously; she had emancipated all her slaves, and declared the soil of Britain everywhere free. And why should not America do the same?

When the Duchess of Sutherland opened Stafford House for an anti-slavery meeting of the women of England, she was acting as a representative Englishwoman, standing but a little lower than the throne, and representing in herself the whole sentiment of English womanhood. Very gentle and sisterly and tender were the words of that address of "The Englishwomen to their Sisters in America." They spoke of a common lineage, a common religion; they acknowledged the fault and shame of England in bringing this great evil upon the American Colonies; they made this acknowledged fault a reason why they should endeavor to speak to them of the remedies that might yet possibly lie in the power of American women. Under the circumstances, probably no form of words that covered so very objectionable a deed as this memorial could be more unobjectionable. More than half a million of women sent it with their signatures, which, beginning at the foot of the throne, embraced names of every rank and order, down to the wife of the meanest laborer who could sign her name. These signatures, in eighteen folio volumes inclosed in a cabinet of English oak, were sent to America and exhibited at the Boston Anti-Slavery Fair.

Let us not doubt that every signer of that celebrated document, at the time she put her name to it, was for the moment yielding to a true and noble impulse. Our poor human nature is not so very well off in matters of virtue that we can afford to deny it thus much. But in signing that memorial, as well as in uttering certain petitions in the Lord's Prayer, the fair petitioners were asking for a great deal more than they were actually willing to receive. We who say, from Sunday to Sunday, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," are often utterly confounded when God's will *is* done in a way that sweeps off all our cherished plans and expectations.

When the efforts to which the women of England exhorted their sisters had actually been made, and resulted in a great battle, — a battle which it was instinctively felt would necessitate other and similar conflicts throughout Europe, — then it was that the ladies of England shrank from the spirit which they had evoked. And, among all the half million who signed the remonstrance, there was only here and there one to encourage the party that fought for freedom. It is due, however, to truth to say that among these few the Duchess of Sutherland, with her daughter and son-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, stood firm, though standing almost alone. The Duchess of Sutherland, during those days, had retired from society and was an invalid; but of the constancy of her heart, and the clearness of her perceptions of the right, none who knew her could doubt. The immediate consequence of the letter of the ladies of England to those of America was a storm of indignant rejoinder from the Southern States. The sisters across the water, in terms far less conciliatory and language far less guarded than their own, were reminded of all the objectionable features of English society, and politely requested to look at home and let their neighbors' housekeeping alone.

The papers were full of stories of the Duchess of Suther-

land, in which all the barbarities said to attend the Sutherland clearances, years before she became connected with the family, were laid at her door. It was she who had pulled down cottages over the heads of defenseless old women, and turned out the sick and starving to wander and to beg. Whether things like these ever were done under the rule of the Duke's mother, the Duchess, Countess of Sutherland, is not a point here to be discussed.

The history of the Highland clearances and evictions is to this day a sore spot in the minds of the Scotch people, and it is a subject on which one must never hope for a dispassionate inquiry. It was one of those instances where a change necessary for the good of a country excited such vehement bitterness of feeling, and such a collision of passion, as to leave lasting and ineradicable soreness and indignation, even although society has undoubtedly settled into a very much better form in consequence. But, whatever objectionable incidents might have been connected with the clearances of the Highlands, it is quite evident that the Duchess of Sutherland had nothing to do with them, since the system was first introduced in 1806, the same year that she was born, and some of the alleged inhumanities dated back to 1811, when she was a child of five or six years, playing in the halls of Castle Howard.

The Duchess was married to the Duke of Sutherland, then bearing the title of Earl Gower, in the year 1823. She was at that time in her seventeenth year, and the Duke was thirty-seven, being twenty years her senior. The match, however, was not only one of the most brilliant in regard to worldly possessions which a subject could make in England, but it was a peculiarly happy one, considered simply in relation to the quality of the individual. The Duke of Sutherland was one of those refined and delicate characters whose worth can only be fully appreciated on an intimate acquaintance. An unfortunate infirmity of deafness

prevented his ever taking part in the public duties of his station, and caused him to bear in the great and brilliant society in which he moved the part of spectator rather than actor.

An observer who has associated with the English nobility much must have noticed that a certain shrinking shyness is rather characteristic of them. Madame de Staël, in her "Corinne," gives the result of her observations on this point in her character of Lord Nelvil. Much that passes for haughtiness and reserve is often neither more nor less than the remains of an extreme diffidence. In the Duke of Sutherland this shyness was increased by the consciousness of an infirmity which he feared in every company might embarrass those who wished to communicate with him. Master of one of the largest estates in Great Britain, with Stafford House, Trentham Hall, and Dunrobin Castle, each of which could compare favorably with any of the royal residences in Europe, the Duke was always the simplest, the most unostentatious, the most humbly conscientious of human beings. There was something peculiar about his manners in their lowliness and humility: he seemed to ask pardon of the world for holding more of its wealth, power, and splendor than ought to be engrossed by one human being.

In person he was tall and graceful, and his manners were marked by a charm of considerate thoughtfulness for others that was very peculiar. Although his consciousness of his infirmity would have led him to shrink from society, yet he had so considerate a regard for guests in his own house as to always endeavor to make some conversation with each when under his roof; and with such skill and tact did he manage this, that the reply could generally be expressed by a negative or affirmative. In conversation with those of inferior rank, the same lowly courtesy of manner was often visible. Not many years since, an old tenant of the Duke

of Sutherland's now living in Andover, Massachusetts, related this anecdote of him. He had charge of a mill on the Duke's estate, and one day left it to the care of a young man who had newly come into his employ, and to whom the Duke's person was unknown. On his return, the young employee said to him: "There has been an old man to see you: he is quite deaf, poor old gentleman! he said he was sorry to make me speak so loud, and seemed to feel very badly about the trouble he gave me." "Ah! then you have seen the Duke," replied the miller to the astonished apprentice; "that 's our Duke!"

Standing thus apart from the gay and brilliant scene in which he moved, the Duke meditated deeply on the great question of society. His well-known benevolence, and the conscientious care that he gave to the discharge of his duty to his dependents, constantly brought him into contact with the two extremes of life. He saw his own, so brilliant, so abundent; he saw the poor laborer's, so restricted, and so uncertain and confined, and saw it with a deep feeling of sadness akin to self-reproach. All that he could do by the most conscientious and unintermitting efforts seemed so little to bridge over the awful chasm.

The writer well remembers one evening during a stay of some days at Dunrobin Castle. The dining-hall was, as usual, brilliantly lighted, and a company of about forty persons, including some of the first in rank and beauty among the nobility, were present. The service of the table was even more than usually exquisite in taste and ornamentation, but the Duke sat at the head of all with the gentle thoughtfulness of manner so habitual with him. After a few moments he wrote and passed to the writer these lines of Milman: —

> "We sit on a cloud and sing like pictured angels,
> And say the world runs smooth, while right below
> Welters the vast fermenting heap of life
> On which our state is built."

In the conversation that followed, it was evident that his was a delicately and sensitively conscientious spirit, oppressed by worldly greatness as an awful trust and serious responsibility, and pained by many things in the constitution of society which he felt powerless to alter.

Of his immense possessions he evidently regarded himself only as a steward. The total population of the Sutherland estate at this time was 21,784; and the care of such a property of course occupied the whole of his attention during those months of every year which he spent upon it. The estate was divided into three districts, each under a superintendent, who communicated with the Duke through a general agent. The Duke devoted every Monday to seeing such of his tenants as wished to have personal interviews, and, lest his infirmity of hearing should cause him to misunderstand any case, he took the further precaution to have it always submitted in writing. In addition to the three factors who had the general care of the estate, a ground officer was maintained in every parish, and an agriculturist in the Dunrobin district, who gave particular attention to instructing the people in the best methods of farming.

Since the year 1811 four hundred and thirty miles of road have been constructed on the Sutherland estate, and thirteen post-offices and sub-offices been established in the county. Since that time, also, there have been fourteen inns either built or enlarged by the Duke. Thousands of acres of land, since that time, which were supposed to be worthless for cultivation, have been reclaimed by means of agricultural knowledge and made productive. Large forests of woodland have been planted, improved breeds of cattle of all sorts have been distributed through the county, and a large fishing-village established, which affords employment to thirty-nine hundred people. Savings banks have been established in every parish, of which the Duke of Sutherland is patron. He has been also a liberal patron of educa-

tion. Beside the parish schools, the Duke of Sutherland contributed to the support of several schools for young women, at which sewing and other branches of industrial education were taught. In 1844 he agreed to establish twelve general schools in such parts of the county as were out of the sphere of the parochial schools, and to contribute annually two hundred pounds in aid of salaries to teachers, besides furnishing house, garden, and cows' grass. Three medical gentlemen on the estate received a yearly allowance from the Duke of Sutherland for attendance on the poor in the district in which they resided.

The mere suggestion of the labors of superintending such an estate must strike any one; and then, if we consider another large estate to be cared for in Staffordshire, and three or four smaller ones in different parts of England, and twelve parishes at the Duke's disposal in appointing clergymen, we can see how great must be the cares of a man of delicate moral nature, humble in his estimate of himself, judging himself severely, and with high ideas of what should be expected from the possessor of such great resources.

The writer once spent a pleasant day with the Duke and Duchess in riding over their estates, and viewing the various improvements which they were planning for their people. The sensitiveness which the Duke seemed to exhibit to the good or ill fortune of his poorer tenants was quite touching. It had been a very wet season, and when the Duke passed a little patch of wheat just reaped, and lying exposed to the rain, it really seemed to give him more pain than anything which could have touched himself. Whatever the temptations of rank and station may be to men who look upon them in a different way, it is certain that to the Duke life was one long practice of the duties of fatherly consideration for others.

The Duchess was of a character in many respects different from that of the Duke, but harmoniously adapted to it.

She was generous, frank, and confiding, with great powers of enjoyment herself, as well as great power of dispensing joy to others. Life, from the point of view of a beautiful woman whose very smile makes summer where she moves, cannot be the same that it is to a thoughtful man who feels chiefly the burden of its responsibilities.

The Duchess inherited no tendency to any form of creative literary or artistic talent; she did not write poems like her grandmother, nor occupy her leisure hours with drawing or painting. The great charm of her nature was its appreciativeness. Artists, poets, and literary men all found in her just enough of their own nature to enable her to understand them. With all the soft repose of manner which high-breeding gives, she possessed the gift of a peculiar magnetic warmth of nature, which dissipated reserve, and in a few moments placed the most diffident at ease with her. This natural advantage had been improved and turned to the best account by culture. If there be any one word which expresses the beginning, middle, and end of what is taught to a young woman carefully brought up in the upper ranks of English life, it is CONSIDERATION. *Noblesse oblige* is a motto never lost sight of in their early training. As soon as a child can open a book or appreciate a picture, it is taught its duty to show something or do something that may contribute to the enjoyment of some friend or visitor; and life is thus made a study of thoughtful attentions to others. Such a training as this and such early habits gave to the Duchess of Sutherland, in her magnificent beauty, a sort of divining power by which she was enabled always to say and do precisely the right thing, and to give pleasure to every one who approached her.

One instance of her thoughtfulness is worth mentioning here. In a party that arrived at Dunrobin Castle, one evening, were two young American girls, who never had been in society in their own country. As the party arrived

late, they were not dressed in season when the brilliant dinner-company assembled in the drawing-room, previous to passing out to the dinner-table. The Duchess herself, however, attended these guests to their rooms, and saw to their comfort, and, appreciating the natural diffidence of young persons, she bade them not to give themselves any uneasiness, as she would send after them in time for dinner. After a little while, instead of sending a servant to convoy them to the drawing-room, she came herself to their apartments, and said graciously, "I hope I have not kept you waiting;" and, taking a hand of each with motherly tenderness, she led them with her into the drawing-room.

On another occasion, an American lady was riding out with her, and seemed particularly struck with the variety and beauty of the heather which fringed the path, and made many inquiries about it.

On returning from the drive, while this lady was dressing for dinner, a basket was brought to her apartment, in which every species of heather known in Scotland was represented, — each kind with a neat label affixed to it, giving its botanical name. That evening the floral ornaments of the dinner-table were all of heather, — the centre-piece being a beautiful statuette of Highland Mary; and the Duchess wore heather for her head-dress, saying to her friend: "You see what pleasure it gives us Scotch people to have our native productions appreciated." A service of china was used on the dinner-table, on which heather was exquisitely painted. This could not, of course, have been got up to order, and its existence among the repositories of the castle showed that the Duchess must have appreciated the flower long before.

One other anecdote will illustrate the spirit of the Duchess's whole family circle. Her sister, Lady ——, was returning from an afternoon drive with two guests, when they expressed a curiosity to see a certain building which had

been a matter of conversation, and she said, "I will tell the driver to take us there before we return to the castle." The coachman, however, was a little deaf, and the lady's order did not reach him; and therefore, instead of taking the turn which she expected, he drove directly to the castle.

"There now, poor little man!" was her comment; "he did n't understand me. I could n't tell him now, it would mortify him so that he would never get over it; but I will take you there to-morrow."

In all the relations between these powerful people and those who depended upon them, the iron hand of power was always concealed under the softest glove of consideration.

The only sense in which the Duchess could be said to be a creative artist was in the embellishment of every dwelling-place she inhabited, in which artists, architects, and landscape-gardeners carried out her poetic conceptions, and gave expression to her exquisite tastes. Her house, however gorgeous and splendid, had always that indefinable charm of home comfort about it which comes from the individual thoughtfulness of the possessor for the tastes and feelings of others.

During the time of the writer's stay in Dunrobin Castle, thirty or forty guests, each with servants and dependents, were visiting at the castle, yet everything moved on with that air of tranquillity and home quiet which belongs to a small, well-regulated family. The Duchess, at the head, kept her eye on all, thought of all, provided for all. Every day to each was proposed such varied forms of occupation or amusement as it was imagined would be most agreeable. The supervision of the happiness and comfort of all was perfect, though invisible. The results could only be accomplished by that perfect domestic system which has for ages been the striking characteristic of English family life. Everything there has a precedent, an established order;

every person knows his exact place, and is exactly fitted for it; and it is quite possible for a generous and magnanimous nature, full of hospitality and thoughtfulness, to infuse itself into every co-worker, down to the meanest attendant.

The exact disposition of hours also give to the heads of establishments a great deal of uninterrupted time, which they may at pleasure devote to reading, study, business, or the care of children. A day at Dunrobin Castle was spent much in this fashion. Between eight and nine o'clock the guests began assembling in a charming little boudoir adjoining the grand drawing-room, where the breakfast was always served. Here the Duchess, always fresh and radiant, and with something appropriate and kind to say to each one, waited for a few moments before leading the way to a room where the servants of the family were assembled for family worship. On the entrance of the Duchess and her guests all rose respectfully, and remained standing until they were seated; after which the Duchess read morning prayers, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined audibly. Breakfast, which immediately followed, was on the whole the most charming meal of the day, — the table being spread in the brightest and airiest room of the house, whose windows overlooked the treetops of the forest and the blue waters of the German Ocean. It was a meal of unconventional freedom and ease; every one's letters were laid beside his plate, and the opening and reading of these, and the passing backwards and forwards of cheerful bits of information gathered from them, formed a very pleasant feature of the hour.

After breakfast there was a little season of chatting and lounging in the parlors, while the Duchess arranged with some of her friends a thoughtful programme of the day, which included provision for the comfort and amusement of every guest; and these arrangements being understood, the Duchess could command her time until luncheon, at two

o'clock. The gentlemen of the family, as a general thing, were supposed to spend the day in the open air, as this was the shooting season.

After lunch, at two o'clock, the guests generally drove out, and spent the afternoon in excursions to different points of interest in the surrounding beautiful country, returning in season for an hour of rest and refreshment before the dressing-bell rang for dinner.

Dinner at eight o'clock was the grand reunion of the day; all, however divided in pursuits, were expected to meet then, and spend the evening thenceforward in each other's society. Music and conversation diversified the evening, and at twelve o'clock the Duchess dismissed each of her guests, handing her a night-lamp with some appropriate kind word. The disappearance of the beautifully dressed ladies up and down the long corridors of the castle, with these silver night-lamps in their hands, and their passing behind the draperied portals of the different doors, was like a scene in the opera.

The Duchess was never insensible to the poetry of the life she was living. The romantic castle by the sea had its charms for her, and she enriched its architecture and arranged its apartments with many graceful suggestions. The boudoir, where we assembled in the morning, was lined with sea-green satin, and the cornices of the curtains were of white enameled shells and coral. The tables and furniture of the room were adorned with shells and coral; even the small mouldings were wrought in the form of sea-shells. Nothing could be thought of more quaintly beautiful than the terraced walks, the magnificent staircases, the lovely gardens with their fountains and their flowers, that surrounded this castle.

With the warm inspiration of the Duchess's lovely and life-giving presence, Dunrobin seems to us like a beautiful dream. And though the rose of England is now faded,

though leaf by leaf dropped from it in that long and weary trial of debility and sickness which must end the most prosperous life, yet it is comforting to think that the noblest and sweetest part of what gave the charm there is immortal.

Patient continuance in well-doing was the great effort and end of her own life and her husband's. And of all that they possessed, this patient continuance is the only thing that retains permanent value in the eyes of God or man.

SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL

MANY years ago, the few readers of radical abolitionist papers must often have seen the singular name of Sojourner Truth announced as a frequent speaker at anti-slavery meetings, and as traveling on a sort of self-appointed agency through the country. I had myself often remarked the name, but never met the individual. On one occasion, when our house was filled with company, several eminent clergymen being our guests, notice was brought up to me that Sojourner Truth was below and requested an interview. Knowing nothing of her but her singular name, I went down, prepared to make the interview short, as the pressure of many other engagements demanded.

When I went into the room, a tall, spare form arose to meet me. She was evidently a full-blooded African, and, though now aged and worn with many hardships, still gave the impression of a physical development which in early youth must have been as fine a specimen of the torrid zone as Cumberworth's celebrated statuette of the Negro Woman at the Fountain. Indeed, she so strongly reminded me of that figure, that, when I recall the events of her life, as she narrated them to me, I imagine her as a living, breathing impersonation of that work of art.

I do not recollect ever to have been conversant with any one who had more of that silent and subtle power which we call personal presence than this woman. In the modern spiritualistic phraseology, she would be described as having a strong sphere. Her tall form, as she rose up before me, is still vivid to my mind. She was dressed in some stout,

grayish stuff, neat and clean, though dusty from travel. On her head she wore a bright Madras handkerchief, arranged as a turban, after the manner of her race. She seemed perfectly self-possessed and at her ease, — in fact, there was almost an unconscious superiority, not unmixed with a solemn twinkle of humor, in the odd, composed manner in which she looked down on me. Her whole air had at times a gloomy sort of drollery which impressed one strangely.

"So this is *you?*" she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, honey, de Lord bless ye! I jes' thought I'd like to come an' have a look at ye. You's heerd o' me, I reckon?" she added.

"Yes, I think I have. You go about lecturing, do you not?"

"Yes, honey, that's what I do. The Lord has made me a sign unto this nation, an' I go round a-testifyin', an' showin' on 'em their sins agin my people."

So saying, she took a seat, and, stooping over and crossing her arms on her knees, she looked down on the floor, and appeared to fall into a sort of reverie. Her great gloomy eyes and her dark face seemed to work with some undercurrent of feeling; she sighed deeply, and occasionally broke out, —

"O Lord! O Lord! O the tears, an' the groans, an' the moans! O Lord!"

I should have said that she was accompanied by a little grandson of ten years, — the fattest, jolliest woolly-headed little specimen of Africa that one can imagine. He was grinning and showing his glistening white teeth in a state of perpetual merriment, and at this moment broke out into an audible giggle, which disturbed the reverie into which his relative was falling.

She looked at him with an indulgent sadness, and then at me.

"Laws, ma'am, *he* don't know nothin' about it, — *he* don't. Why, I 've seen them poor critturs, beat an' 'bused an' hunted, brought in all torn, — ears hangin' all in rags, where the dogs been a-bitin' of 'em!"

This set off our little African Puck into another giggle, in which he seemed perfectly convulsed.

She surveyed him soberly, without the slightest irritation.

"Well, you may bless the Lord you *can* laugh; but I tell you, 't wa'n't no laughin' matter."

By this time I thought her manner so original that it might be worth while to call down my friends; and she seemed perfectly well pleased with the idea. An audience was what she wanted, — it mattered not whether high or low, learned or ignorant. She had things to say, and was ready to say them at all times, and to any one.

I called down Dr. Beecher, Professor Allen, and two or three other clergymen, who, together with my husband and family, made a roomful. No princess could have received a drawing-room with more composed dignity than Sojourner her audience. She stood among them, calm and erect, as one of her own native palm-trees waving alone in the desert. I presented one after another to her, and at last said, —

"Sojourner, this is Dr. Beecher. He is a very celebrated preacher."

"*Is* he?" she said, offering her hand in a condescending manner, and looking down on his white head. "Ye dear lamb, I 'm glad to see ye! De Lord bless ye! I loves preachers. I 'm a kind o' preacher myself."

"You are?" said Dr. Beecher. "Do you preach from the Bible?"

"No, honey, can't preach from de Bible, — can't read a letter."

"Why, Sojourner, what do you preach from, then?"

Her answer was given with a solemn power of voice, peculiar to herself, that hushed every one in the room.

"When I preaches, I has just one text to preach from, an' I always preaches from this one. *My* text is, 'WHEN I FOUND JESUS.'"

"Well, you could n't have a better one," said one of the ministers.

She paid no attention to him, but stood and seemed swelling with her own thoughts, and then began this narration: —

"Well, now, I 'll jest have to go back, an' tell ye all about it. Ye see, we was all brought over from Africa, father an' mother an' I, an' a lot more of us; an' we was sold up an' down, an' hither an' yon; an' I can 'member when I was a little thing, not bigger than this 'ere," pointing to her grandson, "how my ole mammy would sit out o' doors in the evenin', an' look up at the stars an' groan. She 'd groan an' groan, an' says I to her, —

"'Mammy, what makes you groan so?'

"An' she 'd say, —

"'Matter enough, chile! I 'm groanin' to think o' my poor children: they don't know where I be, an' I don't know where they be; they looks up at the stars, an' I looks up at the stars, but I can't tell where they be.

"'Now,' she said, 'chile, when you 're grown up, you may be sold away from your mother an' all your ole friends, an' have great troubles come on ye; an' when you has these troubles come on ye, ye jes' go to God, an' He 'll help ye.'

"An' says I to her, —

"'Who is God anyhow, mammy?'

"An' says she, —

"'Why, chile, you jes' look up *dar!* It 's Him that made all *dem!*'

"Well, I did n't mind much 'bout God in them days. I

grew up pretty lively an' strong, an' could row a boat, or ride a horse, or work round, an' do 'most anything.

"At last I got sold away to a real hard massa an' missis. Oh, I tell you, they *was* hard! 'Peared like I could n't please 'em, nohow. An' then I thought o' what my old mammy told me about God; an' I thought I 'd got into trouble, sure enough, an' I wanted to find God, an' I heerd some one tell a story about a man that met God on a threshin'-floor, an' I thought, 'Well an' good, I 'll have a threshin'-floor, too.' So I went down in the lot, an' I threshed down a place real hard, an' I used to go down there every day an' pray an' cry with all my might, a-prayin' to the Lord to make my massa an' missis better, but it did n't seem to do no good; an' so says I, one day, —

"'O God, I been a-askin' ye, an' askin' ye, for all this long time, to make my massa an' missis better, an' you don't do it, an' what *can* be the reason? Why, maybe you *can't*. Well, I should n't wonder ef you could n't. Well, now, I tell you, I 'll make a bargain with you. Ef you 'll help me to git away from my massa an' missis, I 'll agree to be good; but ef you don't help me, I really don't think I can be. Now,' says I, 'I want to git away; but the trouble 's jest here: ef I try to git away in the night, I can't see; an' ef I try to git away in the daytime, they 'll see me, an' be after me.'

"Then the Lord said to me, 'Git up two or three hours afore daylight, an' start off.'

"An' says I, 'Thank 'ee, Lord! that 's a good thought.'

"So up I got, about three o'clock in the mornin', an' I started an' traveled pretty fast, till, when the sun rose, I was clear away from our place an' our folks, an' out o' sight. An' then I begun to think I did n't know nothin' where to go. So I kneeled down, and says I, —

"'Well, Lord, you 've started me out, an' now please to show me where to go.'

"Then the Lord made a house appear to me, an' He said to me that I was to walk on till I saw that house, an' then go in an' ask the people to take me. An' I traveled all day, an' did n't come to the house till late at night; but when I saw it, sure enough, I went in, an' I told the folks that the Lord sent me; an' they was Quakers, an' real kind they was to me. They jes' took me in, an' did for me as kind as ef I 'd been one of 'em; an' after they 'd giv me supper, they took me into a room where there was a great, tall, white bed; an' they told me to sleep there. Well, honey, I was kind o' skeered when they left me alone with that great white bed; 'cause I never had been in a bed in my life. It never came into my mind they could mean me to sleep in it. An' so I jes' camped down under it on the floor, an' then I slep' pretty well. In the mornin', when they came in, they asked me ef I had n't been asleep; an' I said, 'Yes, I never slep' better.' An' they said, 'Why, you have n't been in the bed!' An' says I, 'Laws, you did n't think o' sech a thing as my sleepin' in dat ar *bed*, did you? I never heerd o' sech a thing in my life.'

"Well, ye see, honey, I stayed an' lived with 'em. An' now jes' look here: instead o' keepin' my promise an' bein' good, as I told the Lord I would, jest as soon as everything got a-goin' easy, *I forgot all about God.*

"Pretty well don't need no help; an' I gin up prayin'. I lived there two or three years, an' then the slaves in New York were all set free, an' ole massa came to our house to make a visit, an' he asked me ef I did n't want to go back an' see the folks on the ole place. An' I told him I did. So he said, ef I 'd jes' git into the wagon with him, he 'd carry me over. Well, jest as I was goin' out to git into the wagon, *I met God!* an' says I, 'O God, I did n't know as you was so great!' An' I turned right round an' come into the house, an' set down in my room; for 't was God all around me. I could feel it burnin', burnin', burnin' all around me, an'

goin' through me; an' I saw I was so wicked, it seemed as ef it would burn me up. An' I said, 'Oh, somebody, somebody, stand between God an' me, for it burns me!' Then, honey, when I said so, I felt as it were somethin' like an *amberill* [umbrella] that came between me an' the light, an' I felt it was *somebody*, — somebody that stood between me an' God; an' it felt cool, like a shade; an' says I, 'Who 's this that stands between me an' God? Is it old Cato?' He was a pious old preacher; but then I seemed to see Cato in the light, an' he was all polluted an' vile, like me; an' I said, 'Is it old Sally?' an' then I saw her, an' she seemed jes' so. An' then says I, '*Who* is this?' An' then, honey, for a while it was like the sun shinin' in a pail o' water, when it moves up an' down; for I begun to feel 't was somebody that loved me; an' I tried to know him. An' I said, 'I know you! I know you! I know you!' — an' then I said, 'I don't know you! I don't know you! I don't know you!' An' when I said, 'I know you, I know you,' the light came; an' when I said, 'I don't know you, I don't know you,' it went, jes' like the sun in a pail o' water. An' finally somethin' spoke out in me an' said, '*This is Jesus!*' an' I spoke out with all my might, an' says I, '*This is Jesus!* Glory be to God!' An' then the whole world grew bright, an' the trees they waved an' waved in glory, an' every little bit o' stone on the ground shone like glass; an' I shouted an' said, 'Praise, praise, praise to the Lord!' An' I begun to feel sech a love in my soul as I never felt before, — love to all creatures. An' then, all of a sudden, it stopped, an' I said, 'Dar 's de white folks, that have abused you an' beat you an' abused your people, — think o' them!' But then there came another rush of love through my soul, an' I cried out loud, 'Lord, Lord, I can love *even de white folks!*'

"Honey, I jes' walked round an' round in a dream. Jesus loved me! I knowed it, — I felt it. Jesus was my

Jesus. Jesus would love me always. I did n't dare tell nobody; 't was a great secret. Everything had been got away from me that I ever had; an' I thought that ef I let white folks know about this, maybe they 'd get *Him* away, — so I said, 'I 'll keep this close. I won't let any one know.' "

"But, Sojourner, had you never been told about Jesus Christ?"

"No, honey. I had n't heerd no preachin', — been to no meetin'. Nobody had n't told me. I 'd kind o' heerd of Jesus, but thought he was like Gineral Lafayette, or some o' them. But one night there was a Methodist meetin' somewhere in our parts, an' I went; an' they got up an' begun for to tell der 'speriences; an' de fust one begun to speak. I started, 'cause he told about Jesus. 'Why,' says I to myself, 'dat man 's found him, too!' An' another got up an' spoke, an' I said, 'He 's found him, too!' An' finally I said, 'Why, they all know him!' I was so happy! An' then they sung this hymn" (here Sojourner sang, in a strange, cracked voice, but evidently with all her soul and might, mispronouncing the English, but seeming to derive as much elevation and comfort from bad English as from good): —

"There is a holy city,
A world of light above,
Above the stairs and regions, [1]
Built by the God of love.

"An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white
There serve their great Redeemer
And dwell with him in light.

"The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of Jesus on his throne?

[1] Starry regions.

"Is this the man of sorrows
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod
And by his men of war?

"He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe.

"The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,

"Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

"And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know.

"In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high,
I'll think of that bright temple
And crowns above the sky."

I put in this whole hymn, because Sojourner, carried away with her own feeling, sang it from beginning to end with a triumphant energy that held the whole circle around her intently listening. She sang with the strong barbaric accent of the native African, and with those indescribable upward turns and those deep gutturals which give such a wild, peculiar power to the negro singing, — but, above all, with such an overwhelming energy of personal appropriation that the hymn seemed to be fused in the furnace of her feelings and come out recrystallized as a production of her own.

It is said that Rachel was wont to chant the Marseillaise in a manner that made her seem, for the time, the very spirit and impersonation of the gaunt, wild, hungry, aveng-

ing mob which rose against aristocratic oppression; and in like manner Sojourner, singing this hymn, seemed to impersonate the fervor of Ethiopia, savage, hunted of all nations, but burning after God in her tropic heart, and stretching her scarred hands towards the glory to be revealed.

"Well, den, ye see, after a while I thought I'd go back an' see de folks on de ole place. Well, you know, de law had passed dat de cullud folks was all free; an' my old missis, she had a daughter married about dis time who went to live in Alabama, — an' what did she do but give her my son, a boy about de age of dis yer, for her to take down to Alabama? When I got back to de ole place, they told me about it, an' I went right up to see ole missis, an' says I, —

"'Missis, have you been an' sent my son away down to Alabama?'

"'Yes, I have,' says she; 'he 's gone to live with your young missis.'

"'Oh, missis,' says I, 'how could you do it?'

"'Poh!' says she 'what a fuss you make about a little nigger! Got more of 'em now than you know what to do with.'

"I tell you, I stretched up. I felt as tall as the world!

"'Missis,' says I, '*I 'll have my son back agin!*'

"She laughed.

"'*You* will, you nigger? How you goin' to do it? You ha'n't got no money.'

"'No, missis, but *God* has, an' you 'll see He 'll help me!' An' I turned round, an' went out.

"Oh, but I *was* angry to have her speak to me so haughty an' so scornful, as ef my chile was n't worth anything. I said to God, 'O Lord, render unto her double!' It was a dreadful prayer, an' I did n't know how true it would come.

"Well, I did n't rightly know which way to turn; but

I went to the Lord, an' I said to Him, 'O Lord, ef I was as rich as you be, an' you was as poor as I be, I'd help you, — you *know* I would; and, oh, do help me!' An' I felt sure then that He would.

"Well, I talked with people, an' they said I must git the case before a grand jury. So I went into the town, when they was holdin' a court, to see ef I could find any grand jury. An' I stood round the court-house, an' when they was a-comin' out I walked right up to the grandest-lookin' one I could see, an' says I to him, —

"'Sir, be you a grand jury?'

"An' then he wanted to know why I asked, an' I told him all about it; an' he asked me all sorts of questions, an' finally he says to me, —

"'I think, ef you pay me ten dollars, that I'd agree to git your son for you.' An' says he, pointin' to a house over the way, 'You go long an' tell your story to the folks in that house, an' I guess they'll give you the money.'

"Well, I went, an' I told them, an' they gave me twenty dollars; an' then I thought to myself, 'Ef ten dollars will git him, twenty dollars will git him *sartin*.' So I carried it to the man all out, an' said, —

"'Take it all, — only be sure an' git him.'

"Well, finally they got the boy brought back; an' then they tried to frighten him, an' to make him say that I was n't his mammy, an' that he did n't know me; but they could n't make it out. They gave him to me, an' I took him an' carried him home; an' when I came to take off his clothes, there was his poor little back all covered with scars an' hard lumps, where they'd flogged him.

"Well, you see, honey, I told you how I prayed the Lord to render unto her double. Well, it came true; for I was up at ole missis' house not long after, an' I heerd 'em readin' a letter to her how her daughter's husband had murdered her, — how he'd thrown her down an' stamped

the life out of her when he was in liquor; an' my ole missis, she giv' a screech an' fell flat on the floor. Then says I, 'O Lord, I did n't mean all that! You took me up too quick.'

"Well, I went in an' tended that poor critter all night. She was out of her mind, — a-cryin,' an' callin' for her daughter; an' I held her poor ole head on my arm, an' watched for her as ef she 'd been my babby. An' I watched by her, an' took care on her all through her sickness after that, an' she died in my arms, poor thing!"

"Well, Sojourner, did you always go by this name?"

"No, 'deed! My name was Isabella; but when I left the house of bondage, I left everything behind. I wa'n't goin' to keep nothin' of Egypt on me, an' so I went to the Lord an' asked Him to give me a new name. And the Lord gave me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterwards I told the Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to the people.

"Ye see, some ladies have given me a white satin banner," she said, pulling out of her pocket and unfolding a white banner, printed with many texts, such as, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and others of like nature. "Well," she said, "I journeys round to camp-meetin's, an' wherever folks is, an' I sets up my banner, an' then I sings, an' then folks always comes up round me, an' then I preaches to 'em. I tells 'em about Jesus, an' I tells 'em about the sins of this people. A great many always comes to hear me; an' they 're right good to me, too, an' say they want to hear me agin."

We all thought it likely; and as the company left her, they shook hands with her, and thanked her for her very

original sermon; and one of the ministers was overheard to say to another, "There 's more of the gospel in that story than in most sermons."

Sojourner stayed several days with us, a welcome guest. Her conversation was so strong, simple, shrewd, and with such a droll flavoring of humor, that the Professor was wont to say of an evening, "Come, I am dull, can't you get Sojourner up here to talk a little?" She would come up into the parlor, and sit among pictures and ornaments, in her simple stuff gown, with her heavy traveling-shoes, the central object of attention both to parents and children, always ready to talk or to sing, and putting into the common flow of conversation the keen edge of some shrewd remark.

"Sojourner, what do you think of Women's Rights?"

"Well, honey, I 's ben to der meetings, an' harked a good deal. Dey wanted me fur to speak. So I got up. Says I, 'Sisters, I ain't clear what you 'd be after. Ef women want any rights more 'n dey 's got, why don't dey jes' *take 'em*, an' not be talkin' about it?' Some on 'em came round me, an' asked why I did n't wear bloomers. An' I told 'em I had bloomers enough when I was in bondage. You see," she said, "dey used to weave what dey called nigger-cloth, an' each one of us got jes' sech a strip, an' had to wear it width-wise. Them that was short got along pretty well, but as for me" — She gave an indescribably droll glance at her long limbs and then at us, and added, "Tell *you*, I had enough of bloomers in them days."

Sojourner then proceeded to give her views of the relative capacity of the sexes, in her own way.

"S'pose a man's mind holds a quart, an' a woman's don't hold but a pint; ef her pint is *full*, it 's as good as his quart."

Sojourner was fond of singing an extraordinary lyric, commencing, —

"I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold but happy land;
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.
O righteous Father,
Do look down on me,
And help me on to Canada,
Where colored folks are free!"

The lyric ran on to state that, when the fugitive crosses the Canada line,

"The Queen comes down unto the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To welcome the poor fugitive
Safe on to Freedom's side."

In the truth thus set forth she seemed to have the most simple faith.

But her chief delight was to talk of "glory," and to sing hymns whose burden was, —

"O glory, glory, glory,
Won't you come along with me?"

and when left to herself she would often hum these with great delight, nodding her head.

On one occasion I remember her sitting at a window singing, and fervently keeping time with her head, the little black Puck of a grandson meanwhile amusing himself with ornamenting her red-and-yellow turban with green dandelion curls, which shook and trembled with her emotions, causing him perfect convulsions of delight.

"Sojourner," said the Professor to her one day when he heard her singing, "you seem to be very sure about heaven."

"Well, I be," she answered triumphantly.

"What makes you so sure there is any heaven?"

"Well, 'cause I got such a hankerin' arter it in here," she said, giving a thump on her breast with her usual energy.

There was at the time an invalid in the house, and Sojourner, on learning it, felt a mission to go and comfort her.

It was curious to see the tall, gaunt, dusky figure stalk up to the bed, with such an air of conscious authority, and take on herself the office of consoler with such a mixture of authority and tenderness. She talked as from above, and at the same time if a pillow needed changing, or any office to be rendered, she did it with a strength and handiness that inspired trust. One felt as if the dark, strange woman were quite able to take up the invalid in her bosom and bear her as a lamb, both physically and spiritually. There was both power and sweetness in that great warm soul and that vigorous frame.

At length Sojourner, true to her name, departed. She had her mission elsewhere. Where now she is, I know not; but she left deep memories behind her.

To these recollections of my own, I will add one more anecdote, related by Wendell Phillips. Speaking of the power of Rachel to move and bear down a whole audience by a few simple words, he said he never knew but one other human being that had that power, and that other was Sojourner Truth. He related a scene of which he was witness. It was at a crowded public meeting in Faneuil Hall, where Frederick Douglass was one of the chief speakers. Douglas had been describing the wrongs of the black race, and as he proceeded he grew more and more excited, and finally ended by saying that they had no hope of justice from the whites, no possible hope except in their own right arms. It must come to blood; they must fight for themselves, and redeem themselves, or it would never be done. Sojourner was sitting, tall and dark, on the very front seat, facing the platform; and in the hush of deep feeling, after Douglas sat down, she spoke out in her deep, peculiar voice, heard all over the house, —

"Frederick, *is God dead?*"

The effect was perfectly electrical, and thrilled through the whole house, changing as by a flash the whole feeling of

the audience. Not another word she said or needed to say; it was enough.

It is with a sad feeling that one contemplates noble minds and bodies, nobly and grandly formed human beings, that have come to us cramped, scarred, maimed, out of the prison-house of bondage. One longs to know what such beings might have become if suffered to unfold and expand under the kindly developing influences of education.

It is the theory of some writers that to the African is reserved, in the later and palmier days of the earth, the full and harmonious development of the religious element in man. The African seems to seize on the tropical fervor and luxuriance of Scripture imagery as something native; he appears to feel himself to be of the same blood with those old burning, simple souls, the patriarchs, prophets, and seers, whose impassioned words seem only grafted as foreign plants on the cooler stock of the Occidental mind.

I cannot but think that Sojourner, with the same culture, might have spoken words as eloquent and undying as those of the African Saint Augustine or Tertullian. How grand and queenly a woman she might have been, with her wonderful physical vigor, her great heaving sea of emotion, her power of spiritual conception, her quick penetration, and her boundless energy! We might conceive an African type of woman so largely made and moulded, so much fuller in all the elements of life, physical and spiritual, that the dark hue of the skin should seem only to add an appropriate charm, as Milton says of his Penseroso, whom he imagines

> "Black, but such as in esteem
> Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
> Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
> To set her beauty's praise above
> The sea-nymph's."

But though Sojourner Truth has passed away from among us as a wave of the sea, her memory still lives in one of the

loftiest and most original works of modern art, the Libyan Sibyl, by Mr. Story, which attracted so much attention in the late World's Exhibition. Some years ago, when visiting Rome, I related Sojourner's history to Mr. Story at a breakfast at his house. Already had his mind begun to turn to Egypt in search of a type of art which should represent a larger and more vigorous development of nature than the cold elegance of Greek lines. His glorious Cleopatra was then in process of evolution, and his mind was working out the problem of her broadly developed nature, of all that slumbering weight and fullness of passion with which this statue seems charged, as a heavy thundercloud is charged with electricity.

The history of Sojourner Truth worked in his mind and led him into the deeper recesses of the African nature, — those unexplored depths of being and feeling, mighty and dark as the gigantic depths of tropical forests, mysterious as the hidden rivers and mines of that burning continent whose life-history is yet to be. A few days after, he told me that he had conceived the idea of a statue which he should call the Libyan Sibyl. Two years subsequently, I revisited Rome, and found the gorgeous Cleopatra finished, a thing to marvel at, as the creation of a new style of beauty, a new manner of art. Mr. Story requested me to come and repeat to him the history of Sojourner Truth, saying that the conception had never left him. I did so; and a day or two after, he showed me the clay model of the Libyan Sibyl. I have never seen the marble statue, but am told by those who have that it was by far the most impressive work of art at the Exhibition.

A notice of the two statues from the London "Athenæum" must supply a description which I cannot give: —

The Cleopatra and the Sibyl are seated, partly draped with the characteristic Egyptian gown, that gathers about

the torso and falls freely around the limbs; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm, willful purpose filled her brain, as it seems to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole woman 'would.' Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic *uræus*, or twining basilisk of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lapels, or wings, that fall upon the shoulders. The *Sibilla Libica* has crossed her knees, — an action universally held amongst the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-bloom proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein choosing to place his figure the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burdened with the knowledge of centuries, as Virgil, Livy, and Gellius say. Good artistic example might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee; and to keep her secrets closer, for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls, she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain that looks out through mournful, warning eyes, seen under the wide shade of the strange horned (ammonite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its upturned front. Over her full bosom, mother of myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet.

We hope to see the day when copies both of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl shall adorn the Capitol at Washington.

LIFE IN FLORIDA AFTER THE WAR

OUR FLORIDA PLANTATION

It was a hazy, dreamy, sultry February day, such as comes down from the skies of Florida in the opening of spring. A faint scent of orange-blossoms was in the air, though as yet there seemed to be only white buds on the trees. The deciduous forests along the banks of the broad St. John's were just showing that misty dimness which announces the opening of young buds. The river lay calm as a mirror, streaked here and there with broad bands of intenser blue, which melted dreamily into purplish mists in the distance.

Late in the afternoon a tiny sail-boat might have been seen lying in almost immovable stillness in the middle of the river. She was a picturesque object enough, with her white sail reflected far down in the blue mirror; but it was no sport to the party on board to find themselves becalmed there, with the sun sinking westward, and the shore where they were to spend the night full three miles away.

That sail-boat contained us and our furniture and belongings, just going to take up our abode upon "our plantation." The history of our plantation so far had been briefly this: the year of the closing of our war, two captains of the Union army, who had been serving in Florida, had conceived the bright idea of hiring a plantation and making their fortunes in raising cotton. The process of reasoning was very simple: *cotton* is the one thing *sure* always to be wanted in the world; Florida is the country which can grow the best long-staple cotton; and here is a plantation which

may be hired for a very reasonable sum, and negroes versed in the processes of culture on all hands asking for work. So the valiant ex-captains rented the famous plantation, which in this story we shall call Laurel Grove, and went to work the moment peace was declared.

The next year they reinforced their numbers and capital by drawing to their firm another ex-Union captain and a practical New England farmer. The party on the sail-boat consisted of said practical New England farmer with his wife, who had just come down to meet him, and the mother of one of the ex-captains, who had also come to assist in the inauguration of a family state for this hitherto bachelor firm. There was likewise in the party the hope of our agricultural friend, a white-robed New England baby in long clothes, whose principal care seemed to be to see to it that his mother should attend to him first, whatever else in creation there might be to attend to.

There was, moreover, a clergyman in feeble health, who had come to see what the air of Florida would do for him, and who, reclining in the shadow of the sail, relieved the tedium of the way by playing airs on his violin,— a choice old Amati with notes as smooth as the St. John's at his smoothest.

But, oh, the treacherous river! How many can testify as to that provoking middle passage, when, having come precisely to the point where the shore is two miles away on either side, down flaps the sail, the faithless zephyrs go off laughing, and leave you to rock idly to and fro and enjoy your meditations!

"I guess the wind will spring up when the sun goes down," said the skipper, as he stretched himself out for a comfortable nap.

"But that will delay us till after dark!" we cried, "and here are our bedsteads and carpets and things; why, there 'll be no time to get anything fixed to sleep on." For the plantation house, be it known, was yet unfurnished, except

as a soldier's bivouac, and we were expecting to spend an afternoon at least in making our sleeping-rooms habitable.

The skipper surveyed us with a glance of placid and serene amusement. Like a true Floridian, he had learned to take the moods of the St. John's without disturbing himself much about them, — we should get there some time; and at any rate, hurrying or worrying would do no good, so what was the use? As he predicted, about sundown a little civil, quiet troop of breezes came down and wafted us very slowly, with a dream-like motion, toward the shore, or rather towards a long pier that projected more than a hundred feet into the water, where we were landed.

The pier was shaky and apparently untrustworthy, and in the gathering twilight we steered past it gingerly, and landed on a smooth white sand beach overhung with splendid live-oaks; then we took our way up a long path, about half a mile, through cotton-fields, where the fine white sand was over our shoes at each step. At last we came to the plantation house, a rambling, one-story cottage, with a veranda twelve feet wide in front. It was situated in a yard inclosed by a picket fence, under a tuft of magnificent Spanish oaks. By the time we had arrived the short twilight was over, and all our gentlemen friends hurried in a body down to the pier to assist in the landing of our furniture, saying to Marcia and myself, with the cheerful *insouciance* of the male sex under such circumstances, "You can just sit here in the veranda, you know, till we bring up the things." Well, we did "just sit" alone in the dark and darkening veranda, the inexpressible dismal stillness settling down every moment deeper and deeper. Black, dusky forms tramped silently to and fro in front of the veranda as time went slowly on. The landing of all our furniture and bedding over the long shaky pier was a work of time, and it seemed to us that hours went by. The baby was hungry, and indignant at the delay of supper and the general

unpleasantness of the situation; he lifted up his voice and expressed himself with the energy and vehemence characteristic of his kind. His cries drew to us a tall, gaunt, black shadow, who said in a chuckling voice, —

"He 's hungry. I 'd get him some milk, but dey 's done gone with the key; can't get nothin' till dey 's come back;" and she cackled a laugh at the absurdity of the situation, in which we felt small inclination to join. In the increasing dimness we could scarcely see her, but she seemed like some uncanny gnome laughing at our perplexities.

At length, after an interval which seemed to us interminable, we heard the cheerful voices of our men-folk returning, and the rattling of the cart-wheels. They came back in the highest spirits; they were delighted to see us, and running over with the most innocent and supreme delight in the country, the climate, the accommodations, and everything which pertained to the enterprise we had come to join. The key was soon forthcoming, and in due time so was supper, and the dusky gnome appeared much more canny when revealed by the lamplight. She was introduced as our chief cook and general attendant, Winnah, the most active, versatile, ingenious, and energetic of negro mammies. She gave us warm welcome, and appeared equally amused and delighted with our arrival, and surveyed us and our clothes with artless and openly expressed admiration.

When supper was over, it was found to be past ten o'clock, and there was no time for unpacking. The captain nearest akin to us put his tent pallet at our service, and stretched himself on a blanket, to keep guard for us, at our side; for, sooth to say, the forlorn, ruinous room, whose broken windows were curtained only by cobwebs, was not reassuring. The whole establishment was like a lair of banditti rather than a home for settled Christian people. A roll of carpet, hastily spread on the dining-room floor, formed a bed for our clergyman; and so, one way or an-

other, we were all disposed of for the night, and slept soundly. The next morning dawned as benign and heavenly as only Floridian days can. Nobody could be out of humor or dismal, with all the world around in such an exquisite frame, and even the extraordinary nature of the accommodations in which we had to set up our housekeeping tent failed to discourage us. For we had come straight down from the land of whirling storms and deep snow-drifts, and to find ourselves here in mid-February dressing with open windows, amid the soft, dewy freshness of a June morning, was a novelty and a marvel that exalted our spirits. All things seemed possible in such a lovely climate. At breakfast we reminded one another of these pleasing differences in congratulatory tones, calling to mind, with many a little shudder of recollection, how the wind was blowing and the snows were drifting in the land whence we came, while outside we could see the wild plum-trees white with fragrant blossoms, and hear red-bird and mocking-bird making merry in the trees.

It is to be confessed that it required the help of this fine flow of spirits to sustain us when after breakfast we began to take a housekeeper's survey of our new quarters. The plantation, we were told, had been in former days the leading one in Florida. It included nine thousand acres, — there was a touch of the magnificent in this fact. It had employed five hundred slaves. It had raised quantities of the long-staple cotton, held to be the very finest variety of that necessary article; it had raised, beside, harvests of sugar-cane, and, in the days before the great frost of 1835, was said to have had a fine productive orange grove, of which, by the bye, not a trace remained. The negro quarter was a regular village of well-built and comfortable little houses, speaking favorably for the humanity of the former masters. There was the overseer's house, a respectable cottage near by; there was a large barn, and a

gin-house for the cotton, — the extent of the accommodations indicating a business done on a large scale.

The planter's house in the midst of all this was the unpretentious cottage we have already spoken of. It was a story and a half high, having chambers above under the roof. On the ground-floor was a wide hall running quite through the house, with rooms opening on either side. To this central portion an addition had been built, containing two lower and two upper rooms. At one end of the broad veranda, connected with it by another veranda, was a one-story octagon pavilion, built, as we were informed, for a music-room, and having a large window in each of its eight sides. Near by this house was another cottage with four rooms in it, which we were told was in former times devoted to the school-room and the lodging of the teachers employed for the planter's children.

Now it must be borne in mind that for five years this whole estate had been lying waste, while war had been waging along the banks of the St. John's, and now this and now that party held possession. The fields had been tramped over by bands of stragglers, and the house from time to time made a convenience of by those nondescript parties who always hung round the skirts of an army. The windows were many of them broken, — a fact thought lightly of by our gentlemen friends in a climate so balmy as this, — and every part of the house was more or less dilapidated. We were informed by our young officers that they had been for weeks engaged in strenuous efforts at house-cleaning, by which the house had been brought into its present habitable condition, and it was evident that they looked upon it with no little complacency as proof of their skill in housekeeping. We were therefore forced to suppress our exclamations of dismay, and to endeavor to join with them in cheerful assurances that it would do nicely with the few extra touches we should be able to give it.

It was true, one of the hall doors had a broken hinge, which made it impossible to shut it; but that was no matter, since nobody wanted it shut in the daytime, and at night one might set a chair against it. Burglars were unknown; our suggestion that somebody might want to get in nights was only laughed at. In fact, on warm nights, they said, we could sleep with both doors open, for the benefit of the air, in Arcadian security.

We had brought down a barrel of crockery ware, and before unpacking we peeped into a pantry on one side of the hall. It was ankle-deep with rubbish, — old shoes, old hats, old bits of harness, in short all the miscellaneous accretions of a camp-life. One gentleman ingenuously admitted, "Oh, well, they had n't thought of clearing that out, but if we wanted it should be done." And forthwith a stout negro was busy hoeing out the débris and carrying it off by baskets full, to be burned in the yard; then Winnah, with scrubbing-brush and pail, completed the process, and when our plates and dishes were wiped and arranged on the clean shelves she chuckled and cackled and crowed with delight and wonder. Our crockery ware, to be sure, was a collection of all the odds and ends — the fragments of sets, the superfluous or invalid dishes — that had gathered in our Northern china-closets. There was scarce a plate or a cup that had not a crack or a nick, but in Winnah's eyes they seemed splendid, for Winnah had all her days been only a field-hand, and small had been her stock of household lore. Her admiration of all our improvements, however, was like a cheerful chorus as we went on.

After a few days we had succeeded in giving what we fancied was a tolerable air of comfort to our house. The eight windows of the pavilion were draped with muslin curtains, the floor was carpeted, and we had improvised by domestic upholstery certain lounges and ottomans which gave a creditable air to the room; and, having made it gay

with vases of yellow jessamine and the wild phlox, with which the fields were overrun, we began to feel it quite presentable. We had a call from one of our nearest neighbors, who lived only five miles away. Mrs. R—— was an old inhabitant who had been on visiting terms with our predecessors, living in abundance and comfort in a beautiful and highly cultivated place on the banks of the St. John's.

She told us tales of the splendor of the former occupants of the house: how they kept a French cook and an elegant table, and gave superb dinners; how the pavilion we had chosen as our parlor used to be their music-room, with a grand piano and a harp and all manner of musical instruments resounding there; how they had five hundred field-hands at work, and raised more cotton than any plantation in the State. We felt very decadent and insignificant in hearing all these fine stories, for we were working only thirty hands, and had neither French cook, butler, nor coachman, nor piano nor harp. But we had golden hopes for the future: there were the cotton fields, — and cotton was king, — and in due time we should arise and shine; our ship of gold would come sailing joyfully in.

But, hearing these tales of former grandeur, we could not but wonder at the primitive coarseness and roughness of the construction of the house we lived in. The fastenings of the doors were coarse, common iron latches; the rooms were not plastered overhead, but ceiled with boards, which had shrunk so that the unsightly cracks were visible between. All the wood-work bore marks of unskilled carpentry, and carried us back to the days when a plantation was a little state in itself, depending for all the arts of life on the half-educated slave laborer; when people raised on the farm not only their own corn and sugar, but their own carpenter and plasterer.

There was no evidence of æsthetic tastes in any of the grounds surrounding the cottage. The yard, shaded by the

splendid oaks before mentioned, was spotted with little rough buildings thrown up for various purposes of mere convenience, without regard to ornament: there was a large brick oven, with a roof over it; a milk-room propped on posts, and built with a double wall like an ice-house; a well, also roofed over; and a smoke-house for meats. The house itself was lifted upon live-oak posts about three feet from the ground, affording full sweep for circulation of air; but to our unaccustomed eyes this want of a solid foundation gave to the building an awkward appearance. Cellars, we were informed, were unknown in Florida, and the celebrated wine-room of the former planter was in the attic of the house. The kitchen of the mansion was at such a distance that we wondered how a hot dinner was ever possible. It was a cabin by itself, with a yawning chimney some ten feet wide and looking straight up into the sky; and the dining-room was across a yard and up a flight of steps. The idea of a French chef marshaling the entrées of a dinner party under such circumstances gives a new conception of the national ingenuity.

Our neighbors, it may be well understood, were not many. Our nine thousand acres kept us pretty well out of society, but we did have a visit from one very characteristic and rather picturesque personage whom we shall call Long John. One day, when our gentlemen were all out, we found this individual tranquilly sitting in the veranda smoking a pipe. He was a tall, thin, loose-jointed person, dressed in homespun clothes, and in all his appointments indicating total indifference to points of personal nicety. He was no stranger to our gentlemen, who had, in hunting expeditions, sometimes availed themselves of his skill in woodcraft, for he was reckoned the best shot in all the region, and, as we were told, could snuff a candle with his rifle at thirty paces, and in all that pertained to forest life had the instincts of a Leather Stocking.

All this, however, was unknown to us, when we found him established as aforesaid, and we supposed that he was somebody come to see one of our captains on some definite errand. No such thing, however; for after he had sat smoking about an hour, and we began to regard him with inquisitive looks, he seemed to feel that conversation was in order, and, taking his pipe from his mouth, remarked "that the branch was pretty high below there, and he allowed he 'd stay with us awhile, till it run out," — a proposition wholly unintelligible to us, who had not yet learned that all small streams are called in cracker dialect "branches," nor that "to allow" was used as synonymous with to "think." When our gentlemen returned we found that our guest was in truth an old acquaintance, and the exquisite quiet and ease with which he received their greetings, making himself perfectly at home and staying to dinner and to supper, was something quite amusing.

"Is he going to stay all night?" inquired Marcia anxiously, as evening drew on.

"Oh, certainly, — all night and to-morrow, too, for all anybody knows," was the answer.

"But we have no room or bed!"

"Oh, that makes no difference. Give him a pillow, or a blanket, and he 'll be all right."

In fact, our guest, noticing the slight appearance of consultation, affably remarked to us that we "need n't mind him; he could camp down most anywhere." And so, when we broke up for the night, Marcia arranged our new lounge for him, of which he took possession with meek and quiet contentment, and we left him placidly gazing at the last brands of our evening fire.

Long John, however, had his entertaining points, and while sitting round our light-wood fire one of our captains, who knew him of old, amused us by drawing him on to relate some of his war-time experiences.

"There 's been a deal of hard fighting here in Florida, Mr. Johns, has n't there ?"

Mr. Johns's manner was always mildly ruminative. He thought over the question quietly for a minute or so, then squirted a straight shaft of tobacco juice at the fire, and answered deliberately, —

"Wal, now, there 's ben some *pretty tall runnin'* here; can't say so much for the fightin' !"

"Why, they got *you* into the army once, did n't they, Johns ?"

Another pause, another shaft of tobacco juice, and then, in quiet, moderate drawl, —

"Wal — yes — they did. Ye see they hed a draft, they called it; sent and tuck me 'n' a lot o' fellers up to the camp o' instruction, they called it. I did n't see no use in 't; I did n't see what I wanted o' a camp of instruction! I could draw a bead and hit my mark better 'n any man on 'em, and wha 'd I want to be lyin' round loose in a camp o' instruction ?"

Here Johns made a pause, and seemed to descend into himself in contemplation.

"Did you run away ?"

"Wal — yis; I jest tuck off and come home to tend to my own affairs. I did n't know nothin' 'bout thir old war, and I did n't keer nothin'; 't wa'n't none o' my business nohow, and I wanted to be tendin' to my crops and my critturs; so I says nothin' to nobody, and comes home."

"Well, did they let you stay there ?"

An ineffably droll expression passed slowly over his face; he spit once or twice vigorously, and answered, —

"Wal — no — they did n't."

"Did they send after you ? How was it ? Tell us, Mr. Johns."

"Wal, ye see, they sent Ben Bradley and a squad o' fellers for to take me. I was out in the woods with my

gun, and I see 'em coming, and I got behind a tree and p'inted my gun at 'em, and called out to 'em to stop. Says I, 'I shall drop the fust man that comes further!' Wal, they stopped. They knowed I would, — they knowed I gen'lly *hit*, and so they stopped; and Ben, he called out to me, 'Look here, Johns,' says he, 'we 're come to take you.' 'Wal,' says I, 'ye jest can't get me, 'cause the fust man that starts to do it I shall shoot.' 'But they 've sent us to take you.' 'Can't help that,' says I; 'I won't be took.' Wal, then they stopped and sort o' talked it over a minute, and then Ben, he calls out kind o' friendly, 'Come now, look here, Johns; jes' let us come up and hev a talk with you; we jes' want to talk it over friendly.' 'No, thankee,' ses I, 'ye can talk where ye be; I can hear ye where I be. I don't want ye no nearer.' 'Look here, now, Johns,' says Ben, 'they 've sent us to take you, and ef we don't do it it 'll be the worse for us.' 'And if ye do,' says I, 'it 'll be the worse for me; so that 's square.' 'Wal,' says he, 'we sha'n't know what to say to 'em when they ask why we did n't bring you.' 'Wal,' says I, 'there ain't nobody knows you 've seen me but jest yourselves and me and the critturs. *I* sha'n't tell on ye, and the critturs *can't*, and ef ye 're fools enough to go back and tell on yourselves I can't help it.' Wal, they jest went off and let me alone that time."

"And did n't they try again to catch you?"

"Oh, wal — yis. One time I was out in my 'dug-out,' on the river, — rifle down in the bottom of the boat. I hears a whoop, and looked up, and sure enough there was two o' them fellers on the bank p'intin' their guns right at me. 'Got ye now, Johns!' says they. 'Wal,' says I, 'I give in. I 'll come to sho'.' Then I give a sort o' spring, as if I see suthin. 'Good Lor! wha 's that crittur behind ye?' says I. Them fellers both turned to look, and I catched up my rifle and drew a bead on 'em. 'Look out

for yourselves now,' says I, 'I am goin' to fire!' Tell ye, them fellers tuck to their heels lively, and I jest made for the other side o' the river fast as I could paddle. Wal, they let me alone arter that, but they come once when I was out huntin', and burnt up my house, and cut down my corn, and driv off all my critturs."

"Why, Johns, they cleaned you out, did n't they?"

"Wal, they did, but I 've got things fixed up agin, — got my house up and my crops in, and my critturs, and I hope you 'll all come and see me; stay 's long as ye want ter."

The invitation, given in such sacred simplicity, was doubtless more sincere than many another in polished circles, as two of our number proved, when, a week after, they got belated coming home from hunting, and stopped at Johns's cabin. There was true Arab hospitality, — the best of all there was at their disposal, and no apologies for what there was not. A large tin pan of boiled hominy, flanked with a pitcher of cane-syrup, formed the meal, and was served out to them in earthen pint bowls; and at night Johns and his wife gave up their beds to the company, and spread mattresses on the floor for themselves.

As to Johns's cattle, of which he had now a fair flock, the mode of acquisition was easy to guess. It was only necessary to take here and there and anywhere a fine young calf that he found running loose in the woods, and, applying his branding-irons to it, make it *his* thereafter; and who could contest the mark? We could fancy the leisurely way with which he settled the right of the matter with himself: "I had calves, and these might 'a' be'n some o' mine, — most likely was, — nobody could say they was n't; any rate, they 're mine now!"

Nothing is more unlike a Northerner's ideas of property management than the way the Floridians manage their cattle. We had with our plantation, as a part of the assets, fifty head of fine cows, but we never saw them all together;

most of them were roaming the forests. About sixteen young calves were shut up in an inclosure, as a means of drawing home their mothers to be milked. When the mothers were let in to the calves, the milker came, too, and the calf on one side and the milker on the other conducted the operation. Winnah was the superintendent of this department, and milked in a pint cup, which when filled she emptied into the larger pail. Our sixteen cows in that way yielded about two gallons at a milking.

It is a matter of pride and boast with the farmers and proprietors to have large flocks of cattle, and once or twice a year they look them all over and mark the calves that have come into existence during the interval. In our drives we often met the cattle-drovers on horseback careering the woods after their cows; and the forest towards evening resounded with a certain musical yodel, or cow-call, and with the crack of the long cattle-whip, which rings like the report of a rifle.

There is no shelter provided for cattle, and in many cases no food except what they can help themselves to as they range the woods. When the long grass of the forest, justly named wire-grass, becomes dead and sere, it has been customary from time immemorial to set fire to it and burn out the woods. These fires meet one at certain seasons of the year on all sides, and the only wonder is that the resinous pine forests do not catch and burn up, but they do not. The palmettos and underbrush all go to destruction, and the land is blackened for miles. After this comes up the soft young wire-grass, and the season of good pasture begins.

The large, rich planters in Florida had taken some pains with their stock, importing from Italy and from India such as they thought would be adapted to the Floridian climate. Our cows showed the marks of superior blood and breeding, — another of the remaining traces of the former grandeur of the plantation.

Now as to our plantation arrangements: on the old estate there had been a thousand cleared acres devoted to cotton and sugar-cane. Of these our more humble means enabled us to cultivate only two hundred. Our laborers were good, steady hands, engaged under written contract at a stipulated price of from eight to twelve dollars per month, according to ability. The old plantation régime was adopted, because they were accustomed to working in that way, and in no other. At gray peep of dawn "Mose," our head man, blew the shell, and forthwith from the line of little cottages turned out all hands, men and women equally. They were divided into gangs, with a leader to each gang, and went directly into the field, putting in three hours of good work, when all came back to get their breakfast; and then again to the fields till dinner-time, and then till night.

They impressed one as a sober, steady set of people, and, having worked all day, their relaxation was to go into a prayer-meeting and sing hymns and listen to exhortations till ten or eleven o'clock at night.

There were two or three preachers among them, and sometimes we sat outside upon the doorstep, listening to the strangest mixture of words that could ever be put together. It was really touching to see the solemn, earnest, breathless attention of rows of those dark faces to words which to our white ears were utterly meaningless. Yet, when we remember that the devotions of some of the most cultivated races of Europe are offered in an unknown tongue, we must think that the power of certain sounds to stir up religious feeling is a matter of association, and not at all of the intellectual faculties.

We brought down with us a cargo of spelling-books, and on the first Sunday after our arrival we assembled our hands at the house for divine service. Our clergyman led the music with his violin, and then for sermon read and explained the

ten commandments to an attentive and serious audience. We were graciously informed by Winnah afterwards that the sermon met with great acceptance, everybody thinking that it was just the preaching his neighbor ought to hear, as is usually the case in good Christian congregations. But they were all dreadfully astonished and scandalized at the violin, which they appeared to consider an instrument especially devoted to the service of Satan.

Dancing is the one thing which every negro man or woman can do well by nature. The merest lout among them becomes graceful as a dancer, and it appears that dancing is selected as the one thing to be given up when the postulant thinks of joining the church. We thought to ourselves that we could select other tests more important, — talking against one's neighbors, for example; but in their view this was *the* one sign of self-surrender, and the violin, as the excitement to dancing, was therefore held as a profane thing in divine worship.

After service there was a distribution of spelling-books made, and never were gifts more eagerly and gratefully received. The poor souls seemed to think that reading was a thing that would come in a short time, if only they had the books, and thankfully accepted the offer of the ladies to help them in their lessons; but, oh, who can measure what a task the acquisition of the English language is to those who come to it in middle life! We have before us now a picture of our "Tom," a great Hercules of a fellow, lying on the ground in his nooning, with the spelling-book before him, and the sweat starting out on his forehead, as he puzzled his patient way through the *ab*, *ib*, *ob*, — cabalistic signs on the lowest doorstep of knowledge.

Many never got through the wilderness of the spelling-book into the promised land of the first reader; but some few persevered. Those who gave up consoled themselves with saying "their chillen should learn," and read

to them; and the little ones did learn with a rapidity astonishing to their elders.

We would like to linger here over many curious scenes and histories of those old plantation days, but we must not make our story too long. Our feminine ranks were recruited by one of our captains, who went North, married, and brought down his young wife to add to our cheer. We rode, we walked, we sketched. Rambling along the beautiful bluffs, we each selected spots where we would build our houses when our ship of gold came in. Sometimes we started out for the day, with provision and sketching materials, and with guns and ammunition for our gentlemen to shoot alligators. A beautiful island, where there were groves of wild orange and lemon trees, was a part of our plantation. There we landed, and while the hunters were off shooting we kindled our fire, made coffee, and prepared sylvan meals. Once they came home tugging a great alligator thirteen feet long, as a model for our sketching. Then came the cutting up and skinning, the skin to be made into boots; the fat to supply the finest, most limpid machine oil for the cotton-gin. In the stomach of the monster we found pine-knots, morsels of brickbats, and part of an old tin can. Nothing, apparently, came amiss to him. He must have been a genuine specimen of the scriptural leviathan, who "esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood." The memory of such days under the wild orange-trees by the white beach of the St. John's is pleasant yet, but we must hasten to the finale of our story.

Well, our cotton grew and increased and flourished, and spread out as fair and flowery a field as hope ever sported in. Cotton, in itself a beautiful plant, was more beautiful in our eyes, as every yellow and pink blossom spoke of a golden future.

It was thought by the best judges that there was upon our fields a crop which would bring a profit of ten thousand

dollars over all expenses. We dreamed of it as sure, and already, in imagination, divided the spoil and reinvested for larger harvests.

Alas for human hopes! Our brave captains, who had come safe through many battles, were defeated and routed on this field by an army which came by night, without banner or band of music. This was the way of it. One day, in looking over the cotton fields setting full with their buds and bolls, we descried a little black worm about two inches long, with a red stripe on either side of his back. This was the first Army Worm, the commander of the advance scout. We picked him off and killed him. Next day twenty came to his funeral, and the day after that the Army was there on leaf and stalk and bud! All through the hundred acres there was the sound of a chewing and craunching direful to hear. In two days our beautiful cotton-field stood gaunt and bare, without a leaf, as if a fire had passed over it. Ten thousand dollars did those reckless marauders eat, and then vanished as they came, and left us desolate.

We made in all, perhaps, two bales of cotton! Our scheme was over, our firm dissolved. One went to editing a paper, another set up a land agency. As for us, we and ours bought an orange grove on the other side of the St. John's, and forever forswore the raising of cotton.

But as at the bottom of Pandora's box there was a grain of comfort, so there was in ours. Though *we* made nothing and lost all we invested, our hands were all duly paid, scot and lot, — in many cases, with the first money they ever earned, and it gave them a start in life. That has been the one consoling reflection when we recall the tragedy of Our Plantation.

PALMETTO LEAVES

I

NOBODY'S DOG

YES, here he comes again! Look at him! Whose dog is he? We are sitting around the little deck-house of the Savannah steamer, in that languid state of endurance which befalls voyagers when, though the sky is clear, and the heavens blue, and the sea calm as a looking-glass, there is yet that gentle, treacherous, sliding rise and fall denominated a ground-swell.

Reader, do you remember it? Of all deceitful demons of the deep, this same smooth, slippery, cheating ground-swell is the most diabolic. Because, you see, he is a *mean* imp, an underhanded, unfair, swindling scamp, who takes from you all the glory of endurance. Fair to the eye, plausible as possible, he says to you, "What 's the matter? What can you ask brighter than this sky, smoother than this sea, more glossy and calm than these rippling waves? How fortunate that you have such an exceptionally smooth voyage!"

And yet look around the circle of pale faces fixed in that grim expression of endurance, the hands belonging to them resolutely clasping lemons, — those looks of unutterable, repressed disgust and endurance. Are these people sea-sick? On, no! of course not. "Of course," says the slippery, plausible demon, "these people can't be sick in this delightful weather, and with this delightful, smooth sea!"

But here comes the dog, now slowly drooping from one to another, — the most woe-begone and dejected of all possible dogs. Not a bad-looking dog, either; not without signs about him of good dog blood.

We say one to another, as we languidly review his points, "His hair is fine and curly; he has what might be a fine tail, were it not drooping in such abject dejection and discouragement. Evidently this is a dog that has seen better days, — a dog that has belonged to somebody, and taken kindly to petting." His long nose, and great limpid, half-human eyes, have a suggestion of shepherd-dog blood about them.

He comes and seats himself opposite, and gazes at you with a pitiful, wistful, intense gaze, as much as to say, "Oh! *do* you know where HE is? and how came I here? — poor, miserable dog that I am!" He walks in a feeble, discouraged way to the wheel-house, and sniffs at the salt water that spatters there; gives one lick, and stops, and comes and sits quietly down again: it 's "no go."

"Poor fellow! he 's thirsty," says one; and the Professor, albeit not the most nimble of men, climbs carefully down the cabin stairs for a tumbler of water, brings it up, and places it before him. Eagerly he laps it all up; and then, with the confiding glance of a dog not unused to kindness, looks as if he would like more. Another of the party fills his tumbler, and he drinks that.

"Why, poor fellow, see how thirsty he was!" "I wonder whose dog he is?" "Somebody ought to see to this dog!" are comments passing round among the ladies, who begin throwing him bits of biscuit, which he snaps up eagerly.

"He 's hungry, too. Only see how hungry he is! Nobody feeds this dog. Whom does he belong to?"

One of the ship's stewards, passing, throws in a remark, "That dog 's seasick — that 's what 's the matter with him.

It won't do to feed that dog; it won't: it'll make terrible work."

Evidently some stray dog, that has come aboard the steamer by accident, — looking for a lost master, perhaps; and now here he is alone and forlorn. Nobody's dog!

One of the company, a gentle, fair-haired young girl, begins stroking his rough, dusty hair, which though fine, and capable of a gloss if well kept, now is full of sticks and straws. An unseemly patch of tar disfigures his coat on one side, which seems to worry him: for he bites at it now and then aimlessly; then looks up with a hopeless, appealing glance, as much as to say, "I know I am looking like a fright, but I can't help it. Where is HE? and where am I? and what does it all mean?"

But the caresses of the fair-haired lady inspire him with a new idea. He will be "nobody's dog" no longer: he will choose a mistress. From that moment he is like a shadow to the fair-haired lady: he follows her steps everywhere, mournful, patient, with drooping tail and bowed head, as a dog not sure of his position, but humbly determined to have a mistress if dogged faith and persistency can compass it. She walks the deck; and tick, tick, pitapat, go the four little paws after her. She stops: he stops, and looks wistful. Whenever and wherever she sits down, he goes and sits at her feet, and looks up at her with eyes of unutterable entreaty.

The stewards passing through the deck-house give him now and then a professional kick; and he sneaks out of one door only to walk quietly round a corner and in at the other, and place himself at her feet. Her party laugh, and rally her on her attractions. She now and then pats and caresses and pities him, and gives him morsels of biscuit out of her stores. Evidently she belongs to the band of dog-lovers. In the tedious dullness of the three-days' voyage the dog becomes a topic, and his devotion to the fair-haired lady an engrossment.

We call for his name. The stewards call him "Jack;" but he seems to run about as well for one name as another; and it is proposed to call him "Barnes," from the name of the boat we are on. The suggestion drops, from want of energy in our very demoralized company to carry it. Not that we are seasick, one of us: oh, no! Grimly upright, always at table, and eating our three meals a day, who dares intimate that we are sick? Perish the thought! It is only a dizzy, headachy dullness, with an utter disgust for everything in general, that creeps over us; and Jack's mournful face reflects but too truly our own internal troubles.

But at last here we are at Savannah and the Scriven House; and the obliging waiters rush out and take us in and do for us with the most exhaustive attention. Here let us remark on the differences in hotels. In some you are waited on sourly, in some grudgingly, in some carelessly, in some with insolent negligence. At the Scriven House you are received like long-expected friends. Everything is at your hand, and the head waiter arranges all as benignantly as if he were really delighted to make you comfortable. So we had a golden time at the Scriven House, where there is everything to make the wayfarer enjoy himself.

Poor Jack was overlooked in the bustle of the steamer and the last agonies of getting landed. We supposed we had lost sight of him forever. But, lo! when the fair-haired lady was crossing the hall to her room, a dog, desperate and dusty, fought his way through the ranks of waiters to get to her.

"It is n't our dog; put him out gently: don't hurt him," said the young lady's father.

But Jack was desperate, and fought for his mistress, and bit the waiter that ejected him, and of course got kicked with emphasis into the street.

The next morning one of our party, looking out of the

window, saw Jack watching slyly outside of the hotel. Evidently he was waiting for an opportunity to cast himself at the feet of his chosen protectress.

"If I can only see her, all will yet be right," he says to himself.

We left Savannah in the cars that afternoon; and the last we heard of Jack, he had been seen following the carriage of his elected mistress in a drive to Bonaventure. What was the end of the poor dog's romance we have never heard. Whether he is now blessed in being somebody's dog, — petted, cared for, caressed, — or whether he roves the world desolate-hearted as "nobody's dog," with no rights to life, liberty, or pursuit of happiness, we have no means of knowing.

But the measureless depth of dumb sorrow, want, woe, entreaty, that there are in a wandering dog's eyes, is something that always speaks much to us, — dogs in particular which seem to leave their own kind to join themselves to man, and only feel their own being complete when they have formed a human friendship. It seems like the ancient legends of those incomplete natures, a little below humanity, that needed a human intimacy to develop them. How much dogs suffer mentally is a thing they have no words to say; but there is no sorrow deeper than that in the eyes of a homeless, friendless, masterless dog. We rejoice, therefore, to learn that one portion of the twenty thousand dollars which the ladies of Boston have raised for "Our Dumb Animals" is about to be used in keeping a home for stray dogs.

Let no one sneer at this. If, among the "five sparrows sold for two farthings," not one is forgotten by our Father, certainly it becomes us not to forget the poor dumb companions of our mortal journey, capable, with us, of love and its sorrows, of faithfulness and devotion. There is, we are told, a dog who haunts the station at Revere, daily looking for the

return of a master he last saw there, and who, alas! will never return. There are, many times and oft, dogs strayed from families, accustomed to kindness and petting, who have lost all they love, and have none to care for them. To give such a refuge, till they find old masters or new, seems only a part of Christian civilization.

The more Christ's spirit prevails, the more we feel for all that can feel and suffer. The poor brute struggles and suffers with us, companion of our mysterious travel in this lower world; and who has told us that he may not make a step upward in the beyond? For our own part, we like that part of the poor Indian's faith, who

> "Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

So much for poor Jack. Now for Savannah. It is the prettiest of Southern cities, laid out in squares, planted with fine trees, and with a series of little parks intersecting each street, so that one can walk on fine walks under trees quite through the city, down to a larger park at the end of all. Here there is a fountain whose charming sculpture reminds one of those in the south of France. A belt of ever-blooming violets encircles it; and a well-kept garden of flowers, shut in by an evergreen hedge, surrounds the whole. It is like a little bit of Paris, and strikes one refreshingly who has left New York two days before in a whirling snow-storm.

The thing that every stranger in Savannah goes to see, as a matter of course, is Bonaventure, an ancient and picturesque estate, some miles from the city, which has for years been used as a cemetery.

How shall we give a person who has never seen live-oaks or gray moss an idea of it? Some avenues of these gigantic trees, with their narrow evergreen leaves, their gnarled, contorted branches feathered with ferns and parasitic plants,

and draped with long swaying draperies of this gray, fairy-like moss, impress one singularly. The effect is solemn and unearthly; and the distant tombs, urns, and obelisks gleaming here and there among the shadows make it more impressive.

Beneath the trees, large clumps of palmetto, with their waving green fans, give a tropical suggestion to the scene; while yellow jessamine wreathe and clamber from tree to tree, or weave mats of yellow blossoms along the ground. It seems a labyrinth of fairy grottoes, and is in its whole impression something so unique that no one should on any account miss of seeing it.

Savannah is so pleasant a city, and the hotels there are so well kept, that many find it far enough south for all their purposes, and spend the winter there. But we are bound farther towards the equator, and so here we ponder the question of our onward journey.

A railroad with Pullman sleeping-cars takes one in one night from Savannah to Jacksonville, Fla.; then there is a steamboat that takes one round by the open sea, and up through the mouth of the St. John's River, to Jacksonville. Any one who has come to see scenery should choose this route. The entrance of the St. John's from the ocean is one of the most singular and impressive passages of scenery that we ever passed through; in fine weather the sight is magnificent.

Besides this, a smaller boat takes passengers to Jacksonville by what is called the inside passage, — a circuitous course through the network of islands that lines the shore. This course also offers a great deal of curious interest to one new to Southern scenery, and has attractions for those who dread the sea. By any of these courses Florida may be gained in a few hours or days, more or less, from Savannah.

II

A FLOWERY JANUARY IN FLORIDA

MANDARIN, FLA., *January* 24, 1872.

Yes, it is done. The winter is over and past, and "the time of the singing of birds is come." They are at it beak and claw, — the redbirds, and the catbirds, and the chattering jays, and the twittering sparrows, busy and funny and bright. Down in the swamp-land fronting our cottage, four calla-lily buds are just unfolding themselves; and in the little garden-plat at one side stand rose-geraniums and camellias, white and pink, just unfolding. Right opposite to the window, through which the morning sun is pouring, stands a stately orange-tree, thirty feet high, with spreading, graceful top, and varnished green leaves, full of golden fruit. These are the veritable golden apples of the Hesperides, — the apples that Atalanta threw in the famous race; and they are good enough to be run after. The things that fill the New York market, called by courtesy "oranges," — pithy, wilted, and sour, — have not even a suggestion of what those golden balls are that weigh down the great glossy green branches of yonder tree. At the tree's foot, Aunt Katy does her weekly washing in the open air the winter through. We have been putting our tape-measure about it, and find it forty-three inches in girth; and for shapely beauty it has no equal. It gives one a sort of heart-thrill of possession to say of such beauty, "It is mine." No wonder the Scripture says, "He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot." The orange-tree is, in our view, the best worthy to represent the tree of life of any that grows on our earth. It is the fairest, the noblest, the most generous, it is the most upspringing and abundant, of all trees which the Lord God caused to grow eastward in Eden. Its wood is white and

hard and tough, fit to sustain the immense weight of its fruitage. Real good ripe oranges are very heavy, and the generosity of the tree inclines it to fruit in clusters. We counted, the other day, a cluster of eighteen, hanging low, and weighing down the limb.

But this large orange-tree, and many larger than this, which are parts of one orchard, are comparatively recent growths. In 1835 every one of them was killed even with the ground. Then they started up, with the genuine pluck of a true-born orange-tree, which never says die, and began to grow again. Nobody pruned them, or helped them, or cared much about them anyway; and you can see trees that have grown up in four, five, and six trunks, — just as the suckers sprung up from the roots. Then, when they had made some progress, came the orange insect, and nearly killed them down again. The owners of the land, discouraged, broke down the fences and moved off; and for a while the land was left an open common, where wild cattle browsed, and rubbed themselves on the trees. But still, in spite of all, they have held on their way rejoicing, till now they are the beautiful creatures they are. Truly we may call them trees of the Lord, full of sap and greenness; full of lessons of perseverance to us who get frosted down and cut off, time and time again, in our lives. Let us hope in the Lord, and be up and at it again.

It is certainly quite necessary to have some such example before our eyes in struggling to found a colony here. We had such a hard time getting our church and schoolhouse! — for in these primitive regions one building must do for both. There were infinite negotiations and cases to go through before a site could be bought with a clear title, and the Freedman's Bureau would put us up a building where school could be taught on week-days and worship held on Sundays. But at last it was done; and a neat, pleasant little place it was.

We had a little Mason and Hamlin missionary organ, which we used to carry over on Sundays, and a cloth, which converted the master's desk of week-days into the minister's pulpit; and as we had minister, organist, and choir all in our own family, we were sure of them at all events; and finally a good congregation was being gathered. On week-days a school for whites and blacks was taught, until the mismanagement of the school-fund had used up the sum devoted to common schools, and left us without a teacher for a year. But this fall our friend Mr. D., who had accepted the situation of county overseer of schools, had just completed arrangements to open again both the white and the black schools, when, lo! in one night our poor little schoolhouse was burned to the ground, with our Mason and Hamlin organ in it. Latterly it had been found inconvenient to carry it backward and forward; and so it had been left, locked in a closet, and met a fiery doom. We do not suppose any malicious incendiarism. There appears evidence that some strolling loafers had gotten in to spend the night, and probably been careless of their fire. The Southern pine is inflammable as so much pitch, and will almost light with the scratch of a match. Well, all we had to do was to imitate the pluck of the orange-trees, which we immediately did. Our neighborhood had increased by three or four families; and a meeting was immediately held, and each one pledged himself to raise a certain sum. We feel the want of it more for the schoolhouse than even for the church. We go on with our Sunday services at each other's houses; but alas for the poor children, black and white, growing up so fast, who have been kept out of school now a year, and who are losing these best months for study! To see people who are willing and anxious to be taught growing up in ignorance is the sorest sight that can afflict one; and we count the days until we shall have our church and schoolhouse again. But, meanwhile, Mandarin presents to

our eyes a marvelously improved aspect. Two or three large, handsome houses are built up in our immediate neighborhood. Your old collaborator of "The Christian Union" has a most fascinating place a short distance from us, commanding a noble sweep of view up and down the river. On our right hand, two gentlemen from Newark have taken each a lot; and the gables of the house of one of them overlook the orange-trees bravely from the river. This Southern pine, unpainted, makes a rich, soft color for a house. Being merely oiled, it turns a soft golden brown, which harmonizes charmingly with the landscape.

How cold is it here? We ask ourselves, a dozen times a day, "What season is it?" We say, "this spring," "this summer," and speak of our Northern life as "last winter." There are cold nights, and occasionally white frosts; but the degree of cold may be judged from the fact that the Calla Ethiopica goes on budding and blossoming out of doors; that La Marque roses have not lost their leaves, and have long, young shoots on them; and that our handmaiden, a pretty, young mulattress, occasionally brings to us a whole dish of roses and buds which her devoted has brought her from some back cottage in the pine-woods. We have also eaten the last *fresh* tomatoes from the old vines since we came; but a pretty severe frost has nipped them, as well as cut off a promising lot of young peas just coming into pod. But the pea-vines will still grow along, and we shall have others soon. We eat radishes out of the ground, and lettuce, now and then, a little nipped by the frost; and we get long sprays of yellow jessamine, just beginning to blossom in the woods.

Yes, it is spring; though still it is cold enough to make our good bright fire a rallying-point to the family. It is good to keep fire in a country where it is considered a great point to get rid of wood. One piles and heaps up with a genial cheer when one thinks, "The more you burn, the

better." It only costs what you pay for cutting and hauling. We begin to find our usual number of letters, wanting to know all this, that, and the other about Florida. All in good time, friends. Come down here once, and use your own eyes, and you will know more than we can teach you. Till when, adieu.

III

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TAPESTRY

It is not to be denied that full half of the tourists and travelers that come to Florida return intensely disappointed, and even disgusted. Why? Evidently because Florida, like a piece of embroidery, has two sides to it, — one side all tag-rag and thrums, without order or position; and the other side showing flowers and arabesques and brilliant coloring. Both these sides exist. Both are undeniable, undisputed facts, not only in the case of Florida, but of every place and thing under the sun. There is a right side and wrong side to everything.

Now, tourists and travelers generally come with their heads full of certain romantic ideas of waving palms, orange groves, flowers, and fruit, all bursting forth in tropical abundance; and in consequence they go through Florida with disappointment at every step. If the banks of the St. John's were covered with orange groves, if they blossomed every month in the year, if they were always loaded with fruit, if pineapples and bananas grew wild, if the flowers hung in festoons from tree to tree, if the ground were enameled with them all winter long, so that you saw nothing else, then they would begin to be satisfied.

But, in point of fact, they find, in approaching Florida, a dead sandy level, with patches behind them of rough coarse grass, and tall pine-trees, whose tops are so far in the

air that they seem to cast no shade, and a little scrubby underbrush. The few houses to be seen along the railroad are the forlornest of huts. The cattle that stray about are thin and poverty-stricken, and look as if they were in the last tottering stages of starvation.

Then, again, winter in a semi-tropical region has a peculiar desolate untidiness, from the fact that there is none of that clearing of the trees and shrubs which the sharp frosts of the Northern regions occasion. Here the leaves, many of them, though they have lost their beauty, spent their strength, and run their course, do not fall thoroughly cleanly, but hang on in ragged patches, waiting to be pushed off by the swelling buds of next year. In New England, Nature is an up-and-down, smart, decisive house mother, that has her times and seasons, and brings up her ends of life with a positive jerk. She will have no shilly-shally. When her time comes, she clears off the gardens and forests thoroughly and once for all, and they are clean. Then she freezes the ground solid as iron; and then she covers all up with a nice, pure winding-sheet of snow, and seals matters up as a good housewife does her jelly-tumblers under white-paper covers. There you are fast and cleanly. If you have not got ready for it, so much the worse for you! If your tender roots are not taken up, your cellar banked, your doors listed, she can't help it: it's your own lookout, not hers.

But Nature down here is an easy, demoralized, indulgent old grandmother, who has no particular time for anything, and does everything when she happens to feel like it. "Is it winter, or is n't it?" is the question that is likely often to occur in the settling month of December, when everybody up North has put away summer clothes, and put all their establishments under winter orders.

Consequently, on arriving in midwinter-time, the first thing that strikes the eye is the ragged, untidy look of the

foliage and shrubbery. About one third of the trees are deciduous, and stand entirely bare of leaves. The rest are evergreen, which by this time, having come through the fierce heats of summer, have acquired a seared and dusky hue, different from the vivid brightness of early spring. In the garden you see all the half-and-half proceedings which mark the indefinite boundaries of the season. The rose-bushes have lost about half their green leaves. Some varieties, however, in this climate, seem to be partly evergreen. The La Marque and the crimson rose, sometimes called Louis Philippe, seem to keep their last year's foliage till spring pushes it off with new leaves.

Once in a while, however, Nature, like a grandmother in a fret, comes down on you with a most unexpected snub. You have a cold spell, — an actual frost. During the five years in which we have made this our winter residence, there have twice been frosts severe enough to spoil the orange crop, though not materially injuring the trees.

This present winter has been generally a colder one than usual, but there have been no hurtful frosts. But one great cause of disgust and provocation of tourists in Florida is the occurrence of these "cold snaps." It is really amusing to see how people accustomed to the tight freezes, the drifting snow-wreaths, the stinging rain, hail, and snow, of the Northern winter, will *take on* when the thermometer goes down to 30° or 32°, and a white frost is seen out of doors. They are perfectly outraged. "*Such* weather! If this is your Florida winter, deliver me!" All the while they could walk out any day into the woods, as we have done, and gather eight or ten varieties of flowers blooming in the open air, and eat radishes and lettuce and peas grown in the garden.

Well, it is to be confessed that the cold of warm climates always has a peculiarly aggravating effect on the mind. A warm region is just like some people who get such a charac-

ter for good temper that they never can indulge themselves even in an earnest disclaimer without everybody crying out upon them, "What puts you in such a passion?" etc. So Nature, if she generally sets up for amiability during the winter months, cannot be allowed a little tiff now and then, a white frost, a cold rainstorm, without being considered a monster.

It is to be confessed that the chill of warm climates, when they are chilly, is peculiar; and travelers should prepare for it, not only in mind but in wardrobe, by carrying a plenty of warm clothing, and, above all, an inestimable India-rubber bottle, which they can fill with hot water to dissipate the chill at night. An experience of four winters leads us to keep on about the usual winter clothing until March or April. The first day after our arrival, to be sure, we put away all our furs as things of the past; but we keep abundance of warm shawls, and, above all, wear the usual flannels till late in the spring. Invalids seeking a home here should be particularly careful to secure rooms in which there can be a fire. It is quite as necessary as at the North; and, with this comfort, the cold spells, few in number as they are, can be easily passed by.

Our great feature in the Northern landscape, which one never fails to miss and regret here, is the grass. The nakedness of the land is an expression that often comes over one. The peculiar sandy soil is very difficult to arrange in any tidy fashion. You cannot make beds or alleys of it: it all runs together, like a place where hens have been scratching; and consequently it is the most difficult thing in the world to have ornamental grounds.

At the North, the process of making a new place appear neat and inviting is very rapid. One season of grass-seed, and the thing is done. Here, however, it is the most difficult thing in the world to get turf of any sort to growing. The Bermuda grass, and a certain coarse, broad-leafed turf,

are the only kind that can stand the summer heat, and these never have the beauty of well-ordered Northern grass.

Now, we have spent anxious hours and much labor over a little plot in our back yard, which we seeded with white clover, and which, for a time, was green and lovely to behold; but, alas! the Scripture was too strikingly verified: "When the sun shineth on it with a burning heat, it withereth the grass, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth."

The fact is, that people cannot come to heartily like Florida till they accept certain deficiencies as the necessary shadow to certain excellences. If you want to live in an orange orchard, you must give up wanting to live surrounded by green grass. When we get to the new heaven and the new earth, then we shall have it all right. There we shall have a climate at once cool and bracing, yet hot enough to mature oranges and pineapples. Our trees of life shall bear twelve manner of fruit, and yield a new one every month. Out of juicy meadows green as emerald, enameled with every kind of flower, shall grow our golden orange-trees, blossoming and fruiting together as now they do. There shall be no mosquitoes, or gnats, or black-flies, or snakes; and, best of all, there shall be no fretful people. Everybody shall be like a well-tuned instrument, all sounding in accord, and never a semitone out of the way.

Meanwhile we caution everybody coming to Florida, Don't hope for too much. Because you hear that roses and callas blossom in the open air all winter, and flowers abound in the woods, don't expect to find an eternal summer. Prepare yourself to see a great deal that looks rough and desolate and coarse; prepare yourself for some chilly days and nights; and, whatever else you neglect to bring with you, bring the resolution, strong and solid, always to make the best of things.

For ourselves, we are getting reconciled to a sort of

tumble-down, wild, picnicky kind of life, — this general happy-go-luckiness which Florida inculcates. If we painted her, we should not represent her as a neat, trim damsel, with starched linen cuffs and collar: she would be a brunette, dark but comely, with gorgeous tissues, a general disarray, and dazzle, and with a sort of jolly untidiness, free, easy, and joyous.

The great charm, after all, of this life, is its outdoorness. To be able to spend your winter out of doors, even though some days be cold; to be able to sit with windows open; to hear birds daily; to eat fruit from trees, and pick flowers from hedges, all winter long, — is about the whole of the story. This you can do; and this is why Florida is life and health to the invalid.

We get every year quantities of letters from persons of small fortunes, asking our advice whether they had better move to Florida. For our part, we never advise people to *move* anywhere. As a general rule, it is the person who feels the inconveniences of a present position, so as to want to move, who will feel the inconvenience of a future one. Florida has a lovely winter, but it has also three formidable summer months, July, August, and September, when the heat is excessive, and the liabilities of new settlers to sickness so great that we should never wish to take the responsibility of bringing anybody here. It is true that a very comfortable number of people do live through them; but still it is not a joke, by any means, to move to a new country. The first colony in New England lost just half its members in the first six months. The rich bottom-lands around Cincinnati proved graves to many a family before they were brought under cultivation.

But Florida is peculiarly adapted to the needs of people who can afford two houses, and want a refuge from the drain that winter makes on the health. As people now have summer houses at Nahant or Rye, so they might, at a small

expense, have winter houses in Florida, and come here and be at home. That is the great charm, — to be at home. A house here can be simple and inexpensive, and yet very charming. Already, around us a pretty group of winter houses is rising: and we look forward to the time when there shall be many more; when, all along the shore of the St. John's, cottages and villas shall look out from the green trees.

IV

A LETTER TO THE GIRLS

MANDARIN, FLA., *February* 13, 1872.

Yes, the girls! Let me see: who are they? I mean you, Nellie, and Mary, and Emily, and Charlotte, and Gracie, and Susie, and Carry, and Kitty, and you of every pretty name, my charming little Pussy Willow friends! Dear souls all, I bless your bright eyes, and fancy you about me as a sort of inspiration to my writing. I could wish you were every one here. Don't you wish that "The Arabian Nights" were true? and that there were really little square bits of enchanted carpet, on which one has only to sit down and pronounce two cabalistic words, and away one goes through the air, sailing off on visits? Then, girls, would n't we have a nice wide bit of carpet? and would n't we have the whole bright flock of you come fluttering down together to play croquet with us under the orange-trees this afternoon? And, while you were waiting for your turns to come, you should reach up and pull down a bough, and help yourselves to oranges; or you should join a party now going out into the pine-woods to gather yellow jessamine. To-day is mail-day; and, as the yellow jessamine is in all its glory, the girls here are sending little boxes of it North to their various friends through the mail. They have just been bringing in long wreaths and clusters of it for me to

look at, and are consulting how to pack it. Then this afternoon, when we have done croquet, it is proposed that we form a party to visit Aunt Katy, who lives about two miles away in the pine-woods, "over on Julington," as the people here say. "On Julington" means on a branch of the St. John's named Julington Creek, although it is as wide as the Connecticut River at Hartford. We put the oldest mule to an old wagon, and walk and ride alternately; some of us riding one way, and some the other.

The old mule, named Fly, is a worn-out, ancient patriarch, who, having worked all his days without seeing any particular use in it, is now getting rather misanthropic in his old age, and obstinately determined not to put one foot before the other one bit faster than he is actually forced to do. Only the most vigorous urging can get him to step out of a walk, although we are told that the rogue has a very fair trot at his command. If any of the darkey tribe are behind him, he never thinks of doing anything but pricking up his ears, and trotting at a decent pace; but, when only girls and women are to the fore, down flop his ears, down goes his head, and he creeps obstinately along in the aforementioned contemplative manner, looking, for all the world, like a very rough, dilapidated old hair trunk in a state of locomotion.

Well, I don't blame him, poor brute! Life, I suppose, is as much a mystery to him as to the philosophers; and he has never been able to settle what it is all about, this fuss of being harnessed periodically to impertinent carts, and driven here and there, for no valuable purpose that he can see.

Such as he is, Fly is the absolute property of the girls and women, being past farm-work; and though he never willingly does anything but walk, yet his walk is considerably faster than that of even the most agile of us, and he is by many degrees better than nothing. He is admitted on all

hands to be a *safe* beast, and will certainly never run away with any of us.

As to the choice of excursions, there are several, — one to our neighbor Bowens to see sugar-making, where we can watch the whole process, from the grinding of the cane through the various vats and boilers, till at last we see the perfected sugar in fine, bright, straw-colored crystals in the sugar-house. We are hospitably treated to saucers of lovely, amber-colored sirup just on the point of crystallization, — liquid sugar-candy, — which, of course, we do not turn away from. Then, again, we can go down the banks of the river to where our neighbor Duncan has cleared up a little spot in what used to be virgin forest, and where now a cosy little cottage is beginning to peep through its many windows upon the river-view. Here a bright little baby — a real little Florida flower — has lately opened a pair of lovely eyes, and is growing daily in grace and favor. In front of this cottage, spared from the forest, are three great stately magnolias, such trees as you never saw. Their leaves resemble those of the India-rubber tree, — large, and of a glossy, varnished green. They are evergreen, and in May are covered with great white blossoms, something like pond-lilies, and with very much the same odor. The trees at the North called magnolias give no idea whatever of what these are. They are giants among flowers; seem worthy to be trees of heaven.

Then there are all sorts of things to be got out of the woods. There are palmetto leaves to be pressed and dried, and made into fans; there is the long wire-grass, which can be sewed into mats, baskets, and various little fancy articles, by busy fingers. Every day brings something to explore the woods for; not a day in winter passes that you cannot bring home a reasonable little nosegay of flowers. Many of the flowers here do not have their seasons, but seem to bloom the year round; so that, all the time, you

are sure of finding something. The woods now are full of bright, delicate ferns that no frosts have touched, and that spring and grow perennially. The book of Nature here is never shut and clasped with ice and snow as at the North; and of course we spend about half our time in the open air.

The last sensation of our circle is our redbird. We do not approve of putting free birds in cages; but Aunt Katy brought to one of our party such a beautiful fellow, so brilliant a red, with such a smart, black crest on his head, and such a long, flashing red tail, that we could n't resist the desire to keep him a little while, just to look at him. Aunt Katy insisted that he would n't take it to heart; that he would be tame in a few days, and eat out of our hands; in short, she insisted that he would consider himself a fortunate bird to belong to us.

Aunt Katy, you must know, is a nice old lady. We use that term with a meaning; for, though "black as the tents of Kedar," she is a perfect lady in her manners; she was born and brought up, and has always lived, in this neighborhood, and knows every bird in the forest as familiarly as if they were all her own chickens; and she has great skill in getting them to come to her to be caught.

Well, our redbird was named Phœbus, of a kind that Audubon calls a cardinal-grosbeak; and a fine, large, roomy cage was got down for him, which was of old tenanted by a very merry and rackety catbird; and then the question arose, "What shall we do with him?" For you see, girls, having a soft place in our heart for all pets, instead of drowning some of our kittens in the fall, as reasonable people should, we were seduced by their gambols and their prettiness to let them all grow up together; and the result is, that we have now in our domestic retinue four adult cats of most formidable proportions. "These be the generations" of our cats: first, Liz, the mother;

second, Peter, her oldest son; third, Anna and Lucinda, her daughters. Peter is a particularly martial, combative, obnoxious beast, very fluffy and fussy, with great, full-moon, yellow eyes, and a most resounding, sonorous voice. There is an immense deal of cat in Peter. He is concentrated cathood, a nugget of pure cat; and in fact we are all a little in awe of him. He rules his mother and sisters as if he had never heard of Susan Anthony and Mrs. Stanton. Liz, Anna, and Lucinda are also wonderfully well-developed cats, with capital stomachs. Now comes the problem: the moment the redbird was let into his cage, there was an instant whisk of tails, and a glare of great yellow eyes, and a sharpening of eye-teeth, that marked a situation. The Scripture tells us a time is coming when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, but that time has n't come in Florida. Peter is a regular heathen, and has n't the remotest idea of the millennium. He has much of the lion in him; but he never could lie down peaceably with the lamb, unless indeed the lamb were inside of him, when he would sleep upon him without a twinge of conscience. Unmistakably we could see in his eyes that he considered Phœbus as caught for his breakfast; and he sat licking his chops inquiringly, as who should ask, "When will the cloth be laid, and things be ready?"

Now, the party to whom the redbird was given is also the patron saint, the "guide, philosopher, and friend," of the cats. It is she who examines the plates after each meal, and treasures fragments, which she cuts up and prepares for their repast with commendable regularity. It is she who presides and keeps order at cat-meals; and forasmuch as Peter, on account of his masculine strength and rapacity, is apt to get the better of his mother and sisters, she picks him up, and bears him growling from the board, when he has demolished his own portion and is proceeding to eat up theirs.

Imagine, now, the cares of a woman with four cats and a bird on her mind! Phœbus had to be carefully pinned up in a blanket the first night; then the cage was swung by strong cords from the roof of the veranda. The next morning, Peter was found perched on top of it, glaring fiendishly. The cage was moved along; and Peter scaled a pillar, and stationed himself at the side. To be sure, he could n't get the bird, as the slats were too close for his paw to go through; but poor Phœbus seemed wild with terror. Was it for this he left his native wilds, — to be exposed in a prison to glaring, wild-eyed hyenas and tigers?

The cats were admonished, chastised, "scat"-ed, through all the moods and tenses; though their patroness still serves out their commons regularly, determined that they shall not have the apology of empty stomachs. Phœbus is evidently a philosopher, — a bird of strong sense. Having found, after two or three days' trial, that the cats can't get him; having clusters of the most delicious rice dangling from the roof of his cage, and fine crisp lettuce verdantly inviting through the bars, — he seems to have accepted the situation; and, when nobody is in the veranda, he uplifts his voice in song. "What cheer! what cheer!" he says, together with many little twitters and gurgles for which we have no musical notes. Aunt Katy promises to bring him a little wife before long; and, if that be given him, what shall hinder him from being happy? As April comes in, they shall build their nest in the cage, and give us a flock of little redbirds.

Well, girls, we are making a long letter, and this must do for this week.

V

A WATER-COACH, AND A RIDE IN IT

February 26, 1872.

Dear girls, would n't you like to get into that little white yacht that lies dancing and courtesying on the blue waters of the St. John's this pleasant Monday morning? It is a day of days. Spring has come down with all her smiles and roses in one hour. The great blue sheet of water shimmers and glitters like so much liquid *lapis lazuli;* and now the word comes in from our neighbor, the owner of the pleasure yacht, "Would n't you like to go sailing?"

Of course we should! That is exactly what we do want. And forthwith there is a running and a mustering of the clans, and a flapping of broad palmetto hats; and parties from all the three houses file down, and present themselves as candidates for pleasure. A great basket of oranges is hoisted in, and the white sails spread; and with "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm," away we go, the breezes blowing manfully at our sails. The river is about five miles from shore to shore, and we have known it of old for a most enticing and tricksy customer. It gently wooes and seduces you; it starts you out with all manner of zephyrs, until you get into the very middle, two miles from land on either side, when down goes your limp sail, and the breeze is off on some other errand, and you are left to your reflections. Not immediately did this happen to us, however; though, when we came to the middle of the river, our course was slow enough to give plenty of opportunity to discuss the basket of oranges. We settle it among us that we will cross to Doctor's Lake. This name is given to a wide bayou which the river makes, running up into the forest for a track of about nine miles. It is a famous

fishing and hunting region, and a favorite and chosen abode of the alligators. At the farther end of it are said to be swamps where they have their lairs, and lay their eggs, and hatch out charming young alligators. Just at the opening where the river puts into this lake are the nets of the shad-fishers, who supply the Jacksonville market with that delicious article. We are minded to go over and fill our provision baskets before they go.

Now we near the opposite shore of the river. We see the great tuft of Spanish oaks which marks the house of the old Macintosh plantation, once the palmiest in Florida. This demesne had nine thousand acres of land, including in it the Doctor's Lake and the islands therein, with all the store of swamps and forests and alligators' nests, wild-orange groves, and palmetto jungles. It was a sort of pride of territory that animated these old aboriginal planters; for, of the whole nine thousand acres which formed the estate, only about five hundred ever were cleared and subject to cultivation. One of these days we are projecting to spend a day picnicking on this old plantation, now deserted and decaying; and then we can tell you many curious things in its history. But now we are coming close alongside the shad-nets. We find no fishermen to traffic with. Discerning a rude hut on the opposite side of the bayou, we make for that, expecting there to find them. We hail a boy who lies idly in a boat by the shore.

"Hallo, my fine fellow! Can you tell us where the people are that tend that net?"

"Don't know," is the reply that comes over the water.

"Can you sell us any fish?"

"Got a couple o' trout."

"Bring 'em along." And away we go, rippling before the breeze; while the boy, with the graceful deliberation which marks the movements of the native population, prepares to come after us.

"I don't believe he understood," said one.

"Oh, yes! He 's only taking his time, as they all do down here. He 'll be along in the course of the forenoon."

At last he comes alongside, and shows a couple of great black-looking, goggle-eyed fish, which look more like incipient cod or haddock than trout. Such as they are, however, we conclude a bargain for them; and away goes our boy with fifty cents in his pocket. What he can want of fifty cents in a hut on the other side of Doctor's Lake is a question. Can he trade with alligators? But he has a boat; and we foresee that that boat will make a voyage across to the grocery on the opposite point, where whiskey, pork, and flour are sold. Meanwhile we looked at the little rude hut again. It was Monday morning; and a string of clothes was fluttering on a line, and a good many little garments among them. There is a mother, then, and a family of children growing up. We noticed the sheen of three or four orange-trees, probably wild ones, about the house. Now we go rippling up the bayou, close along by the shore. The land is swampy, and the forests glister with the shining, varnished leaves of the magnolias; and we saw, far within, the waving green fans of the swamp palmetto. The gum-trees and water-oaks were just bursting into leaf with that dazzling green of early spring which is almost metallic in brilliancy. The maples were throwing out blood-red keys, — larger and higher-colored than the maples of the North. There is a whir of wings, and along the opposite shore of the bayou the wild ducks file in long platoons. Now and then a water-turkey, with his long neck and legs, varies the scene. There swoops down a fish-hawk; and we see him bearing aloft a silvery fish, wriggling and twisting in his grasp. We were struck with the similarity of our tastes. He was fond of shad: so were we. He had a wriggling fish in his claws; and we had a couple flapping and bouncing in the basket, over which we were gloating. There was but one point of

difference. He undoubtedly would eat his fish raw; whereas we were planning to have ours cut in slices, and fried with salt pork. Otherwise the fish-hawk and we were out on the same errand, with the same results.

Yet at first view, I must confess, when we saw him rise with a wriggling fish in his claws, he struck us as a monster. It seemed a savage proceeding, and we pitied the struggling fish, while ours were yet flapping in the basket. This eating-business is far from pleasant to contemplate. Everything seems to be in for it. It is "catch who catch can" through all the animal kingdom till it comes up to man; and he eats the whole, choosing or refusing as suits his taste. One wonders why there was not a superior order of beings made to eat us. Mosquitoes and black-flies get now and then a nip, to be sure; but there is nobody provided to make a square meal of us, as we do on a wild turkey, for example. But speaking of eating, and discussing fried fish and salt pork, aroused harrowing reflections in our company. We found ourselves at one o'clock in the middle of Doctor's Lake, with the dinner-shore at least five miles away; and it was agreed, *nem. con.*, that it was time to put about. The fish-hawk had suggested dinner-time.

And now came the beauty of the proceeding. We drove merrily out of Doctor's Lake into the beautiful blue middle of the St. John's; and there the zephyrs gayly whispered, "Good-by, friends; and when you get ashore, let us know." The river was like a molten looking-glass, the sun staring steadfastly down. There is nothing for it but to get out the oars, and pull strong and steady; and so we do. It is the old trick of this St. John's, whereby muscular development is promoted. First two gentlemen row; then a lady takes one oar, and we work our way along to the shore; but it is full four o'clock before we get there.

As we approach, we pass brisk little nine-year-old Daisy, who is out alone in her boat, with her doll-carriage and doll.

She has been rowing down to make a morning call on Bessie, and is now returning. Off on the end of the wharf we see the whole family watching for our return. The Professor's white beard and red fez cap make a striking point in the tableau. Our little friend Bob, and even the baby and mamma, are on the point of observation. It is past four o'clock, dinner long over; and they have all been wondering what has got us. We walk straight up to the house, with but one idea, — dinner. We cease to blame the fish-hawk, being in a condition fully to enter into his feelings: a little more, and we could eat fish as he does, — without roasting. Doubtless he and Mrs. Fish-hawk, and the little Fish-hawks, may have been discussing us over their savory meal; but we find little to say till dinner is dispatched.

The last hour on board the boat had been devoted to a course of reflections on our folly in starting out without luncheon, and to planning a more advised excursion up Julington Creek with all the proper paraphernalia; viz., a kerosene-stove for making coffee, an embankment of ham sandwiches, diversified with cakes, crackers, and cheese. This, it is understood, is to come off to-morrow morning.

Tuesday morning, February 27. — Such was to have been my programme; but, alas! this morning, though the day rose bright and clear, there was not a breath of wind. The river has looked all day like a sheet of glass. There is a drowsy, hazy calm over everything. All our windows and doors are open, and every sound seems to be ringingly distinct. The chatter and laughing of the children (God bless 'em!) who are all day long frolicking on the end of the wharf, or rowing about in the boats; the leisurely chip, chip, of the men who are busy in mending the steamboat wharf; the hammer of the carpenters on the yet unfinished part of our neighbor's house; the scream of the jays in the orange-trees, — all blend in a sort of dreamy indistinctness.

To-day is one of the two red-letter days of our week, — the day of the arrival of the mail. You who have a driblet two or three times a day from the mail cannot conceive the interest that gathers around these two weekly arrivals. The whole forenoon is taken up with it. We sit on the veranda and watch the mail-boat far down the river, — a mere white speck as she passes through the wooded opening above Jacksonville. She grows larger and larger as she comes sailing up like a great white stately swan, first on the farther side of the river till she comes to Reed's Landing; and then, turning her white breast full toward Mandarin Wharf, she comes ploughing across, freighted with all our hopes and fears. Then follows the rush for our mail; then the distribution: after which all depart to their several apartments with their letters. Then follow readings to each other, general tidings and greetings; and when the letters are all read twice over, and thoroughly discussed, come the papers. Tuesday is "The Christian Union" day, as well as the day for about a dozen other papers; and the Professor is seen henceforward with bursting pockets, like a very large carnation bursting its calyx. He is a walking mass of papers.

The afternoon has been devoted to reflection, gossiping, and various expeditions. B. and G. have gone boating with Mr. ——, and come home, on the edge of evening, with the animating news that they have seen the first two alligators of the season. That shows that warm weather is to be expected; for your alligator is a delicate beast, and never comes out when there is the least danger of catching cold. Another party have been driving Fly through the woods to Julington Creek, and come back reporting that they have seen an owl. The Professor gives report of having seen two veritable wild turkeys and a blue crane, — news which touches us all tenderly; for we have as yet had not a turkey to our festive board. We ourselves have been

having a quiet game of croquet out under the orange-trees, playing till we could see the wickets no longer. So goes our day, — breezy, open-aired, and full of variety. Your world, Mr. Union, is seen in perspective, far off and hazy, like the opposite shores of the river. Nevertheless this is the place to *read* papers and books; for everything that sweeps into this quiet bay is long and quietly considered. We shall have something anon to say as to how you all look in the blue perspective of distance.

Meanwhile we must tell the girls that Phœbus has wholly accommodated himself to his situation, and wakes us, mornings, with his singing. "What cheer! what cheer!" he says. Whether he alludes to the four cats, or to his large cage, or to his own internal determination, like Mark Tapley, to be jolly, is n't evident.

Last week Aunt Katy brought a mate for him, which was christened Luna. She was a pretty creature, smaller, less brilliant, but gracefully shaped, and with a nice crest on her head. We regret to say that she lived only a few hours, being found dead in the cage in the morning. A day or two since, great sympathy was expressed for Phœbus, in view of the matrimonial happiness of a pair of redbirds who came to survey our yellow jessamine with a view to setting up housekeeping there. Would not the view of freedom and wedded joys depress his spirits? Not a bit of it. He is evidently cut out for a jolly bachelor; and as long as he has fine chambers and a plenty of rough rice, what cares he for family life? The heartless fellow piped up, "What cheer! what cheer!" the very day that he got his cage to himself. Is this peculiar? A lady at our table has stated it as a universal fact that, as soon as a man's wife dies, he immediately gets a new suit of clothes. Well, why should n't he? Nothing conduces more to cheerfulness. On the whole, we think Phœbus is a pattern bird.

P. S. Ask the author of "My Summer in a Garden" if

he can't condense his account of "Calvin's" virtues into a tract, to be distributed among our cats. Peter is such a hardened sinner, a little Calvinism might operate well on him.

VI

PICNICKING UP JULINGTON

MANDARIN, FLA., *February* 29, 1872.

This twenty-ninth day of February is a day made on purpose for a fishing-party. A day that comes only once in four years certainly ought to be good for something, and this is as good a day for picnicking up Julington as if it had been bespoken four years ahead. A bright sun, a blue sky, a fresh, strong breeze upon the water, — these are Nature's contributions. Art contributes two trim little white yachts, The Nelly and The Bessie, and three rowboats. Down we all troop to the landing with our luncheon-baskets, kerosene-stove, teakettle and coffee-pot, baskets of oranges and fishing-reels.

Out flutter the sails, and away we go. No danger to-day of being left in the lurch in the middle of the river. There is all the breeze one wants, and a little more than the timorous love; and we go rippling and racing through the water in merry style. The spray flies, so that we need our waterproofs and blankets; but the more the merrier. We sweep gallantly first by the cottage of your whilom editor in "The Union," and get a friendly salute; and then flutter by D——'s cottage, and wave our handkerchiefs, and get salutes in return. Now we round the point, and Julington opens her wide blue arms to receive us. We pass by neighbor H——'s, and again wave our handkerchiefs and get answering salutes. We run up to the wharf to secure another boat and oarsman in the person of neighbor P——, and away we fly up Julington. A creek it is called, but fully as wide as

the Connecticut at Hartford, and wooded to the water on either side by these glorious Florida forests.

It is a late, backward spring for Florida, and so these forests are behindhand with their foliage; yet so largely do they consist of bright polished evergreen trees, that the eye scarcely feels the need of the deciduous foliage on which the bright misty green of spring lies like an uncertain vapor. There is a large admixture in the picture of the cool tints of the gray moss which drapes every tree, and hangs in long pendent streamers waving in the wind. The shores of the creek now begin to be lined on either side with tracts of a water-lily which the natives call bonnets. The blossom is like that of our yellow pond-lily, but the leaves are very broad and beautiful as they float like green islands on the blue waters. Here and there, even in the centre of the creek, are patches of them intermingled with quantities of the water-lettuce, — a floating plant which abounds in these tracts. Along the edges of these water-lily patches are the favorite haunts of the fish, who delight to find shelter among the green leaves. So the yachts come to anchor; and the party divides into the three rowboats, and prepares to proceed to business.

We have some bustle in distributing our stove and teakettle and lunch-baskets to the different boats, as we are to row far up-stream, and, when we have caught our dinner, land and cook it. I sit in the bow, and, being good for nothing in the fishing-line, make myself of service by holding the French coffee-pot in my lap. The teakettle being at my feet on one side, the stove on the other, and the luncheon-basket in full view in front, I consider myself as, in a sense, at housekeeping. Meanwhile the fishing-reels are produced, the lines thrown; and the professional fishermen and fisherwomen become all absorbed in their business. We row slowly along the bobbing, undulating field of broad green bonnet-leaves, and I deliver myself to speculations on

Nature. The roots of these water-lilies, of the size of a man's arm, often lie floating for yards on the surface, and, with their scaly joints, look like black serpents. The ribbed and shining leaves, as they float out upon the water, are very graceful. One is struck with a general similarity in the plant and animal growths in these regions: the element of grotesqueness seems largely to enter into it. Roots of plants become scaly, contorted, and lie in convolutions like the coils of a serpent. Such are the palmetto shrubs, whose roots lie in scaly folds along the ground, catching into the earth by strong rootlets, and then rising up here and there into tall, waving green fans, whose graceful beauty in the depths of these forests one is never tired of admiring. Amid this serpent-like and convoluted jungle of scaly roots, how natural to find the scaly alligator, looking like an animated form of the grotesque vegetable world around! Sluggish, unwieldy, he seems a half-developed animal, coming up from a plant, — perhaps a link from plant to animal. In memory, perhaps, of a previous woodland life, he fills his stomach with pine-knots, and bits of board, wherever he can find one to chew. It is his way of taking tobacco. I have been with a hunter who dissected one of these creatures, and seen him take from his stomach a mass of mingled pine-knots, with bits of brick, worn smooth, as if the digestive fluids had somewhat corroded them. The fore leg and paw of the alligator has a pitiful and rather shocking resemblance to a black human hand; and the muscular power is so great that in case of the particular alligator I speak of, even after his head was taken off, when the incision was made into the pectoral muscle for the purpose of skinning, this black hand and arm rose up, and gave the operator quite a formidable push in the chest.

We hope to see some of these creatures out, but none appear. The infrequency of their appearance marks the lateness and backwardness of our spring. There! — a cry

of victory is heard from the forward boat; and Mademoiselle Nelly is seen energetically working her elbows: a scuffle ensues, and the captive has a free berth on a boat, without charge for passage ticket. We shout like people who are getting hungry, as in truth we are. And now Elsie starts in our boat; and all is commotion, till a fine blue bream, spotted with black, is landed. Next a large black, trout, with his wide yellow mouth, comes up unwillingly from the crystal flood. We pity them, but what are we to do? It is a question between dinner and dinner. These fish, out marketing on their own account, darted at our hook, expecting to catch another fish. We catch them; and, instead of eating, they are eaten.

After all, the instinct of hunting and catching something is as strong in the human breast as in that of cat or tiger; and we all share the exultation which sends a shout from boat to boat as a new acquisition is added to our prospective dinner-store.

And now right in front of us looms up from the depth of a group of pines and magnolias a white skeleton of a tree, with gnarled arms, bleached by years of wind and sun, swathed with long waving folds of gray moss. On the very tiptop of this, proudly above all possibility of capture, a fish-hawk's nest is built. Full eighty feet in the air, and about the size of a flour-barrel; built, like an old marauding baron's stronghold in the Middle Ages, in inaccessible fastnesses; lined within and swathed without with gray moss, — it is a splendid post of observation. We can see the white head and shoulders of the bird perched upon her nest, and already they perceive us. The pair rise and clap their wings, and discourse to each other with loud, shrill cries, perhaps of indignation that we, who have houses to dwell in, and beef and chickens to eat, should come up and invade their fishing-grounds.

The fish-hawk — I beg his pardon, the fish-eagle, for I

can see that he is a bird of no mean size and proportions — has as good a right to think that the river and fish were made for him as we; and better, too, because the Creator has endowed him with wonderful eyesight, which enables him, from the top of a tree eighty feet high, to search the depths of the river, mark his prey, and dive down with unerring certainty to it. He has his in his charter eyes, his beak, his claws; and doubtless he has a right to remonstrate, when we, who have neither eyes, beaks, nor claws adapted to the purpose, manage to smuggle away his dinner. Thankful are we that no mighty hunter is aboard, and that the atrocity of shooting a bird on her nest will not be perpetrated here. We are a harmless company, and mean so well by them that they really might allow us one dinner out of their larder.

We have rowed as far up Julington as is expedient, considering that we have to row down again; and so we land in the immediate vicinity of our fish-eagle's fortress, greatly to his discontent. Wild, piercing cries come to us now and then from the heights of the eyry; but we, unmoved, proceed with our dinner preparations.

Do you want to know the best way in the world of cooking fish? Then listen.

The fish are taken to the river by one, and simply washed of their superfluous internals, though by no means scaled. A moment prepares them for the fire. Meanwhile a broad hole has been dug in the smooth white sand, and a fire of dry, light wood is merrily crackling therein. The kerosene-stove is set a-going; the teakettle filled, and put on to boil, — when we disperse to examine the palmetto jungles. One or two parties take to the boats, and skim a little distance up-stream, where was a grove of youthful palmetto-trees. The palmetto shrub is essentially a different variety from the tree. In moist, rich land, the shrub rears a high head, and looks as if it were trying to become a tree, but

it never does it. The leaf, also, is essentially different. The full-grown palm leaf is three or four yards long, curiously plaited and folded. In the centre of both palmetto and palm is the bud from whence all future leaves spring, rising like a green spike. This bud is in great request for palmetto hats, and all manner of palm-work; and it was for these buds that our boating party was going. A venturesome boy, by climbing a neighboring tree and jumping into the palm, can succeed in securing this prize, though at some risk of life and limb. Our party returned with two palm buds about two yards long, and one or two of the long, graceful leaves.

But now the fire has burned low, and the sand-hole is thoroughly heated. "Bring me," says the presiding cook, "any quantity of those great broad bonnet-leaves." And forth impetuous rush the youth; and bonnet-leaves cool and dripping are forthcoming, wherewith we double-line the hole in the sand. Then heads and points, compactly folded, go in a line of fish, and are covered down green and comfortable with a double blanket of dripping bonnet-leaves. Then, with a flat board for our shovel, we rake back first the hot sand, and then the coals and brands yet remaining of the fire. Watches are looked at; and it is agreed by old hands experienced in clam-bakes that half an hour shall be given to complete our dinner.

Meanwhile the steaming teakettle calls for coffee, and the French coffee-pot receives its fragrant store; while the fish-hawk, from his high tower of observation, interjects plaintive notes of remonstrance. I fancy him some hoarse old moralist, gifted with uncomfortable keen-sightedness, forever shrieking down protests on the ways of the thoughtless children of men.

What are we doing to those good fish of his, which he could prepare for the table in much shorter order? An old hunter who has sometimes explored the ground under

the fish-hawk's nest says that bushels of fish-bones may be found there, neatly picked, testifying to the excellent appetite which prevails in those cloud regions, and to the efficiency of the plan of eating fish *au naturel.*

We wander abroad, and find great blue and white violets and swamp-azaleas along the river's brink; and we take advantage of the not very dense shade of a long-leaved pine to set out the contents of our luncheon-baskets. Ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, cakes in tempting variety, jellies and fruits, make their appearance in a miscellaneous sort of way. And now comes the great operation of getting out our fish. Without shovel, other than a bit of inflammable pine-board, the thing presents evident difficulties; but it must be done, and done it is.

A platter is improvised of two large palmetto leaves. The fire is raked off, and the fish emerge from their baking-place, somewhat the worse as to external appearance; but we bear them off to the feast. In the trial process we find that the whole external part of the fish — scales, skin, and fins — comes off, leaving the meat white and pure, and deliciously juicy. A bit well salted and peppered is forthwith transferred to each plate, and all agree that never fish was better and sweeter. Then coffee is served round, and we feast and are merry. When the meal is over, we arrange our table for the benefit of the fish-hawks. The fragments of fish yet remaining, bits of bread and cake and cheese, are all systematically arranged for him to take his luncheon after we are gone. Mr. Bergh himself could not ask more exemplary conduct.

For now the westering sun warns us that it is time to be spreading our sails homeward; and, well pleased all, we disperse ourselves into our respective boats, to fish again as we pass the lily-pads on the shore. The sport engages every one on board except myself, who, sitting in the end of the boat, have leisure to observe the wonderful beauty of

the sky, the shadows of the forest belts in the water, and the glorious trees.

One magnolia I saw that deserved to be called an archangel among the sons of the forest. Full a hundred feet high it stood, with a trunk rising straight, round, and branchless for full fifty feet, and crowned with a glorious head of rich, dark, shining leaves. When its lily blossoms awake, what a glory will it become, all alone out there in the silent forest, with only God to see!

No; let us believe, with Milton, that

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;"

and the great magnolia-trees may spring and flower for them.

The fishing luck still continues, and the prospects for a breakfast to-morrow morning are bright. One great fellow, however, makes off with hook, spoon, and all; and we see him floundering among the lily-pads with it in his mouth, vastly dissatisfied with his acquisition. Like many a poor fellow in the world's fishing, he has snapped at a fine bait, and got a sharp hook for his pains.

Now we come back to the yachts, and the fishing is over. The sun is just going down as we raise our white sails and away for the broad shining expanse of the St. John's. In a moment the singers of our party break forth into song and glee, and catches roll over the water from one yacht to the other as we race along neck and neck.

The evening wind rises fresh and fair, and we sweep down the beautiful coast. Great bars of opal and rose color lie across the western sky; the blue waves turn rosy, and ripple and sparkle with the evening light, as we fly along. On the distant wharf we see all the stay-at-homes watching for us as we come to land after the most successful picnic that heart could conceive. Each fisherwoman has her fish to exhibit and her exploits to recount, and there is a plentiful fish breakfast in each of the houses.

So goes the 29th of February on the St. John's.

VII

MAGNOLIA

MANDARIN, FLA., *March* 6, 1872.

Magnolia is a name suggestive of beauty; and, for once, the name does not belie the fact. The boarding-house there is about the pleasantest winter resort in Florida. We have been passing a day and night there as guest of some friends, and find a company of about seventy people enjoying themselves after the usual fashions of summer watering-places. The house is situated on a little eminence, and commands a fine sweep of view both up and down the river. In the usual fashion of Southern life, it is surrounded with wide verandas, where the guests pass most of their time, — the ladies chatting and working embroidery; the gentlemen reading newspapers and smoking.

The amusements are, boating and fishing parties, of longer or shorter duration; rides and walks along the shore; or croquet on a fine, shady croquet-ground in a live-oak grove back of the house.

We tried them all. First we went in a rowboat about a couple of miles up a little creek. The shore on either side was ruffled with the green bonnet-leaves, with here and there a golden blossom. The forest trees, which were large and lofty, were almost entirely of the deciduous kind, which was just bursting into leaf; and the effect was very curious and peculiar. One has often remarked what a misty effect the first buddings of foliage have. Here there was a mist of many colors, — rose-colored, pink, crimson, yellow, and vivid green, the hues of the young leaves, or of the different tags and keys of the different species of trees. Here and there a wild plum, sheeted in brilliant white, varied the tableau. We rowed up to shore, drew down a branch, and filled the laps of the ladies with sprays of white flowers.

The sun beat down upon us with the power of August; and, had it not been for the fresh breeze that blew up from the creek, we should have found it very oppressive. We returned just in time to rest for dinner. The dining-hall is spacious and cheerful; and the company are seated at small tables, forming social groups and parties. The fare was about the same as would be found in a first-class boarding-house at the North. The house is furnished throughout in a very agreeable style, and an invalid could nowhere in Florida have more comforts. It is more than full, and constantly obliged to turn away applicants; and we understand that families are now waiting at Green Cove for places to be vacated here. We are told that it is in contemplation, another season, to put up several cottages, to be rented to families who will board at the hotel. At present there is connected with the establishment one house and a cottage, where some of the guests have their rooms; and, as the weather is so generally mild, even invalids find no objection to walking to their meals.

The house is a respectable, good-sized, old-fashioned structure; and, being away from the main building, is preferred by some who feel the need of more entire quiet. Sitting on the front steps in the warm afternoon sunshine, and looking across to the distant, hazy shores, miles away, one could fancy one's self in Italy, — an illusion which the great clumps of aloes, and the tall green yuccas, and the gold-fruited orange-trees, help to carry out. Groups of ladies were seated here and there under trees, reading, working, and chatting. We were called off by the making-up of a croquet party.

The croquet-ground is under the shade of a fine grove of live-oaks, which, with their swaying drapery of white moss, form a graceful shade and shelter. We shared the honor of gaining a victory or two under the banner of a doctor of divinity, accustomed, we believe, to winning laurels on

quite other fields in the good city of New York. It has been our general experience, however, that a man good for anything else is commonly a good croquet-player. We would notify your editor-in-chief that, if ever he plays a game against Dr. C——, he will find a foeman worthy of his steel.

In the evening the whole company gathered in the parlors, made cheerful by blazing wood-fires. There were song-singing and piano-playing, charades and games, to pass the time withal; and all bore testimony to the very sociable and agreeable manner in which life moved on in their circle.

Magnolia is about three quarters of a mile from Green-Cove Springs, where are two or three large, well-kept boarding-houses. There is a very pleasant, shady walk through the woods from one place to the other; and the mail comes every day to Green Cove, and is sent for, from the Magnolia House, in a daily morning carriage. It is one of the amusements of the guests to ride over, on these occasions, for a little morning gossip and shopping, as Magnolia, being quite sequestered, does not present the opportunity to chaffer even for a stick of candy. Of course, fair ones that have been accustomed to the periodical excitement of a shopping-tour would sink into atrophy without an opportunity to spend something. What they can buy at Green Cove is a matter of indifference. It is the burning of money in idle purses that injures the nervous system.

There are no orange groves on this side of the river. The orange-trees about the house are entirely of the wild kind; and, for merely ornamental purposes, no tree more beautiful could be devised. Its vivid green, the deep gold-color of its clusters of fruit, and the exuberance with which it blossoms, all go to recommend it. Formerly there were extensive orange groves, with thousands of bearing trees, on this side of the river. The frost of 1835 killed the trees,

and they have never been reset. Oranges are not, therefore, either cheap or plenty at Magnolia or Green Cove. Nothing shows more strikingly the want of enterprise that has characterized this country than this. Seedling oranges planted the very next day after the great frost would have been in bearing ten years after, and would, ere now, have yielded barrels and barrels of fruit; and the trees would have grown and taken care of themselves. One would have thought so very simple and easy a measure would have been adopted.

At eleven o'clock the next morning we took steamer for Mandarin, and went skimming along the shores, watching the white-blossoming plum-trees amid the green of the forest. We stopped at Hibernia, a pleasant boarding-house on an island called Fleming's, after a rich Colonel Fleming who formerly had a handsome plantation there. There is a fine, attractive-looking country-house, embowered in trees and with shaded verandas, where about forty boarders are yearly accommodated. We have heard this resort very highly praised as a quiet spot where the accommodations are home-like and comfortable. It is kept by the widow of the former proprietor, and we are told that guests who once go there return year after year. There is something certainly very peaceful and attractive about its surroundings.

But now our boat is once more drawing up to the wharf at Mandarin, and we must defer much that we have to say till next week. Phœbus, we are happy to say to our girl correspondents, is bright and happy, and in excellent voice. All day long, at intervals, we can hear him from the back veranda shouting, "What cheer!" or sometimes abbreviating it as "Cheer, cheer, cheer!".

Since we have been writing, one of those characteristic changes have come up to which this latitude is subject. The sun was shining, the river blue, the windows open, and the family reading, writing, and working on the veranda,

when suddenly comes a frown of Nature, — a black scowl in the horizon. Up flies the wind; the waves are all white-caps; the blinds bang; the windows rattle; every one runs to shut everything; and for a few moments it blows as if it would take house and all away. Down drop oranges in a golden shower; here, there, and everywhere the lightning flashes; thunder cracks and rattles and rolls; and the big torrents of rain come pouring down. But in the back porch, Phœbus between each clap persists in shouting, "What cheer! what cheer!" Like a woman in a passion, Nature ends all this with a burst of tears; and it is raining now, tenderly and plantively, as if bemoaning itself.

Well, we would n't have missed the sight if we had been asked; and we have picked up a bushel of oranges that otherwise somebody must have climbed the trees for.

Meanwhile the mail is closing. Good-by!

VIII

YELLOW JESSAMINES

MANDARIN, FLA., *March* 14, 1872.

"They talk about Florida being the land of flowers: I 'm sure I don't see where the flowers are!"

The speaker was a trim young lady, with pretty, high-heeled boots, attired in all those charming mysteries behind and before, and up and down, that make the daughter of Eve look like some bright, strange, tropical bird. She had come to see Florida; that is, to take board at the St. James. She had provided herself with half a dozen different palmetto hats, an orange-wood cane tipped with an alligator's tooth, together with an assortment of cranes' wings and pink curlews' feathers, and talked of Florida with the assured air of a connoisseur. She had been on the boat up to Enterprise; she had crossed at Tekoi over to St. Augus-

tine, and come back to the St. James; and was now prepared to speak as one having authority: and she was sure she did not see why it was called a land of flowers. She had n't seen any.

"But, my dear creature, have you ever been where they grow? Have you walked in the woods?"

"Walked in the woods? Gracious me! Of course not! Who could walk in sand half up to one's ankles? I tried once, and the sand got into my boots and soiled my stockings; besides, I 'm afraid of snakes."

"Then, my dear, you will never be a judge on the question whether Florida is or is not a land of flowers. Whoever would judge on that question must make up her mind to good long tramps in the woods; must wear stout boots, with India-rubbers, or, better still, high India-rubber boots. So equipped, and with eyes open to see what is to be seen, you will be prepared to explore those wild glades and mysterious shadows where Nature's beauties, marvels, and mysteries are wrought. The Venus of these woods is only unveiled in their deepest solitudes."

For ourselves, we claim to have experience in this matter of flowers; having always observed them in all lands. We were impressed more by the flowers of Italy than by anything else there; yes, more than by the picture-galleries, the statues, the old ruins. The sight of the green lawns of the Pamfili Doria, all bubbling up in little rainbow-tinted anemones; the cool dells where we picked great blue-and-white violets; the damp, mossy shadows in the Quirinal gardens, where cyclamen grow in crimson clouds amid a crush of precious old marbles and antiques; the lovely flowers, unnamed of botany, but which we should call a sort of glorified blue-and-white daisies, that we gathered in the shadowy dells near Castle Gandolpho, — these have a freshness in our memory that will last when the memory of all the "stun images" of the Vatican has passed away.

In our mind's eye we have compared Florida with Italy often, and asked if it can equal it. The flowers here are not the same, it is true. The blue violets are not fragrant. We do not find the many-colored anemones, nor the cyclamen. Both can be planted out here, and will grow readily; but they are not wild flowers, not indigenous.

"Well, then, are there others to compensate?" We should say so.

The yellow jessamine itself, in its wild grace, with its violet-scented breath, its profuse abundance, is more than a substitute for the anemones of Italy.

If you will venture to walk a little way in the sand beyond our back gate, we will show you a flower-show this morning such as Chiswick or Crystal Palace cannot equal. About a quarter of a mile we walk, and then we turn in to what is called here an oak hammock, which is, being interpreted, a grove of live-oak trees, with an underbrush of cedar, holly, and various flowering shrubs. An effort has been made to clear up this hammock. The larger trees have some of them been cut down, but not removed. The work of clearing was abandoned; and, the place being left to Nature, she proceeded to improve and beautify it after a fashion of her own. The yellow jessamine, which before grew under the shadow of the trees, now, exultant in the sunshine which was let in upon it, has made a triumphant and abounding growth, such as we never saw anywhere else. It is the very Ariel of flowers, — the tricksy sprite, full of life and grace and sweetness; and it seems to take a capricious pleasure in rambling everywhere, and masquerading in the foliage of every kind of tree. Now its yellow bells twinkle down like stars from the prickly foliage of the holly, where it has taken full possession, turning the solemn old evergreen into a blossoming garland. Now, sure enough, looking up full sixty feet into yonder water-oak, we see it peeping down at us in long festoons, mingling with the

swaying, crapy streamers of the gray moss. Yonder a little live-oak tree has been so completely possessed and beflowered that it shows a head of blossoms as round as an apple-tree in May. You look below, and jessamine is trailing all over the ground, weaving and matting, with its golden buds and open bells peeping up at you from the huckleberry bushes and sedge-grass.

Here is a tree overthrown, and raising its gaunt, knotted branches in air, veiled with soft mossy drapery. The jessamine springs upon it for a trellis: it weaves over and under and around; it throws off long sprays and streamers with two golden buds at the axil of every green leaf, and fluttering out against the blue of the sky. Its multiform sprays twist and knot and tie themselves in wonderful intricacies; and still where every green leaf starts is a yellow flower-bud. The beauty of these buds is peculiar. They have little sculptured grooves; and the whole looks as if it might have been carved of fairy chrysolite for a lady's eardrop. Our little brown chambermaid wears them dangling in her ears, and a very pretty picture she makes with them. Coal-black Frank looks admiringly after her as she trips by with them shaking and twinkling to his confusion, as he forgets for a moment to saw wood, and looks longingly after her. No use, Frank. "Trust her not: she is fooling thee." Her smiles are all for lighter-colored beaux. But still she wears yellow jessamine in her crapy hair, and orders Frank to bring her wreaths and sprays of it whenever she wants it; and Frank obeys. That 's female sovereignty, the world over!

In this same hammock are certain tall, graceful shrubs, belonging, as we fancy, to the high-huckleberry tribe, but which the Floridians call sparkleberry. It is the most beautiful white ornamental shrub we have ever seen. Imagine a shrub with vivid green foliage, hanging profusely with wreaths of lilies-of-the-valley, and you have as near as pos-

sible an idea of the sparkleberry. It is only in bud now, being a little later than the jessamine, and coming into its glory when the jessamine is passing away.

The regular employment now of every afternoon is to go out in the mule-cart with old Fly into the woods, flower-hunting. It is as lovely an afternoon work as heart could wish; the sky is so blue, the air so balmy, and at every step there is something new to admire. The coming-out of the first leaves and tags and blossom-keys of the deciduous trees has a vividness and brilliancy peculiar to these regions. The oak hammock we have been describing as the haunt of yellow jessamine is as picturesque and beautiful a tree-study as an artist could desire. There are tall, dark cedars, in which the gray films of the long moss have a peculiarly light and airy appearance. There is the majestic dome of the long-leaved Southern pine, rising high over all the other trees, as in Italy the stone-pine. Its leaves are from twelve to eighteen inches long; and the swaying of such pines makes a *susurrus* worth listening to. The water-oak is throwing out its bright young leaves of a gold-tinted green; and the live-oak, whose leaves are falling now, is bursting into little velvety tags, premonitory of new foliage. Four species of oaks we notice. The live-oak, the water-oak, and a species of scrub-tree which they call the olive-leaved oak are all evergreens, and have narrow, smooth leaves. Then there are what are familiarly called black-jacks, — a deciduous oak, which bears a large, sharply-cut, indented leaf, of a character resembling our Northern ones. Besides these, the prickly-ash, with its curiously knobbed and pointed branches, and its graceful, feathery leaves, forms a feature in the scene. Underneath, great clumps of prickly-pear are throwing out their queer buds, to be, in turn, followed by bright yellow blossoms.

To an uninstructed eye, the pine woods in which we ride look like a flat, monotonous scene. The pines rise seventy,

eighty, and a hundred feet in the air, so that their tops are far above, and cast no shade. This is a consideration of value, however, for a winter's ride; for one enjoys the calm sunshine. Even in days when high winds are prevailing along the river front, the depth of these pine-woods is calm, sunny, and still, and one can always have a pleasant walk there. When the hotter months come on, the live-oaks and water-oaks have thick, new foliage, and the black-jacks and hickory and sweet-gum trees throw out their shade to shelter the traveler. Every mile or two, our path is traversed by a brook on its way to the St. John's. The natives here call a brook a branch; and a branch is no small circumstance, since all the finest trees and shrubbery grow upon its banks. You can look through the high, open pillars of the pine-trees, and watch the course of a branch half a mile from you by the gorgeous vegetation of the trees which line its shores.

We jog along in our mule-cart, admiring everything as we go. We are constantly exclaiming at something, and tempted to get out to gather flowers. Here and there through the long wire-grass come perfect gushes of blue and white violets. The blue violets are large, and, of necessity, are obliged to put forth very long stems to get above the coarse, matted grass. The white are very fragrant, and perfectly whiten the ground in some moist places. There is a large fragrant kind, very scarce and rare, but of which we have secured several roots. We are going this afternoon to the second branch after azaleas. We stop at a little distance, when its wall of glossy verdure rises up before us. There is no accomplishment of a mule in which Fly is better versed than stopping and standing still. We fancy that we hear him, in his inner consciousness, making a merit of it, as we all do of our pet virtues. He is none of your frisky fellows, always wanting to be going, and endangering everybody that wants to get in or out with

prances and curvets, — not he! He is a beast that may be trusted to stand for any length of time without an attempt at motion. Catch *him* running away! So we leave Fly, and determine to explore the branch.

The short palmettos here are grown to the height of fifteen feet. Their roots look like great scaly serpents, which, after knotting and convoluting a while, suddenly raise their crests high in air, and burst forth into a graceful crest of waving green fans. These waving clumps of fan-like leaves are the first and peculiar feature of the foliage. Along the shore here, clumps of pale-pink azaleas grow high up, and fill the air with sweetness. It is for azaleas we are come; and so we tread our way cautiously, — cautiously, because we have heard tales of the moccasin-snake — fearful gnome! — said to infest damp places, and banks of rivers. In all our Floridian rambles we never yet have got sight of this creature; though we have explored all the moist places, and sedgy, swampy dells, where azaleas and blue iris and white lilies grow. But the tradition that such things are inspires a wholesome care never to set a foot down without looking exactly where it goes. The branch, we find, is lighted up in many places by the white, showy blossoms of the dogwood, of which, also, we gather great store. We pile in flowers — azalea and dogwood — till our wagon is full, and then proceed with a trowel to take up many nameless beauties. There is one which grows on a high, slender stalk, resembling in its form a primrose, that has the purest and intensest yellow that we ever saw in a flower. There is a purple variety of the same species, that grows in the same neighborhoods. We have made a bed of these woodland beauties at the roots of our great oak, so that they may finish their growth, and seed, if possible, under our own eye.

By the bye, we take this occasion to tell the lady who writes to beg of us to send her some seeds or roots of Florida

plants or flowers that we have put her letter on file, and perhaps, some day, may find something to send her. Any one who loves flowers touches a kindred spot in our heart. The difficulty with all these flowers and roots sent North is, that they need the heat of this climate to bring them to perfection. Still, there is no saying what a real plant-lover may do in coaxing along exotics. The "run" we have been exploring has, we are told, in the season of them, beautiful blue wistaria climbing from branch to branch. It does not come till after the yellow jessamine is gone. The coral-honeysuckle and a species of trumpet-creeper also grow here, and, in a little time, will be in full flower. One of our party called us into the run, and bade us admire a beautiful shrub, some fifteen feet high, whose curious, sharply cut, deep-green leaves were shining with that glossy polish which gives such brilliance. Its leaves were of waxen thickness, its habit of growth peculiarly graceful; and our colored handmaiden, who knows the habits of every plant in our vicinity, tells us that it bears a white, sweet blossom, some weeks later. We mentally resolve to appropriate this fair Daphne of the woods on the first opportunity when hands can be spared to take it up and transport it.

But now the sun falls west, and we plod homeward. If you want to see a new and peculiar beauty, watch a golden sunset through a grove draperied with gray moss. The swaying, filmy bands turn golden and rose-colored; and the long, swaying avenues are like a scene in fairyland. We come home, and disembark our treasures. Our house looks like a perfect flower-show. Every available vase and jar is full, — dogwood, azaleas, blue iris, wreaths of yellow jessamine, blue and white violets, and the golden unknown, which we christen primroses. The daily sorting of the vases is no small charge; but there is a hand to that department which never neglects, and so we breathe their air and refresh our eyes with their beauty daily.

Your cold Northern snowstorms hold back our spring. The orange buds appear, but hang back. They are three weeks later than usual. Our letters tell us frightful stories of thermometers no end of the way below zero. When you have a snowstorm we have a cold rain; so you must keep bright lookout on your ways up there, or we shall get no orange blossoms.

We have received several letters containing questions about Florida. It is our intention to devote our next paper to answering these. We are perfectly ready to answer any number of inquiries, so long as we can lump them all together and answer them through "The Christian Union."

One class of letters, however, we cannot too thankfully remember. Those who have read our papers with so much of sympathy as to send in contributions to our church here have done us great good. We have now a sum contributed with which we hope soon to replace our loss. And now, as the mail is closing, we must close.

P. S. We wish you could see a gigantic bouquet that Mr. S—— has just brought in from the hammock. A little shrub-oak, about five feet high, whose spreading top is all a golden mass of bloom with yellow jessamine, he has cut down and borne home in triumph. What an adornment would this be for one of the gigantic Japanese vases that figure in New York drawing-rooms! What would such a bouquet sell for?

IX

FLORIDA FOR INVALIDS

We find an aggrieved feeling in the minds of the Floridian public in view of a letter in "The Independent," by Dr.——, headed as above; and we have been urgently requested to say something on the other view of the question.

Little did we suppose when we met our good friend at

Magnolia, apparently in the height of spirits, the life of the establishment, and head promoter of all sorts of hilarity, that, under all this delightful cheerfulness, he was contending with such dreary experiences as his article in "The Independent" would lead one to suppose. Really, any one who should know the doctor only from that article might mistake him for a wretched hypochondriac; whereas we saw him, and heard of him by universal repute at Magnolia, as one of the cheeriest and sunniest of the inmates, taking everything by the smoothest handle, and not only looking on the bright side himself, but making everybody else do the same. Imagine, therefore, our utter astonishment at finding our buoyant doctor summing up his Florida experience in such paragraphs as these: —

"From what I have observed, I should think Florida was nine tenths water and the other tenth swamp. Many are deceived by the milder climate here, and down they come — to die. The mildness, too, is exaggerated. Yesterday morning the thermometer was at thirty-six degrees. Outside, our winter overcoats were necessary; and great wood fires roared within. Now and then the thermometer reaches eighty degrees at midday; but that very night you may have frost.

"Another fact of Florida is malaria. How could it be otherwise? Souse Manhattan Island two feet deep in fresh water, and would n't the price of quinine rise?

"I have no objection to the term 'sunny South:' it is a pretty alliteration; but I object to its application to Georgia and Florida in February. I wish you could have seen me last Friday night. We were riding two hundred and sixty miles through a swamp, — Okefinokee of the geographies. I was clad in full winter suit, with heavy Russian overcoat."

But a careful comparison of the incidents in his letter solves the mystery. The letter was written in an early date

in the doctor's Floridian experience, and before he had had an opportunity of experiencing the benefit which he subsequently reaped from it.

We perceive by the reference to last Friday night, and the ride through Okefinokee Swamp, that the doctor was then fresh from the North, and undergoing that process of disenchantment which many Northern travelers experience, particularly those who come by railroad. The most ardent friends of Florida must admit that this railroad is by no means a prepossessing approach to the land of promise, and the midnight cold upon it is something likely to be had in remembrance. When we crossed it, however, we had a stove, which was a small imitation of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to keep us in heart. Otherwise there is a great deal of truth in our friend's allegations. As we have elsewhere remarked, every place, like a bit of tapestry, has its right side and its wrong side, and both are true and real, — the wrong side, with its tags and rags, and seams and knots, and thrums of worsted, and the right side with its pretty picture.

It is true, as the doctor says, that some invalids do come here, expose themselves imprudently, and die. People do die in Florida, if they use the means quite as successfully as in New York. It is true that sometimes the thermometer stands at seventy at noon, and that the nights are much cooler; it is true we have sometimes severe frosts in Florida; it is true we have malaria; it is true that there are swamps in Florida; and it is quite apt to be true that, if a man rides a hundred miles through a swamp at night, he will feel pretty chilly.

All these are undeniable truths. We never pretended that Florida was the kingdom of heaven, or the land where they shall no more say, "I am sick." It is quite the reverse. People this very winter have in our neighborhood had severe attacks of pneumonia; and undoubtedly many

have come to Florida seeking health, and have not found it.

Yet, on the other hand, there are now living in Florida many old established citizens and landowners who came here ten, twenty, and thirty years ago, given over in consumption, who have here for years enjoyed a happy and vigorous life in spite of Okefinokee Swamp and the malaria.

Undoubtedly the country would be much better to live in if there were no swamps and no malaria; and so, also, New England would be better to live in if there were not six months winter and three more months of cold weather there. As to malaria, it is not necessary to souse Manhattan Island under water to get that in and around New York. The new lands in New York will give you chills and fever quite as well as Florida. You can find malarial fevers almost anywhere in the towns between New York and New Haven; and it is notorious that many estates in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia sell cheap on that very account, because they are almost as malarious as some Italian villas. Florida is not quite so bad as that yet, although it has its share of that malaria which attends the development of land in a new country. But the malarial fevers here are of a mild type, and easily managed, and they are generally confined to the fall months. The situation of Florida, surrounded by the sea, and the free sweep of winds across it, temper the air and blow away malarious gases.

In regard to consumptives and all other invalids, the influence of a Floridian climate depends very much on the nature of the case and the constitution of the individual.

If persons suffer constitutionally from cold; if they are bright and well only in hot weather; if the winter chills and benumbs them, till, in the spring, they are in the condition of a frost-bitten hothouse plant, — alive, to be sure, but with every leaf gone, — then these persons may be quite

sure that they will be the better for a winter in Florida, and better still if they can take up their abode there.

But if, on the contrary, persons are debilitated and wretched during hot weather, and if cool weather braces them and gives them vigor and life, then such evidently have no call to Florida, and should be booked for Minnesota, or some other dry, cold climate. There are consumptives belonging to both these classes of constitution; and the coming of one of the wrong kind to Florida is of no use to himself, and is sure to bring discredit on the country. A little good common sense and reflection will settle that matter.

Again: there is a form of what passes for consumption, which is, after all, some modification of liver complaint; and, so far as we have heard or observed, Florida is no place for these cases. The diseases here are of the bilious type; and those who have liver complaint are apt to grow worse rather than better. But there are classes of persons on whom the climate of Florida acts like a charm.

There are certain nervously organized dyspeptics who require a great deal of open, outdoor life. They are in comfortable health during those months when they can spend half their time in the open air. They have no particular disease, but they have no great reserved strength and cannot battle with severe weather. They cannot go out in snow or wind, or on chilly, stormy days, without risking more harm than they get good. Such, in our Northern climate, are kept close prisoners for six months. From December to May, they are shut in to furnace-heated houses or air-tight stoves. The winter is one long struggle to keep themselves up. For want of the outdoor exercise which sustains them in summer, appetite and sleep both fail them. They have restless nights and bad digestion, and look anxiously to the end of winter as the only relief. For such how slowly it drags! They watch the almanac. The sun

crosses the line; the days grow a minute longer; spring will come by and by. But by what cruel irony was the month of March ever called spring? — March, which piles snowstorms and wind-storms on backs almost broken by endurance! The long agony of March and April is the breaking-point with many a delicate person who has borne pretty well the regular winter.

Said one who did much work: "I bear it pretty well through December. I don't so much mind January. February tires me a little, but I face it bravely. But by March I begin to say, 'Well, if this don't stop pretty soon, I shall: I can't get much farther.'" But our heaviest snowstorms and most savage cold are often reserved for March; and to many an invalid it has given the final thrust; it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. But after March, in New England, comes April, utterly untrustworthy, and with no assured outdoor life for a delicate person. As to the month of May, the poet Cowper has a lively poem ridiculing the poets who have made the charms of May the subject of their songs. Mother Nature is represented as thus addressing them: —

> "'Since you have thus combined,' she said,
> 'My favorite nymph to slight,
> Adorning May, that peevish maid,
> With June's undoubted right,
> The minx, cursed for your folly's sake,
> Shall prove herself a shrew;
> Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
> And bite your noses blue.'"

Which she generally does.

So it is not really till June that delicately constituted persons, or persons of impaired vigor, really feel themselves out of prison. They have then about five months at most in which they can live an open-air life, before the prison doors close on them again.

Now, the persons who would be most benefited by com-

ing to Florida are not the desperately diseased, the confirmed consumptives, but those of such impaired physical vigor that they are in danger of becoming so. An ounce of prevention here is worth many pounds of cure. It is too often the case that the care and expense that might have prevented disease from settling are spent in vain after it has once fastened. Sad it is indeed to see the wan and wasted faces, and hear the hollow death-cough, of those who have been brought here too late. Yet in hundreds of instances, yes, in thousands, where one more severe Northern winter would have fastened disease on the vitals, a winter in a Southern climate has broken the spell. The climate of Florida is also of peculiar advantage in all diseases attended by nervous excitability. The air is peculiarly soothing and tranquilizing: it is the veritable lotos-eater's paradise, full of quiet and repose. We have known cases where the sleeplessness of years has given way, under this balmy influence, to the most childlike habit of slumber.

For debility, and the complaints that spring from debility, Florida is not so good a refuge, perhaps, as some more northern point, like Aiken. The air here is soothing, but not particularly bracing. It builds up and strengthens not by any tonic effect in itself so much as by the opportunity for constant open-air life and exercise which it affords.

For children, the climate cannot be too much praised. In our little neighborhood are seven about as lively youngsters as could often be met with, and the winter has been one long outdoor play-spell. There has not been a cough, nor a cold, nor an ailment of any kind, and scarce an anxiety. All day long we hear their running and racing, — down to the boat wharves; in the boats, which they manage as dexterously as little Sandwich Islanders; fishing; catching crabs; or off after flowers in the woods, with no trouble of hail, sleet, or wet feet. Truly it is a child's Eden, and they grow and thrive accordingly.

Now as to malaria. That is a word requiring consideration to those who expect to make Florida a permanent home, but having no terrors for those who come to spend winters merely. There is no malaria in winter, and Dr. C—— may be consoled in reflecting that frost always destroys it; so that, when the thermometer is, as he says, at thirty-two degrees, there is no danger even though one be in the same State with forty swamps. In fact, for ourselves, we prefer a cool winter such as this has been. An October-like winter, when it is warm in the middle of the day, and one can enjoy a bright fire on the hearth morning and night, is the most favorable to outdoor exercise and to health.

But merely to come to Florida, and idle away time at the St. James or the St. Augustine Hotel, taking no regular exercise, and having no employment for mind or body, is no way to improve by being here. It is because the climate gives opportunity of open-air exercise that it is so favorable; but if one neglects all these opportunities, he may gain very little.

It cannot be too often impressed on strangers coming here that what cold there is will be more keenly felt than in a Northern climate. Persons should vary their clothing carefully to the varying temperature, and be quite as careful to go warmly clad as in colder States. In our furnace-heated houses at the North we generally wear thick woolen dresses and under-flannels, and keep up a temperature of from seventy to eighty degrees. In the South we move in a much lower temperature, and have only the open fire upon the hearth. It is therefore important to go warmly clad, and particularly to keep on flannels until the warm weather of April becomes a settled thing.

In regard to the healthfulness of Florida, some things are to be borne in mind. In a State that has the reputation of being an invalid's asylum, many desperate cases necessarily take refuge, and of course many die. Yet, notwith-

standing the loss from these causes, the census of 1860 showed that the number of deaths from pulmonary complaints is less to the population than in any State of the Union. In Massachusetts, the rate is one in two hundred and fifty-four; in California, one in seven hundred and twenty-seven; in Florida, one in fourteen hundred and forty-seven. Surgeon-General Lawson of the United States army, in his report, asserts that "the ratio of deaths to the number of cases of remittent fevers has been much less among the troops serving in Florida than in other portions of the United States. In the middle division, the proportion is one death to thirty-six cases of fever; in the northern, one to fifty-two; in Texas, one to seventy-eight; in California, one in a hundred and twenty-two; while in Florida it is one in two hundred and eighty-seven."

Such statistics as these are more reliable than the limited observation of any one individual. In regard to sudden changes of climate, Florida is certainly not in all parts ideally perfect. There are, at times, great and sudden changes there, but not by any means as much so as in most other States of the Union.

Sudden changes from heat to cold are the besetting sin of this fallen world. It is the staple subject for grumbling among the invalids who visit Italy; and, in fact, it is probably one of the consequences of Adam's fall, which we are not to be rid of till we get to the land of pure delight. It may, however, comfort the hearts of visitors to Florida to know that, if the climate here is not in this respect just what they would have it, it is about the best there is going.

All this will be made quite clear to any one who will study the tables of observations on temperature contained in "The Guide to Florida," where they can see an accurate account of the range of the thermometer for five successive years as compared with that in other States.

One thing cannot be too often reiterated to people who

come to Florida; and that is, that they must not expect at once to leave behind them all sickness, sorrow, pain, inconvenience of any kind, and to enter at once on the rest of paradise. The happiness, after all, will have to be comparative; and the inconveniences are to be borne by reflecting how much greater inconveniences are avoided. For instance, when we have a three-days' damp, drizzling rainstorm down here, we must reflect that at the North it is a driving snowstorm. When it is brisk, cold weather here, it is an intolerable freeze there. The shadow and reflection of all important changes at the North travel down to us in time. The exceptionally cold winter at the North has put our season here back a month behind its usual springtime. The storms travel downward, coming to us, generally, a little later, and in a modified form.

We cannot better illustrate this than by two experiences this year. Easter morning we were waked by bird-singing, and it was a most heavenly morning. We walked out in the calm, dewy freshness, to gather flowers to dress our house, — the only church we have now in which to hold services. In the low swamp land near our home is a perfect field of blue iris, whose bending leaves were all beaded with dew; and we walked in among them, admiring the wonderful vividness of their coloring, and gathering the choicest to fill a large vase. Then we cut verbenas, white, scarlet, and crimson, rose-geraniums and myrtle, callas and roses; while already on our tables were vases of yellow jessamine, gathered the night before. The blue St. John's lay in misty bands of light and shade in the distance; and the mocking-birds and redbirds were singing a loud Te Deum.

Now for the North. A friend in Hartford writes: "I was awaked by the patter of snow and sleet on the window-pane. Not a creature could go out to church, the storm was so severe; even the Irish were obliged to keep housed. With all we could do with a furnace and morning-glory stove, we

could not get the temperature of our house above fifty-five degrees."

In the latter part of the day, we at Mandarin had some rough, chilling winds, which were the remains of the Northern Easter storm; but we were wise enough to rejoice in the good we had, instead of fretting at the shadow of evil.

X

SWAMPS AND ORANGE-TREES

March 25, 1872.

After a cold, damp, rainy week, we have suddenly had dropped upon us a balmy, warm, summer day, — thermometer at eighty; and everything out of doors growing so fast that you may see and hear it grow.

The swampy belt of land in front of the house is now bursting forth in clouds of blue iris of every shade, from the palest and faintest to the most vivid lapis-lazuli tint. The wild-rose bushes there are covered with buds, and the cypress-trees are lovely with their vivid little feathers of verdure. This swamp is one of those crooks in our lot which occasion a never-ceasing conflict of spirit. It is a glorious, bewildering impropriety. The trees and shrubs in it grow as if they were possessed; and there is scarcely a month in the year that it does not flame forth in some new blossom. It is a perpetual flower garden, where creepers run and tangle; where Nature has raptures and frenzies of growth, and conducts herself like a crazy, drunken, but beautiful bacchante. But what to do with it is not clear. The river rises and falls in it; and under all that tangle of foliage lies a foul sink of the blackest mud. The black, unsavory moccasin-snakes are said and believed to have their lair in those jungles, where foot of man cares not to tread. Gigantic bulrushes grow up; clumps of high water-grasses, willows,

elms, maples, cypresses, *Magnolia glauca* (sweet-bay), make brave show of foliage. Below, the blue pickerel-weed, the St. John's lily, the blue iris, wild roses, blossoming tufts of elder, together with strange flowers of names unspoken, make a goodly fellowship. The birds herd there in droves; redbirds glance like gems through the boughs; catbirds and sparrows and jays babble and jargon there in the green labyrinths made by the tangling vines. We muse over it, meanwhile enjoying the visible coming on of spring in its foliage. The maples have great red leaves, curling with their own rapid growth; the elms feather out into graceful plumes; and the cypress, as we said before, most brilliant of all spring greens, puts forth its fairy foliage. Verily it is the most gorgeous of improprieties, this swamp; and we will let it alone this year also, and see what will come of it. There are suggestions of ditching and draining, and what not, that shall convert the wild bacchante into a steady, orderly member of society. We shall see.

Spring is a glory anywhere; but as you approach the tropics, there is a vivid brilliancy, a burning tone, to the coloring, that is peculiar. We are struck with the beauty of the catbriers. We believe they belong to the smilax family; and the kinds that prevail here are evergreen, and have quaintly marked leaves. Within a day or two, these glossy, black-green vines have thrown out trembling red sprays shining with newness, with long tendrils waving in the air. The vigor of a red young shoot that seems to spring out in an hour has something delightful in it.

Yellow jessamine, alas, is fading. The ground is strewn with pale-yellow trumpets, as if the elves had had a concert and thrown down their instruments and fled. Now the vines throw out young shoots half a yard long, and infinite in number; and jessamine goes on to possess and clothe new regions, which next February shall be yellow with flowers.

Farewell for this year, sweet Medea of the woods, with thy golden fleece of blossoms! Why couldst thou not stay with us through the year? Emerson says quaintly, "Seventy salads measure the life of a man." The things, whether of flower or fruit, that we can have but once a year, mark off our lives. A lover might thus tell the age of his lady-love: "Seventeen times had the jessamine blossomed since she came into the world." The time of the bloom of the jessamine is about two months. In the middle of January, when we came down, it was barely budded; the 25th of March, and it is past.

But, not to give all our time to flowers, we must now fulfill our promise to answer letters, and give practical information.

A gentleman propounds to us the following inquiry: "Apart from the danger from frosts, what is the prospect of certainty in the orange crop? Is it a steady one?"

We have made diligent inquiry from old, experienced cultivators, and from those who have collected the traditions of orange-growing; and the result seems to be that, apart from the danger of frost, the orange crop is the most steady and certain of any known fruit.

In regard to our own grove, consisting of a hundred and fifteen trees on an acre and a half of ground, we find that there has been an average crop matured of sixty thousand a year for each of the five years we have had it. Two years the crop was lost through sudden frost coming after it was fully perfected, but these two years are the only ones since 1835 when a crop has been lost or damaged through frost.

Our friend inquires with regard to the orange insect. This was an epidemic which prevailed some fifteen or twenty years ago, destroying the orange-trees as the cankerworms did the apple-trees. It was a variety of the scale-bug; but nothing has been seen of it in an epidemic form for many years, and growers now have no apprehensions from this source.

The wonderful vital and productive power of the orange-tree would not be marveled at could one examine its roots. The ground all through our grove is a dense mat or sponge of fine yellow roots, which appear like a network on the least displacing of the sand. Every ramification has its feeder, and sucks up food for the tree with avidity. The consequence is, that people who have an orange grove must be contented with that, and not try to raise flowers; but, nevertheless, we do try, because we can't help it. But every fertilizer that we put upon our roses and flower beds is immediately rushed after by these hungry yellow orange roots. At the roots of our great live-oak we wanted a little pet colony of flowers, and had muck and manure placed there to prepare for them. In digging there lately, we found every particle of muck and manure netted round with the fine, embracing fibres from the orange-tree ten feet off. The consequence is, that our roses grow slowly, and our flower garden is not a success.

Oleanders, cape-jessamines, pomegranates, and crape-myrtles manage, however, to stand their ground. Any strong, woody-fibred plant does better than more delicate flowers; as people who will insist upon their rights, and fight for them, do best in the great scramble of life.

But what a bouquet of sweets is an orange-tree! Merely as a flowering tree it is worth having, if for nothing else. We call the time of their budding the week of pearls. How beautiful, how almost miraculous, the leaping forth of these pearls to gem the green leaves! The fragrance has a stimulating effect on our nerves, — a sort of dreamy intoxication. The air now is full of it. Under the trees the white shell-petals drift, bearing perfume.

But, not to lose our way in poetic raptures, we return to statistics drawn from a recent conversation with our practical neighbor. He has three trees in his grounds, which this year have each borne five thousand oranges. He says that

he has never failed of a steady crop from any cause, except in the first of the two years named; and in that case, it is to be remembered, the fruit was perfected, and only lost by not being gathered.

He stated that he had had reports from two men whom he named, who had each gathered ten thousand from a single tree. He appeared to think it a credible story, though a very remarkable yield.

The orange can be got from seed. Our neighbor's trees, the largest and finest in Mandarin, are seedlings. Like ours, they were frozen down in 1835, and subsequently almost destroyed by the orange insect; but now they are stately, majestic trees of wonderful beauty. The orange follows the quality of the seed, and needs no budding; and in our region this mode of getting the trees is universally preferred. Fruit may be expected from the seed in six years, when high cultivation is practiced. A cultivator in our neighborhood saw a dozen trees, with an average of three hundred oranges on each, at seven years from the seed. Young seedling plants of three years' growth can be bought in the nurseries on the St. John's River.

Our young folks have been thrown into a state of great excitement this afternoon by the introduction among them of two live alligators. Our friend Mr. P—— went for them to the lair of the old alligator, which he describes as a hole in the bank, where the eggs are laid. Hundreds of little alligators were crawling in and out, the parents letting them shift for themselves. They feed upon small fish. Our young protégé snapped in a very suggestive manner at a stick offered to him, and gave an energetic squeak. We pointed out to the children that, if it were their finger or toe that was in the stick's place, the consequences might be serious. After all, we have small sympathy with capturing these poor monsters. We have some nice tales to tell of them anon. Meanwhile our paper must end here.

XI

LETTER-WRITING

April 14.

Our Palmetto correspondence increases daily. Our mail comes only twice a week; and as the result of the last two mails, we find fifteen letters, propounding various inquiries about Florida. Now, it would be a most delightful thing to be on sociable terms with all the world; and we would be glad to reply to each one of these letters. Many of them are sprightly and amusing; all are written in good faith, containing most natural and rational inquiries. But let any one attempt the task of writing fifteen letters on one subject, and he will soon find that it is rather more than can be done by one who expects to do anything else.

Some of the inquiries, however, we may as well dispose of in the beginning of this letter.

And first as to the little boy who has lost his cat, and wishes to know if we cannot spare Peter to take her place. Alas! we have a tale of sadness to unfold. When we began our "Palmetto Leaves" we were the embarrassed possessor of four thrifty cats; now every one of them has passed to the land of shades, and we are absolutely *catless*. Peter, we regret to say, was killed in consequence of being mistaken for a rabbit, one moonlight night, by an enterprising young sportsman; Annie was unfortunately drowned; and 'Cindy fell victim to some similar hallucination of the young son-of-a-gun who destroyed Peter. In short, only our old family mother cat remained; but, as she had a fine litter of kittens, there was hope that the line would be continued. We established her sumptuously in a box in the back shed with her nurslings; but, as cruel Fate would have it, a marauding dog came smelling about, and a fight ensued, in

which Puss's fore leg was broken, or, to speak quite literally, chewed up.

Wounded and bleeding, but plucky to the last, she drove off the dog with a "predestined scratched face," and taking up her kittens one by one in her mouth, traversed a long veranda, jumped through a window into the bedroom of one of her mistresses, and deposited her nurslings under the bed.

All agreed that a cat of such spirit and gallantry had shown that she ought to vote by her ability to fight, and that she was at least worthy of distinguished attention. So the next day the whole family sat in council on the case. Chloroform was administered; and while Puss was insensible, a promising young naturalist set and bandaged the limb; but, alas! without avail. The weather was hot; and the sufferings of the poor creature soon became such that we were thankful that we had the power, by a swift and painless death, to put an end to them. So a pistol ball sent Puss to the land where the good cats go; and the motherless kitties found peace under the blue waters of the St. John's. The water-nymphs, undoubtedly, "held up their pearled wrists and took them in," and doubtless made blessed pets of them. So that is the end of all our cats.

Phœbus rejoices now, for there is none to molest or make him afraid. His songs increase daily in variety. He pipes and whistles; occasionally breaks forth into a litany that sounds like "Pray do, pray do, pray do!" then suddenly changing the stop, he shouts, "De deevil! de deevil! de deevil!" but as he is otherwise a bird of the most correct habits, it cannot be supposed that any profanity is intended. This morning being Sunday, he called "Beecher, Beecher, Beecher!" very volubly. He evidently is a progressive bird, and, for aught we know, may yet express himself on some of the questions of the day.

The next letter on our file wants to know the prices of

board at Green Cove Springs, Magnolia, and Hibernia. The prices at these places vary all the way from twelve to thirty-five dollars per week, according to accommodations. The higher prices are in larger hotels, and the smaller in private boarding-houses. "The Florida Guide" says board can be obtained in Jacksonville, in private families, at from eight to ten dollars per week.

There are three more letters, asking questions about the culture of the orange; to which the writers will find answers, so far as we can give them, when we come to speak of the orange orchards up the river.

A lady writes to ask if we know any way of preserving figs.

Practically, we know nothing about the fig harvest, having never been here when they were ripe. Our friends tell us that they are not successful in preserving them in cans. They make a delicious though rather luscious preserve done in the ordinary way, like peaches. But we will give our inquiring friend the benefit of a piece of information communicated to us by an old native Floridian, who professed to have raised and prepared figs as fine as those in Turkey. His receipt was as follows: "Prepare a lye from the ashes of the grapevine; have a kettle of this kept boiling hot over the fire; throw in the figs, and let them remain two minutes; skim them out and drain them on a sieve, and afterwards dry in the sun." Such was his receipt, which we have never tried. Probably any other strong lye would answer as well as that from the grapevine.

As to those who have asked for flowers from Florida, we wish it were in our power to grant their requests, but these frail beauties are not transferable. We in our colony have taxed the resources of our postal arrangements to carry to our friends small specimens, but with no very encouraging results.

We have just been making the *grand round*, or tour up

the St. John's to Enterprise, across to St. Augustine and back, which is necessary to constitute one an accomplished Floridian sight-seer, and it had been our intention to devote this letter to that trip; but there is so much to say, there are so many wonders and marvels to be described, that we must give it a letter by itself. No dreamland on earth can be more unearthly in its beauty and glory than the St. John's in April. Tourists, for the most part, see it only in winter, when half its gorgeous forests stand bare of leaves, and go home, never dreaming what it would be like in its resurrection robes. So do we, in our darkness, judge the shores of the river of this mortal life up which we sail, oft-times disappointed and complaining. We are seeing all things in winter, and not as they will be when God shall wipe away all tears and bring about the new heavens and new earth, of which every spring is a symbol and a prophecy. The flowers and leaves of last year vanish for a season, but they come back fresher and fairer than ever.

This bright morning we looked from the roof of our veranda, and our neighbor's oleander-trees were glowing like a great crimson cloud, and we said, "There! the oleanders have come back!" No Northern ideas can give the glory of these trees as they raise their heads in this their native land, and seem to be covered with great crimson roses. The poor stunted bushes of Northern greenhouses are as much like it as our stunted virtues and poor frost-nipped enjoyments shall be like the bloom and radiance of God's paradise hereafter. In April they begin to bloom, and they bloom on till November. Language cannot do justice to the radiance, the brightness, the celestial calm and glory, of these spring days. There is an assurance of perpetuity in them. You do not say, as at the North, that a fine day is a "weather-breeder," and expect a week of storms to pay for it. Day after day passes in brightness. Morning after morning you wake to see the same sunshine

gilding the tops of the orange-trees, and hear the same concert of birds. All the forest trees stand in perfected glory, and the leaves have sprung forth with such rapidity and elastic vigor as gives the foliage a wondrous brightness. The black-jack oaks — trees which, for some reason or other, are apt to be spoken of as of small account — have now put forth their large, sharply cut, oak-shaped leaves. We say this because it is the only one of the oak species here that at all resembles the oaks we have been accustomed to see. The pawpaw bushes are all burst out in white fringes of blossom, and the silver bells of the sparkleberry are now in their perfection. Under foot, a whole tribe of new flowers has come in place of the departed violets. The partridge-berry or squaw-berry of the North grows in the woods in dense mats, and is now white with its little starry blossoms. Certain nameless little golden balls of flowers twinkle in the grass and leaves like small constellations. We call them, for lack of botanic language, "sun-kisses." Our party, the other night, made an expedition to the "second branch," and brought home long vines of purple wistaria, red trumpet-creeper, and some sprays of white blossoms unknown to us; so that our house still is a flower-show. Spring is as much a pomp and a glory here as in Northern States; for although the winter is far more endurable, and preserves far more beauty, yet the outburst of vividness and vigor when the sun begins to wax powerful is even greater and more marked than at the North. The roses are now in perfection. Ours have not thriven as they might have done were it not for the all-devouring orange-trees; but still they give us every morning, with our breakfast, a comforting assortment. La Marque, Giant of Battles, Hermosa, a little cluster rose, and a dozen more, have brightened our repast. This is the land to raise roses, however; and we mean yet to have a rose garden at a safe distance from any orange-trees, and see what will come of it.

Here are no slugs or rose bugs or caterpillars to make rose culture a burden and a vexation. Finally, as we have had so many letters asking information of us, we wish somebody who is wise enough would write one, and give us some on a certain point. One of our orange-trees has become an invalid. The case may be stated as follows: Early in the season Mr. F——, in looking over the grove, found this tree, then loaded with fruit, dropping its leaves; the leaves curling, or, as they say here, "rolling," as is the fashion of orange-trees when suffering from drought. Immediately he took all the fruit from the tree, pruned it, dug about the roots, and examined them to find something to account for this. For a while, by careful tending, the tree seemed to be coming to itself; but when the blossoming-time came round, half its leaves fell, and it burst into blossoms on every spray and twig in the most preternatural manner. It reminded us of some poor dear women, who, when they lose their health, seem resolved to kill themselves in abundant good works. It was really blossoming to death. Now we ask any wise fruit-growers, What is this disease? and how is it to be treated? We have treated it by cutting off all the blossoms, cutting back the branches, watering with water in which guano and lime have been dissolved; and the patient looks a little better. A negro workman testified that a tree in a similar state had been brought back by these means. Can any fruit-grower give any light on this subject?

XII

MAGNOLIA WEEK

April 20.

It is vain to propose and announce subjects from week to week. One must write what one is thinking of. When the mind is full of one thing, why go about to write on another?

The past week we have been engrossed by magnolias. On Monday, our friend D——, armed and equipped with scaling-ladders, ascended the glistening battlements of the great forest palaces fronting his cottage, and bore thence the white princesses, just bursting into bud, and brought them down to us. Forthwith all else was given up, for who would take the portrait of the white lady must hurry; for, like many queens of earth, there is but a step between perfected beauty and decay, — a moment between beauty and ashes.

We bore them to our chamber, and before morning the whole room was filled with the intoxicating, dreamy fragrance; and, lo! while we slept, the pearly hinges had revolved noiselessly, and the bud that we left the evening before had become a great and glorious flower. To descend to particulars, imagine a thick, waxen-cupped peony of the largest size, just revealing in its centre an orange-colored cone of the size of a walnut. Around it, like a circlet of emeralds, were the new green leaves, contrasting in their vivid freshness with the solid, dark green brilliancy of the old foliage. The leaves of the magnolia are in themselves beauty enough without the flower. We used to gather them in a sort of rapture before we ever saw the blossom; but all we can say of the flower is, that it is worthy of them.

We sat down before this queen of flowers, and worked assiduously at her portrait. We had, besides the full blossom, one bud of the size and shape of a large egg, which we despaired of seeing opened, but proposed to paint as it was. The second morning, our green egg began to turn forth a silver lining; and, as we worked, we could see it slowly opening before us. Silvery and pearly were the pure tips, while the outside was of a creamy yellow melting into green. Two days we kept faithful watch and ward at the shrine; but, lo! on the morning of the third our beautiful fairy had changed in the night to an ugly brownie.

The petals, so waxen fair the night before, had become of a mahogany color; and a breeze passing by swept them dishonored in showers on the floor. The history of that magnolia was finished. We had seen it unfold and die. Our pearly bud, however, went on waxing and opening till its day came for full perfection.

The third day, our friend again brought in a glorious bouquet. No ordinary flower vase would hold it. It required a heavy stone jar, and a gallon of water; but we filled the recess of our old-fashioned Franklin stove with the beauties, and the whole house was scented with their perfume.

Then we thought of the great lonely swamps and everglades where thousands of these beauties are now bursting into flower with no earthly eye to behold them.

The old German legends of female spirits inhabiting trees recurred to us. Our magnolia would make a beautiful Libussa. A flower is commonly thought the emblem of a woman; and a woman is generally thought of as something sweet, clinging, tender, and perishable. But there are women flowers that correspond to the forest magnolia, — high and strong, with a great hold of root and a great spread of branches, and whose pulsations of heart and emotion come forth like these silver lilies that illuminate the green shadows of the magnolia forests.

Yesterday, our friend the Rev. Mr. M—— called and invited us to go with him to visit his place, situated at the mouth of Julington, just where it flows into the St. John's. Our obliging neighbor immediately proposed to take the whole party in his sailing-yacht.

An impromptu picnic was proclaimed through the house. Every one dropped the work in hand, and flew to spreading sandwiches. Oranges were gathered, luncheon-baskets packed, and the train filed out from the two houses. The breeze was fresh and fair, and away we flew. Here, on

the St. John's, a water-coach is more to the purpose, in the present state of our wood-roads, than any land-carriage, and the delight of sailing is something infinitely above any other locomotion. On this great, beautiful river you go drifting like a feather or a cloud, while the green, fragrant shores form a constantly varying picture as you pass. Yesterday, as we were sailing, we met a little green, floating island, which seemed to have started out on its own account, and gone to seek its fortune. We saw it at first in the distance, — a small, undulating spot of vivid green. Our little craft was steered right alongside, so that we could minutely observe. It was some half dozen square yards of pickerel-weed, bonnet water-lettuce, and other water-plants, which, it would seem, had concluded to colonize, and go out to see the world in company. We watched them as they went nodding and tilting off over the blue waters, and wondered where they would bring up.

But now we are at the mouth of Julington, and running across to a point of land on the other side. Our boat comes to anchor under a grove of magnolia-trees which lean over the water. They are not yet fully in blossom. One lily-white bud and one full-blown flower appear on a low branch overhanging the river, and are marked to be gathered when we return. We go up, and begin strolling along the shore. The magnolia grove extends along the edge of the water for half a mile. Very few flowers are yet developed, but the trees themselves, in the vivid contrast of the new leaves with the old, are beauty enough. Out of the centre of the spike of last year's solemn green comes the most vivid, varnished cluster of fresh young leaves, and from the centre of this brilliant cluster comes the flower bud. The magnolia, being an evergreen, obeys in its mode of growth the law which governs all evergreens. When the new shoots come out, the back leaves fall off. This produces in the magnolia a wonderfully beautiful effect of color. As we

looked up in the grove, each spike had, first, the young green leaves; below those, the dark, heavy ones; and below those still, the decaying ones, preparing to fall. These change with all the rich colors of decaying leaves. Some are of a pure, brilliant yellow; others yellow, mottled, and spotted with green; others take a tawny orange, and again a faded brown.

The afternoon sun, shining through this grove, gave all these effects of color in full brightness. The trees, as yet, had but here and there a blossom. Each shoot had its bud, for the most part no larger than a walnut. The most advanced were of the size of an egg, of white tinted with green. Beneath the trees the ground was thickly strewn with the golden brown and mottled leaves, which were ever and anon sailing down as the wind swayed them.

Numbers of little seedling magnolias were springing up everywhere about us; and we easily pulled up from the loose yielding soil quite a number of them, wrapping their roots in the gray moss which always lies at hand for packing purposes.

The place had many native wild orange-trees, which had been cut off and budded with the sweet orange, and were making vigorous growth. Under the shade of the high live-oaks Mr. M—— had set out young orange and lemon trees through quite an extent of the forest. He told us that he had two thousand plants thus growing. It is becoming a favorite idea with fruit-planters here that the tropical fruits are less likely to be injured by frosts, and make a more rapid and sure growth, under the protecting shadow of live-oaks. The wild orange is found frequently growing in this way, and they take counsel of Nature in this respect.

After wandering a while in the wood, we picnicked under a spreading live-oak, with the breeze from the river drawing gratefully across us.

Our dinner over, Mr. M—— took us through his planta-

tions of grapes, peaches, and all other good things. Black Hamburg grapes grafted upon the root of the native vine had made luxuriant growth, and were setting full of grapes. There were shoots of this year's growth full six and seven feet in length. In the peach orchard were trees covered with young peaches, which Mr. M—— told us were only three years from the seed. All the garden vegetables were there in fine order, and the string-beans appeared to be in full maturity.

It is now five years since Mr. M—— bought and began to clear this place, then a dense forest. At first, the letting in of the sun on the decaying vegetation, and the upturning of the soil, made the place unhealthy, and it was found necessary to remove the family. Now the work is done, the place cleared, and, he says, as healthy as any other.

Mr. M—— is an enthusiastic horticulturist and florist, and is about to enrich the place with a rose garden of some thousands of choice varieties. These places in Florida must not in any wise be compared with the finished ones of Northern States. They are spots torn out of the very heart of the forest, and where Nature is rebelling daily, and rushing with all her might back again into the wild freedom from which she has been a moment led captive. But a day is coming when they will be wonderfully beautiful and productive.

We had one adventure in conquering and killing a formidable-looking black snake about seven feet in length. He had no fangs, and, Mr. M—— told us, belonged to a perfectly respectable and harmless family, whose only vice is chicken-stealing. They are called chicken snakes, in consequence of the partiality they show for young chickens, which they swallow, feathers and all, with good digestion and relish. He informed us that they were vigorous ratters, and better than either terrier or cat for keeping barns clear of rats; and that for this purpose they were often cherished

in granaries, as they will follow the rats to retreats where cats cannot go. Imagine the feelings of a rat when this dreadful visitor comes like grim death into his family circle!

In regard to snakes in general, the chance of meeting hurtful ones in Florida is much less than in many other States. Mr. M——, who in the way of his mission has ridden all through Florida, never yet met a rattlesnake, or was endangered by any venomous serpent. Perhaps the yearly burnings of the grass which have been practiced so long in Florida have had some effect in checking the increase of serpents by destroying their eggs.

As the afternoon sun waxed low, we sought our yacht again, and came back with two magnolia flowers and several buds. This week, too, the woods are full of the blossoms of the passion-flower.

Our neighbor, Mr. C——, has bought the beautiful oak-hammock, where he is preparing to build a house. Walking over to see the spot the other evening, we found a jungle of passion-flowers netted around on the ground, and clinging to bush and tree. Another neighbor also brought us in some branches of a flowering shrub called the Indian pipe, which eclipses the sparkleberry. Like that, it seems to be a glorified variety of high huckleberry or blueberry. It has the greatest profusion of waxen white bells fringing every twig; and, *blasé* as we have been with floral displays, we had a new sensation when it was brought into the house.

Thus goes the floral procession in April in the wildwoods. In the gardens, the oleanders, pink, white, and deep crimson, are beginning their long season of bloom. The scarlet pomegranate, with its vivid sparks of color, shines through the leaves.

We are sorry for all those who write to beg that we will send by mail a specimen of this or that flower. Our experience has shown us that in that way they are not trans-

ferable. Magnolia buds would arrive dark and dreadful; and it is far better to view the flowers, ever fresh and blooming, through imagination, than to receive a desolate, faded, crumpled remnant by mail.

XIII

BUYING LAND IN FLORIDA

May 2.

We have before us a neat little pile of what we call "Palmetto letters," — responses to our papers from all States in the Union. Our knowledge of geography has really been quite brightened by the effort to find out where all our correspondents are living. Nothing could more mark the exceptional severity of the recent winter than the bursts of enthusiasm with which the tidings of flowers and open-air freedom in Florida have come to those struggling through snowdrifts and hailstorms in the more ungenial parts of our Union. Florida seems to have risen before their vision as the hymn sings of better shores: —

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wistful eye
> To Canaan's fair and happy land."

Consequently the letters of inquiry have come in showers. What is the price of land? Where shall we go? How shall we get there? etc.

We have before advertised you, O beloved unknown who write that your letters are welcome, ofttimes cheering, amusing, and undeniably nice letters; yet we cannot pledge ourselves to answer, except in the gross, and through "The Christian Union." The last inquiry is from three brothers, who want to settle and have homes together at the South. They ask, "Is there government land that can be had in Florida?" Yes, there is a plenty of it; yet, as Florida is

the oldest settled State in the Union, and has always been a sort of bone for which adventurers have wrangled, the best land in it has been probably taken up. We do not profess to be land-agents; and we speak only for the tract of land lying on the St. John's River, between Mandarin and Jacksonville, when we say that there are thousands of acres of good land, near to a market, near to a great river on which three or four steamboats are daily plying, that can be had for five dollars per acre, and for even less than that. Fine, handsome building-lots in the neighborhood of Jacksonville are rising in value, commanding much higher prices than the mere productive value of the land. In other words, men pay for advantages, for society, for facilities afforded by settlements.

Now, for the benefit of those who are seriously thinking of coming to Florida, we have taken some pains to get the practical experience of men who are now working the land as to what it will do. On the 2d of May we accepted the invitation of Colonel Hardee to visit his pioneer nursery, now in the fourth year of its existence. Mr. Hardee is an enthusiast in his business, and it is a department where we are delighted to see enthusiasm. The close of the war found him, as he said, miserably poor. But, brave and undiscouraged, he retained his former slaves as free laborers; took a tract of land about a mile and a half from Jacksonville; put up a house; cleared, planted, ploughed, and digged; and, in the course of four years, results are beginning to tell handsomely, as they always do for energy and industry. He showed us through his grounds, where everything was growing at the rate things do grow here in the month of May. Two things Mr. Hardee seems to have demonstrated, — first, that strawberry culture may be a success in Florida; and, second, that certain varieties of Northern apples and pears may be raised here. We arrived in Florida in the middle of January; and one of the party

who spent a night at the St. James was surprised by seeing a peck of fresh, ripe strawberries brought in. They were from Mr. Hardee's nursery, and grown in the open air; and he informed us that they had, during all the winter, a daily supply of the fruit, sufficient for a large family, and a considerable overplus for the market. The month of May, however, is the height of the season; and they were picking, they informed us, at the rate of eighty quarts per day.

In regard to apples and pears, Mr. Hardee's method is to graft them upon the native hawthorn; and the results are really quite wonderful. Mr. Hardee was so complaisant as to cut and present to us a handsome cluster of red Astrachan apples about the size of large hickory-nuts, the result of the second year from the graft. Several varieties of pears had made a truly astonishing growth, and promise to fruit, in time, abundantly. A large peach orchard presented a show of peaches, some of the size of a butternut and some of a walnut. Concerning one which he called the Japan peach, he had sanguine hope of ripe fruit in ten days. We were not absolute in the faith as to the exact date, but believe that there will undoubtedly be ripe peaches there before the month of May is out. Mr. Hardee is particularly in favor of cultivating fruit in partially shaded ground. Most of these growths we speak of were under the shade of large live-oaks; but when he took us into the wild forest, and showed us peach, orange, and lemon trees set to struggle for existence on the same footing, and with only the same advantages, as the wild denizens of the forest, we rather demurred. Was not this pushing theory to extremes? Time will show.

Colonel Hardee has two or three native seedling peaches grown in Florida, of which he speaks highly, — Mrs. Thompson's Golden Free, which commences ripening in June, and continues till the first of August; the "Cracker Cart,"

very large, weighing sometimes thirteen ounces; the Cling Yellow; and the Japan, very small and sweet, ripening in May. Besides these, Mr. Hardee has experimented largely in vines, in which he gives preference to the Isabella, Hartford Prolific, and Concord.

He is also giving attention to roses and ornamental shrubbery. What makes the inception of such nurseries as Mr. Hardee's a matter of congratulation is, that they furnish to purchasers things that have been proved suited to the climate and soil of Florida. Peach-trees, roses, and grapes sent from the North bring here the habit of their Northern growth, which often makes them worthless. With a singular stubbornness, they adhere to the times and seasons to which they have been accustomed farther north. We set a peach orchard of some four hundred trees which we obtained from a nursery in Georgia. We suspect now that, having a press of orders, our nurseryman simply sent us a packet of trees from some Northern nursery. The consequence is, that year after year, when all nature about them is bursting into leaf and blossom, when peaches of good size gem the boughs of Florida trees, our peach orchard stands sullen and leafless; nor will it start bud or blossom till the time for peaches to start in New York. The same has been our trouble with some fine varieties of roses which we took from our Northern grounds. As yet, they are hardly worth the ground they occupy; and whether they ever will do anything is a matter of doubt. Meanwhile we have only to ride a little way into the pine woods to see around many a rustic cabin a perfect blaze of crimson roses and cluster roses, foaming over the fences in cascades of flowers. These are Florida roses, born and bred; and this is the way they do with not one tithe of the work and care that we have expended on our poor Northern exiles. Mr. Hardee, therefore, in attempting the pioneer nursery of Florida, is doing a good thing for every newcomer, and

we wish him all success. As a parting present, we received a fine summer squash, which, for the first of May, one must admit is good growth. And now, for the benefit of those who may want to take up land in Florida, we shall give the experience of some friends and neighbors of ours who have carried through about as thorough and well-conducted an experiment as any; and we give it from memoranda which they have kindly furnished, in the hope of being of use to other settlers.

XIV

OUR EXPERIENCE IN CROPS

A few years ago three brothers, farmers from Vermont, exhausted by the long, hard winters there, came to Florida to try an experiment. They bought two hundred and seventy-five acres in the vicinity of Mandarin at one dollar per acre. It was pine land that had been cut over twice for timber, and was now considered of no further value by its possessor, who threw it into the hands of a land-agent to make what he could of it. It was the very cheapest kind of Florida land.

Of this land they cleared only thirty-five acres. The fencing cost two hundred dollars. They put up a large, unplastered, two-story house, with piazzas to both floors, at a cost of about a thousand dollars. The additional outlay was on two mules and a pair of oxen, estimated at four hundred dollars. The last year, they put up a sugar-mill and establishment at a cost of five hundred dollars.

An orange grove, a vineyard, and a peach orchard are all included in the programme of these operators, and are all well under way. But these are later results. It is not safe to calculate on an orange grove under ten years, or on a vineyard or peach orchard under four or five.

We have permission to copy *verbatim* certain memoranda of results with which they have furnished us.

CABBAGES.

First Year. — Sowed seed in light sandy soil without manure. Weak plants, beaten down by rain, lost.

Second Year. — Put out an acre and a half of fine plants; large part turned out poorly. Part of the land was low, sour, and wet, and all meagrely fertilized. Crop sold in Jacksonville for two hundred and fifty dollars.

Third Year. — Three acres better, but still inadequately manured, and half ruined by the Christmas frost; brought about eight hundred dollars.

Fourth Year (1871–72). — Two acres better manured; planted in low land, on ridges five feet apart; returned six hundred dollars. In favorable seasons, with good culture, an acre of cabbages should yield a gross return of five hundred dollars, of which three hundred would be clear profit.

CUCUMBERS.

First Year. — Planted four acres, mostly new, hard, sour land, broad-casting fifty bushels of lime to the acre, and using some weak, half-rotted compost in the hills; wretched crop. The whole lot sent North; did not pay for shipment.

Second Year. — An acre and a half best land, heavily manured with well-rotted compost worked into drills eight feet apart: yielded fifty bushels, which brought two hundred and fifty dollars in New York. More would have been realized, except that an untimely hailstorm spoiled the vines prematurely.

Third Year. — An acre and a half, well cultivated and manured, yielded four hundred bushels, and brought a gross return of thirteen hundred dollars.

TOMATOES.

First Year. — Lost many plants through rain and wet, and insufficient manure. Those we got to the New York market brought from four to six dollars per bushel.

Second Year. — Manured too heavily in the hill with powerful unfermented manures. A heavy rain helped ruin the crop. Those, however, which we sent to market brought good prices.

Third Year. — None planted for market; but those for family use did so well as to put us in good humor with the crop, and induce us to plant for this year.

SWEET POTATOES.

Every year we have had pretty good success with them on land well prepared with lime and ashes. We have had three hundred and fifty bushels to the acre.

SUGAR-CANE

Has done very respectably on one-year-old soil manured with ashes only; while mellow land, well prepared with muck, ashes, and fish guano, has yielded about twenty barrels of sugar to the acre.

IRISH POTATOES.

We have found these on light soil, with only moderate fertilizing, an unprofitable crop at four dollars, but on good land, with very heavy manuring, decidedly profitable at two dollars per bushel. Fine potatoes rarely are less than that in Jacksonville. They will be ready to dig in April and May.

PEAS

May be extraordinarily profitable, and may fail entirely. A mild winter, without severe frosts, would bring them early into market. The Christmas freeze of 1870 caught a half acre of our peas in blossom, and killed them to the ground.

Planted in the latter part of January, both peas and potatoes are pretty sure. We have not done much with peas, but a neighbor of ours prefers them to cabbages. He gets about three dollars per bushel.

As a general summary, our friend adds: —

"For two years in succession we have found our leading market crops handsomely remunerative. The net returns look well compared with those of successful gardening near New York. Cabbages raised here during the fall and winter, without any protection, bear as good price as do the spring cabbages which are raised in cold-frames at the North; and early cucumbers, grown in the open air, have been worth as much to us as to Northern gardeners who have grown them in hotbeds.

"The secret of our success is an open one; but we ourselves do not yet come up to our mark, and reduce our preaching to practice. We have hardly made a good beginning in high manuring. We did not understand at first, as we now do, the difference between ordinary crops and *early* vegetables and fruits. Good corn may be raised on poor land at the rate of five or ten bushels to the acre; but, on a hundred acres of scantily fertilized land, scarcely a single handsome cabbage can be grown. So with cucumbers: they will neither be early, nor fit for market, if raised on ordinary land with ordinary culture. Most of the market-gardening in Florida, so far as we know it, cannot but prove disastrous. Land-agents and visionaries hold forth that great crops may be expected from insignificant outlays, and so they decoy the credulous to their ruin. To undertake raising vegetables in Florida, with these ideas of low culture, is to embark in a leaky and surely sinking ship. If one is unwilling to expend for manure alone upon a single acre in one year enough to buy a hundred acres of new land, let him give a wide berth to market-gardening. Such expenditures

have to be met at the North, and there is no getting round it at the South.

"Yet one can economize here as one cannot at the North. The whole culture of an early-vegetable garden can go on in connection with the later crop of sugar-cane. Before our cabbages were off the ground this spring, we had our cane-rows between them; and we never before prepared the ground and planted the cane so easily. On another field we have the cane-rows eight feet apart, and tomatoes and snap-beans intervening. We have suffered much for lack of proper drainage. We have actually lost enough from water standing upon crops to have underdrained the whole inclosure. We undertook to till more acres than we could do justice to. In farming, the love of acres is the root of all evil."

So much for our friend's experiences. We consider this experiment a most valuable one for all who contemplate buying land and settling in Florida. It is an experiment in which untiring industry, patience, and economy have been brought into exercise. It has been tried on the very cheapest land in Florida, and its results are most instructive.

Market-gardening must be the immediate source of support, and therefore this experiment is exactly in point.

This will show that the land is the least of the expense in starting a farm; and that it is best, in the first instance, to spend little for land and much for the culture of it.

Thousands of people pour down into Florida to winter, and must be fed. The Jacksonville market, and the markets of all the different boarding establishments on the river, need ample supplies; and there is no fear that there will not be a ready sale for all that could be raised.

Our friends are willing to make a free contribution of their own failures and mistakes for the good of those who come after. It shows that a new country must be *studied*

and tried before success is attained. Newcomers, by settling in the vicinity of successful planters, may shorten the painful paths of experience.

All which we commend to all those who have written to inquire about buying land in Florida.

XV

MAY IN FLORIDA

MANDARIN, *May* 28, 1872.

The month of May in Florida corresponds to July and August at the North. Strawberries, early peaches, blackberries, huckleberries, blueberries, and two species of wild plums, are the fruits of this month, and make us forget to want the departing oranges. Still, however, some of these cling to the bough; and it is astonishing how juicy and refreshing they still are. The blueberries are larger and sweeter, and less given to hard seeds, than any we have ever tasted. In the way of garden vegetables, summer squashes, string-beans, and tomatoes are fully in season.

This year, for the most part, the month has been most delightful weather. With all the pomp and glory of Nature in full view; beholding in the wet, lowlands red, succulent shoots, which, under the moist, fiery breath of the season, seem really to grow an inch at a time, and to shoot up as by magic; hearing bird songs filling the air from morning to night, — we feel a sort of tropical exultation, as if great, succulent shoots of passion or poetry might spring up within us from out this growing dream life.

The birds! — who can describe their jubilees, their exultations, their never ending, still beginning babble and jargon of sweet sounds? All day the air rings with sweet, fanciful trills and melodies, as if there were a thousand little vibrating bells. They iterate and reiterate one sweet sound after

another; they call to one another, and answer from thicket to thicket; they pipe; they whistle; they chatter and mock at each other with airy defiance; and sometimes it seems as if the very air broke into rollicking bird laughter. A naturalist, who, like Thoreau, has sojourned for months in the Florida forests to study and observe nature, has told us that no true idea of the birds' plumage can be got till the hot months come on. Then the sun pours light and color, and makes feathers like steely armor.

The birds love the sun; they adore him. Our own Phœbus, when his cage is hung on the shady side of the veranda, hangs sulky and silent; but put him in the full blaze of the sun, and while the thermometer is going up to the nineties, he rackets in a perfectly crazy abandon of bird babblement, singing all he ever heard before, and trying his bill at new notes, and, as a climax, ending each outburst with a purr of satisfaction like an overgrown cat. Several pairs of family mocking-birds have their nests somewhere in our orange-trees; and there is no end of amusement in watching their dainty evolutions. Sometimes, for an hour at a time, one of them, perched high and dry on a topmost twig, where he gets the full blaze of the sun, will make the air ring with so many notes and noises that it would seem as if he were forty birds instead of one. Then, again, you will see him stealing silently about as if on some mysterious mission, perching here and there with a peculiar nervous jerk of his long tail, and a silent little lift of his wings, as if he were fanning himself. What this motion is for, we have never been able to determine.

Our plantation, at present, is entirely given over to the domestic affairs of the mocking-birds, dozens of whom have built their nests in the green, inaccessible fastnesses of the orange-trees, and been rearing families in security. Now, however, the young birds are to be taught to fly; and the air resounds with the bustle and chatter of the operation.

Take, for example, one scene which is going on as we write. Down on the little wharf which passes through the swamp in front of our house, three or four juvenile mocking-birds are running up and down like chickens, uttering plaintive cries of distress. On either side, perched on a tall, dry, last year's coffee-bean stalk, sit "papa and mamma," chattering, scolding, exhorting, and coaxing. The little ones run from side to side, and say in plaintive squeaks, "I can't," "I dare n't," as plain as birds can say it. There! now they spread their little wings; and — oh, joy! — they find to their delight that they do not fall: they exult in the possession of a new-born sense of existence. As we look at this pantomime, graver thoughts come over us, and we think how poor, timid little souls moan, and hang back, and tremble, when the time comes to leave this nest of earth, and trust themselves to the free air of the world they were made for. As the little bird's moans and cries end in delight and rapture in finding himself in a new, glorious, free life; so, just beyond the dark step of death, will come a buoyant, exulting sense of new existence. Our life here is in intimate communion with bird life. Their singing all day comes in bursts and snatches; and one awakes to a sort of wondering consciousness of the many airy dialects with which the blue heavens are filled. At night a whippoorwill or two, perched in the cypress-trees, make a plaintive and familiar music. When the nights are hot, and the moon bright, the mocking-birds burst into gushes of song at any hour. At midnight we have risen to listen to them. Birds are as plenty about us as chickens in a barnyard; and one wonders at their incessant activity and motion, and studies what their quaint little fanciful ways may mean, half inclined to say with Cowper, —

> "But I, whatever powers were mine,
> Would cheerfully those gifts resign
> For such a pair of wings as thine,
> And such a head between 'em."

Speaking of birds reminds us of a little pastoral which is being enacted in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. A young man from Massachusetts, driven to seek health in a milder climate, has bought a spot of land for a nursery garden in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. We visited his place, and found him and his mother in a neat little cottage, adorned only with grasses and flowers picked in the wild-woods, and living in perfect familiarity with the birds, which they have learned to call in from the neighboring forests. It has become one of the fashionable amusements in the season for strangers to drive out to this cottage and see the birds fed. At a cry from the inmates of the cottage, the blue jays and mocking-birds will come in flocks, settle on their shoulders, eat out of their hands, or out of the hands of any one who chooses to hold food to them. When we drove out, however, the birds were mostly dispersed about their domestic affairs; this being the nesting-season. Moreover, the ample supply of fresh wild berries in the woods makes them less anxious for such dry food as contented them in winter. Only one pet mocking-bird had established himself in a neighboring tree, and came at their call. Pic sat aloft, switching his long tail with a jerky air of indifference like an *enfant gâté*. When raisins were thrown up, he caught them once or twice; but at last, with an evident bird yawn, declared that it was no go, and he did n't care for raisins. Ungrateful Pic! Next winter, eager and hungry, he will be grateful; and so with all the rest of them.

One of the charms of May not to be forgotten is the blossoming of the great cape jessamine that stands at the end of the veranda, which has certainly had as many as three or four hundred great, white, fragrant flowers at once.

As near as possible, this is the most perfect of flowers. It is as pure as the white camellia, with the added gift of exquisite perfume. It is a camellia with a soul! Its

leaves are of most brilliant varnished green; its buds are lovely; and its expanded flower is of a thick, waxen texture, and as large as a large camellia. We have sat moonlight nights at the end of the veranda and enjoyed it. It wraps one in an atmosphere of perfume. Only one fault has this bush: it blossoms only once a season; not, like the ever springing oleander, for months. One feels a sense of hurry to enjoy and appropriate a bloom so rare, that lasts only a a few weeks.

Here in Florida, flowers form a large item of thought and conversation wherever one goes; and the reason of it is the transcendent beauty and variety that are here presented. We have just returned from St. Augustine, and seen some gardens where wealth and leisure have expended themselves on flowers; and in our next chapter we will tell of some of these beauties.

XVI

ST. AUGUSTINE

MANDARIN, *May* 30, 1872.

The thermometer with us, during the third week in May, rose to ninety-two in the shade; and as we had received an invitation from a friend to visit St. Augustine, which is the Newport of Florida, we thought it a good time to go seaward. So on a pleasant morning we embarked on the handsome boat Florence, which has taken so many up the river, and thus secured all the breeze that was to be had.

The Florence is used expressly for a river pleasure boat, plying every day between Jacksonville and Pilatka. It is long and airy, and nicely furnished; and one could not imagine a more delightful conveyance. In hot weather, one could not be more sure of cool breezes than when sailing up and down perpetually in The Florence. Our destiny, however, landed us in the very meridian of the day at Tekoi.

Tekoi consists of a shed and a sand-bank, and a little shanty, where, to those who require, refreshments are served.

On landing, we found that we must pay for the pleasure and coolness of coming up river in The Florence by waiting two or three mortal hours till The Starlight arrived; for the railroad car would not start till the full complement of passengers was secured. We had a good opportunity then of testing what the heat of a Florida sun might be, untempered by live-oaks and orange shades, and unalleviated by ice water; and the lesson was an impressive one.

The railroad across to St. Augustine is made of wooden rails, and the cars are drawn by horses. There was one handsome car like those used on the New York horse railroads: the others were the roughest things imaginable. Travelers have usually spoken of this road with execration for its slowness and roughness; but over this, such as it was, all the rank and fashion of our pleasure-seekers, the last winter, have been pouring in unbroken daily streams. In the height of the season, when the cars were crowded, four hours were said to be consumed in performing this fifteen miles. We, however, did it in about two.

To us, this bit of ride through the Florida woods is such a never ceasing source of interest and pleasure that we do not mind the slowness of it, and should regret being whisked by at steam speed. We have come over it three times, and each time the varieties of shrubs and flowers, grasses and curious leaves, were a never failing study and delight. Long reaches of green moist land form perfect flower gardens, whose variety of bloom changes with every month. The woods hang full of beautiful climbing plants. The coral honeysuckle and the red bignonia were in season now. Through glimpses and openings here and there we could see into forests of wild orange-trees, and palmetto palms raised their scaly trunks and gigantic green fans. The passengers could not help admiring the flowers; and as there were many

stops and pauses, and as the gait of the horses was never rapid, it was quite easy for the gentlemen to gather and bring in specimens of all the beauties, and the flowers formed the main staple of the conversation. They were so very bright and gay and varied that even the most unobserving could not but notice them.

St. Augustine stands on a flat, sandy level, encompassed for miles and miles by what is called "scrub," — a mixture of low palmettos and bushes of various descriptions. Its history carries one back almost to the Middle Ages. For instance, Menendez, who figured as commandant in its early day, was afterwards appointed to command the Spanish Armada, away back in the times of Queen Elizabeth; but, owing to the state of his health, he did not accept the position.

In the year 1586, Elizabeth then being at war with Spain, her admiral, Sir Francis Drake, bombarded St. Augustine, and took it; helping himself, among other things, to seven brass cannon, two thousand pounds in money, and other booty. In 1605 it was taken and plundered by buccaneers; in 1702, besieged by the people of the Carolinas; in 1740, besieged again by General Oglethorpe of Georgia.

So we see that this part of our country, at least, does not lie open to the imputation, so often cast upon America, of having no historic associations; though, like a great deal of the world's history, it is written in letters of blood and fire.

Whoever would know, let him read Parkman's Pioneers of France, under the article Huguenots of Florida, and he will see how the first Spanish governor, Menendez, thought he did God service when he butchered in cold blood hundreds of starving, shipwrecked Huguenots who threw themselves on his mercy, and to whom he had extended pledges of shelter and protection.

A government officer, whose ship is stationed in Matan-

zas Inlet, told me that the tradition is, that the place is still haunted by the unquiet ghosts of the dead. An old negro came to him, earnestly declaring that he had heard often, at midnight, shrieks and moans, and sounds as of expostulation, and earnest cries in some foreign language, at that place; and that several white people whom he had taken to the spot had heard the same. On inquiring of his men, Captain H—— could find none who had heard the noises; although, in digging in the sands, human bones were often disinterred. But surely, by all laws of demonology, here is where there ought to be the materials for a first-class ghost-story. Here, where there has been such crime, cruelty, treachery, terror, fear, and agony, we might fancy mourning shades wandering in unrest, — shades of the murderers, forever deploring their crime and cruelty.

The aspect of St. Augustine is quaint and strange, in harmony with its romantic history. It has no pretensions to architectural richness or beauty, and yet it is impressive from its unlikeness to anything else in America. It is as if some little, old, dead-and-alive Spanish town, with its fort and gateway and Moorish bell-towers, had broken loose, floated over here, and got stranded on a sand-bank. Here you see the shovel-hats and black gowns of priests; the convent, with gliding figures of nuns; and in the narrow, crooked streets meet dark-browed people with great Spanish eyes and coal-black hair. The current of life here has the indolent, dreamy stillness that characterizes life in old Spain. In Spain, when you ask a man to do anything, instead of answering as we do, "In a minute," the invariable reply is, "In an hour;" and the growth and progress of St. Augustine have been according. There it stands, alone, isolated, connected by no good roads or navigation with the busy, living world. Before 1835, St. Augustine was a bower of orange-trees. Almost every house looked forth from these encircling shades. The frost came and

withered all, and in very few cases did it seem to come into the heads of the inhabitants to try again. The orange groves are now the exception, not the rule; and yet for thirty years it has been quite possible to have them.

As the only seaport city of any size in Florida, St. Augustine has many attractions. Those who must choose a Southern home, and who are so situated that they must remain through the whole summer in the home of their choice, could not do better than to choose St. Augustine. It is comparatively free from malarial fevers; and the sea-air tempers the oppressive heats of summer, so that they are quite endurable. Sea-bathing can be practiced in suitable bathing-houses, but the sharks make open-sea bathing dangerous. If one comes expecting a fine view of the open ocean, however, one will be disappointed; for Anastasia Island — a long, low sand-bar — stretches its barren line across the whole view, giving only so much sea-prospect as can be afforded by the arm of the sea, — about two miles wide, — which washes the town. Little as this may seem of the ocean, the town lies so flat and low that, in stormy weather, the waves used to be driven up into it, so as to threaten its destruction. A sea-wall of solid granite masonry was deemed necessary to secure its safety, and has been erected by the United States government. This wall affords a favorite promenade to the inhabitants, who there enjoy good footing and sea-breezes.

What much interested us in St. Augustine was to see the results of such wealth and care as are expended at the North on gardening being brought to bear upon gardens in this semi-tropical region. As yet, all that we have seen in Florida has been the beginning of industrial experiments, where utility has been the only thing consulted, and where there has been neither time nor money to seek the ornamental. Along the St. John's you can see to-day hundreds of places torn from the forest, yet showing the

unrotted stumps of the trees; the house standing in a glare of loose white sand, in which one sinks over shoes at every step. If there be a flower garden (and wherever there is a woman there will be), its prospects in the loose sliding sands appear discouraging. Boards and brick edgings are necessary to make any kind of boundaries; and a man who has to cut down a forest, dig a well, build a house, plant an orange grove, and meanwhile raise enough garden stuff to pay his way, has small time for the graces.

But here in St. Augustine are some families of wealth and leisure, driven to seek such a winter home, who amuse themselves during their stay in making their home charming, and the results are encouraging.

In the first place, the slippery sand-spirit has been caught, and confined under green grass-plats. The grass problem has been an earnest study with us ever since we came here. What grass will bear a steady blaze of the sun for six months, with the thermometer at a hundred and thirty or forty, is a question. It is perfectly easy, as we have proved by experiment, to raise flattering grass-plats of white clover, and even of the red-top, during the cool, charming months of January, February, and March; but their history will be summed up in the scriptural account — "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven" — as soon as May begins.

The chances of an enduring sod for ornamental purposes are confined to two varieties, — the broad and the narrow leafed Bermuda grasses. These have roots that run either to the centre of the earth, or far enough in that direction for practical purposes; and are, besides, endowed with the faculty of throwing out roots at every joint, so that they spread rapidly. The broad-leafed kind is what is principally employed in St. Augustine; and we have seen beautifully kept gardens where it is cut into borders, and where the grass-plats and croquet-grounds have been made

of it to admirable advantage. A surface of green in this climate is doubly precious to the eye.

We were visiting in a house which is a model for a hot climate. A wide, cool hall runs through the centre; and wide verandas, both above and below, go around the whole four sides. From these we could look down at our leisure into the foliage of a row of *Magnolia grandiflora*, now in blossom. Ivy, honeysuckles, manrundia, and a host of other climbing plants, make a bower of these outside corridors of the house. The calla-lilies blossom almost daily in shaded spots, and beds of fragrant blue violets are never without flowers. Among the ornamental shrubbery we noticed the chaparral, — a thorny tree, with clusters of yellow blossoms, and long, drooping, peculiar leaves, resembling in effect the willow-leafed acacia. The banana has a value simply as an ornamental-leaf plant, quite apart from the consideration of its fruit, which one can buy, perhaps, better than one can raise, in this part of Florida; but it is glorious, when the thermometer is going up into the hundreds, to see the great, fresh, broad, cool leaves of the banana-tree leaping into life, and seeming to joy in existence. In groups of different sizes, they form most beautiful and effective shrubbery. The secret of gardening well here is to get things that love the sun. Plants that come originally from hot regions, and that rejoice the hotter it grows, are those to be sought for. The date-palm has many beautiful specimens in the gardens of St. Augustine. A date-palm, at near view, is as quaint and peculiar a specimen of nature as one can imagine. Its trunk seems built up of great scales, in which ferns and vines root themselves, and twine and ramble, and hang in festoons. Above, the leaves, thirty feet long, fall in a feathery arch, and in the centre, like the waters of a fountain, shoot up bright, yellow, drooping branches that look like coral. These are the flower-stalks. The fruit, in this climate, does not ripen so as to be good for anything.

One gentleman showed me a young palm, now six feet high, which he had raised from a seed of the common shop-date, planted four years ago. In this same garden he showed me enormous rose-trees, which he had formed by budding the finest of the Bourbon ever blooming roses in the native Florida rose. The growth in three years had been incredible, and these trees are an ever springing fountain of fresh roses. There is a rose-tree in St. Augustine, in a little garden, which all the sight-seers go to see. It is a tree with a trunk about the size of an ordinary man's arm, and is said to have had a thousand roses on it at a time. Half that number will answer our purpose, and we will set it down at that. Rose-slugs and rose-bugs are pests unheard of here. The rose grows as in its native home. One very pretty feature of the houses here struck me agreeably. There is oftentimes a sort of shaded walk under half the house, opening upon the garden. You go up a dusty street, and stand at a door, which you expect will open into a hall. It opens, and a garden full of flowers and trees meets your view. The surprise is delightful. In one garden that we visited we saw a century-plant in bud. The stalk was nineteen feet high, and the blossoms seemed to promise to be similar to those of the yucca. The leaves are like the aloe, only longer, and twisted and contorted in a strange, weird fashion. On the whole, it looked as if it might have been one of the strange plants in Rappicini's garden in Padua.

The society in St. Augustine, though not extensive, is very delightful. We met and were introduced to some very cultivated, agreeable people. There is a fair prospect that the city will soon be united by railroad to Jacksonville, which will greatly add to the facility and convenience of living there. We recrossed the railroad at Tekoi, on our way home, in company with a party of gentlemen who are investigating that road with a view of putting capital into it, and so getting it into active running order. One of them informed

me that he was also going to Indian River to explore, in view of the projected plan to unite it with the St. John's by means of a canal. Very sensibly he remarked that, in order to really make up one's mind about Florida, one should see it in summer; to which we heartily assented.

By all these means this beautiful country is being laid open, and made accessible and inhabitable as a home and refuge for those who need it.

On the steamboat, coming back, we met the Florida Thoreau of whom we before spoke, — a devoted, enthusiastic lover of Nature as she reveals herself in the most secluded everglades and forests. He supports himself, and pays the expenses of his tours, by selling the curiosities of nature which he obtains to the crowd of eager visitors who throng the hotels in winter. The feathers of the pink curlew, the heron, the crane, the teeth of alligators, the skins of deer, panther, and wildcat, are among his trophies. He asserted with vehemence that there were varieties of birds in Florida unknown as yet to any collection of natural history. He excited us greatly by speaking of a pair of pet pink curlews which had been tamed; also of a snow-white stork, with sky-blue epaulet on each shoulder, which is to be found in the everglades. He was going to spend the whole summer alone in these regions, or only with Indian guides, and seemed cheerful and enthusiastic. He should find plenty of cocoanuts, and would never need to have a fever if he would eat daily of the wild oranges which abound. If one only could go in spirit and not in flesh, one would like to follow him into the everglades. The tropical forests of Florida contain visions and wonders of growth and glory never yet revealed to the eye of the common traveler, and which he who sees must risk much to explore. Our best wishes go with our enthusiast. May he live to tell us what he sees!

XVII

OUR NEIGHBOR OVER THE WAY

MANDARIN, *May* 14, 1872.

Our neighbor over the way is not, to be sure, quite so near or so observable as if one lived on Fifth Avenue or Broadway.

Between us and his cottage lie five good miles of molten silver in the shape of the St. John's River, outspread this morning in all its quivering sheen, glancing, dimpling, and sparkling, dotted with sailboats, and occasionally ploughed by steamboats gliding like white swans back and forth across the distance.

Far over on the other side, where the wooded shores melt into pearly blue outlines, gleams out in the morning sun a white, glimmering spot about as big as a ninepence, which shows us where his cottage stands. Thither we are going to make a morning visit. Our water-coach is now approaching the little wharf front of our house, and we sally forth equipped with our sun umbrellas; for the middle of May here is like the middle of August at the North. The water-coach, or rather omnibus, is a little thimble of a steamer, built for pleasuring on the St. John's, called The Mary Draper. She is a tiny shell of a thing, but with a nice, pretty cabin, and capable of carrying comfortably thirty or forty passengers. During the height of the traveling season The Mary Draper is let out to parties of tourists, who choose thus at their leisure to explore the river, sailing, landing, rambling, exploring, hunting, fishing, and perhaps inevitably flirting among the flowery nooks and palmetto hammocks of the shore. We have seen her many a time coming gayly back from an excursion, with the voice of singing, and laugh of youths and maidens, resounding from her deck, flower-wreathed and flower-laden

like some fabled bark from the fairy isles. But now, in the middle of May, the tourists are few; and so The Mary Draper has been turned into a sort of errand-boat, plying up and down the river to serve the needs and convenience of the permanent inhabitants. A flag shown upon our wharf brings her in at our need; and we step gayly on board, to be carried across to our neighbors.

We take our seats at the shaded end of the boat, and watch the retreating shore, with its gigantic live-oaks rising like a dome above the orange orchards, its clouds of pink oleander-trees that seem every week to blossom fuller than the last; and for a little moment we can catch the snow-white glimmer of the great cape jessamine shrub that bends beneath the weight of flowers at the end of our veranda. Our little cottage looks like a rabbit's nest beside the monster oaks that shade it; but it is cosy to see them all out on the low veranda, — the Professor with his newspapers, the ladies with their worsteds and baskets, in fact the whole of our large family, — all reading, writing, working, in the shady covert of the orange-trees.

From time to time a handkerchief is waved on their part, and the signal returned on ours; and they follow our receding motions with a spyglass. Our life is so still and lonely here, that even so small an event as our crossing the river for a visit is all-absorbing.

But, after a little, our craft melts off into the distance; The Mary Draper looks to our friends no larger than a hazelnut, and the trees of the other side loom up strong and tall in our eyes, and grow clearer and clearer; while our home, with its great live-oaks and its orange groves, has all melted into a soft woolly haze of distance. Our next neighbor's great whitewashed barn is the only sign of habitation remaining, and that flashes out a mere shining speck in the distance.

Now the boat comes up to Mr. ——'s wharf; and he is

there to meet and welcome us. One essential to every country house on the St. John's is this accessory of a wharf and boat-house. The river is, for a greater or less distance from the shore, too shallow to admit the approach of steamboats; and wharves of fifty or a hundred feet in length are needed to enable passengers to land. The bottom of the river is of hard, sparkling white sand, into which piles are easily driven; and the building and keeping up of such a wharf is a trifling trouble and expense in a land where lumber is so plentiful.

Our friend Mr. —— is, like many other old Floridian residents, originally from the North. In early youth he came to Florida a condemned and doomed consumptive, recovered his health, and has lived a long and happy life here, and acquired a handsome property.

He owns extensive tracts of rich and beautiful land on the west bank of the St. John's, between it and Jacksonville, destined, as that city grows and extends, to become of increasing value. His wife, like himself originally of Northern origin, has become perfectly acclimated and naturalized by years' residence at the South, and is, to all intents and purposes, a Southern woman. They live all the year upon their place; those who formerly were their slaves settled peaceably around them as free laborers, still looking up to them for advice, depending on them for aid, and rendering to them the willing, well-paid services of free men.

Their house is a simple white cottage, situated so as to command a noble view of the river. A long avenue of young live-oak trees leads up from the river to the house. The ground is covered with a smooth, even turf of Bermuda grass, — the only kind that will endure the burning glare of the tropical summer. The walls of the house are covered with roses, now in full bloom. La Marque, cloth-of-gold, and many another kind, throw out their splendid clusters, and fill the air with fragrance. We find Mrs. ——

and her family on the veranda, — the usual reception-room in a Southern house. The house is the seat of hospitality; every room in it sure to be full, if not with the members of the family proper, then with guests from Jacksonville, who find, in this high, breezy situation a charming retreat from the heat of the city.

One feature is characteristic of Southern houses, so far as we have seen. The ladies are enthusiastic plant-lovers; and the veranda is lined round with an array of boxes in which gardening experiments are carried on. Rare plants, slips, choice seedlings, are here nurtured and cared for. In fact, the burning power of the tropical sun, and the scalding, fine white sand, is such that to put a tender plant or slip into it seems, in the words of Scripture, like casting it into the oven; and so there is everywhere more or less of this box-gardening.

The cottage was all in summer array, the carpets taken up and packed away, leaving the smooth, yellow pine floors clean and cool as the French parquets.

The plan of the cottage is the very common one of Southern houses. A wide, clear hall, furnished as a sitting-room, opening on a veranda on either end, goes through the house, and all the other rooms open upon it. We sat chatting, first on the veranda, and, as the sun grew hotter, retreated inward to the hall, and discussed flowers, farm, and dairy.

On the east bank of the St. John's, where our own residence is, immediately around Mandarin, the pasturage is poor, and the cattle diminutive and half starved. Knowing that our neighbor was an old resident, and enthusiastic stock raiser and breeder, we came to him for knowledge on these subjects. Stock-breeding has received a great share of attention from the larger planters of Florida. The small breed of wild native Florida cattle has been crossed and improved by foreign stock imported at great expense.

The Brahmin cattle of India, as coming from a tropical region, were thought specially adapted to the Floridian climate, and have thriven well here. By crossing these with the Durham and Ayrshire and the native cattle, fine varieties of animals have been obtained. Mr. —— showed me a list of fifty of his finest cows, each one of which has its distinguishing name, and with whose pedigree and peculiarities he seemed well acquainted.

In rearing, the Floridian system has always been to make everything subservient to the increase of the herd. The calf is allowed to run with the cow, and the supply of milk for the human being is only what is over and above the wants of the calf. The usual mode of milking is to leave the calf sucking on one side, while the milker sits on the other, and gets his portion. It is an opinion fixed as fate in the mind of every negro cow-tender that to kill a calf would be the death of the mother; and that, if you separate the calf from the mother, her milk will dry up. Fresh veal is a delicacy unheard of; and once, when we suggested a veal pie to a strapping Ethiopian dairywoman, she appeared as much shocked as if we had proposed to fricassee a baby. Mr. ——, however, expressed his conviction that the Northern method of taking off the calf, and securing the cow's milk, could be practiced with success, and had been in one or two cases. The yield of milk of some of the best blood cows was quite equal to that of Northern milkers, and might be kept up by good feeding. As a rule, however, stock-raisers depend for their supply of milk more on the number of their herd than the quanity given by each. The expenses of raising are not heavy where there is a wide expanse of good pasture-land for them to range in, and no necessity for shelters of any kind through the year.

Mr. —— spoke of the river-grass as being a real and valuable species of pasturage. On the west side of the river, the flats and shallows along by the shore are covered

with a broad-leaved water-grass, very tender and nutritious, of which cattle are very fond. It is a curious sight to see whole herds of cows browsing in the water, as one may do every day along the course of this river.

The subject of dairy-keeping came up, and, at our request, Mrs. —— led the way to hers. It is built out under a dense shade of trees in an airy situation, with double walls like an ice-house. The sight of the snowy shelves set round with pans, on which a rich golden cream was forming, was a sufficient testimony that there could be beautiful, well-kept dairies in Florida notwithstanding its tropical heats.

The butter is made every morning at an early hour, and we had an opportunity of tasting it at the dinner-table. Like the best butter of France and England, it is sweet and pure, like solidified cream, and as different as can be from the hard, salty mass which most generally passes for butter among us. The buttermilk of a daily churning is also sweet and rich, a delicious, nourishing drink, and an excellent adjuvant in the making of various cakes and other household delicacies.

Our friend's experience satisfied us that there was no earthly reason in the climate or surroundings of Florida why milk and butter should be the scarce and expensive luxuries they are now. What one private gentleman can do, simply for his own comfort and that of his family, we should think might be repeated on a larger scale by somebody in the neighborhood of Jacksonville as a money speculation. Along the western bank of this river are hundreds of tracts of good grazing-land, where cattle might be pastured at small expense, where the products of a dairy on a large scale would meet a ready and certain sale. At present the hotels and boarding-houses are supplied with condensed milk and butter imported from the North: and yet land is cheap here; labor is reasonable; the climate genial,

requiring no outlay for shelter, and comparatively little necessity of storing food for winter. Fine breeds of animals of improved stock exist already, and can be indefinitely increased; and we wonder that nobody is to be found to improve the opportunity to run a stock and dairy farm which shall supply the hotels and boarding-houses of Jacksonville.

After visiting the dairy, we sauntered about, looking at the poultry yards, where different breeds of hens, turkeys, pea-fowl, had each their allotted station. Four or five big dogs, hounds and pointers, trotted round with us, or rollicked with a party of grandchildren, assisted by the never failing addition of a band of giggling little negroes. As in the old times, the servants of the family have their little houses back of the premises; and the laundry work, etc., is carried on outside. The propensity at the South is to multiply little buildings. At the North, where there is a winter to be calculated on, the tactics of living are different. The effort is to gather all the needs and wants of life under one roof, to be warmed and kept in order at small expense. In the South, where building material is cheap and building is a slight matter, there is a separate little building for everything; and the back part of an estate looks like an eruption of little houses. There is a milk-house, a corn-house, a tool-house, a bake-house, besides a house for each of the leading servants, making quite a village.

Our dinner was a bountiful display of the luxuries of a Southern farm, — finely flavored fowl choicely cooked, fish from the river, soft-shell turtle soup, with such a tempting variety of early vegetables as seemed to make it impossible to do justice to all. Mrs. —— offered us a fine sparkling wine made of the juice of the wild orange. In color it resembled the finest sherry, and was much like it in flavor.

We could not help thinking, as we refused dainty after dainty from mere inability to take more, of the thoughtless

way in which it is often said that there can be nothing fit to eat got in Florida.

Mr. ——'s family is supplied with food almost entirely from the products of his own farm. He has the nicest of fed beef, nice tender pork, poultry of all sorts, besides the resources of an ample, well-kept dairy. He raises and makes his own syrup. He has sweet potatoes, corn, and all Northern vegetables in perfection; peaches, grapes of finest quality, besides the strictly tropical fruits; and all that he has, any other farmer might also have with the same care.

After dinner we walked out to look at the grapes, which hung in profuse clusters, just beginning to ripen on the vines. On our way we stopped to admire a great bitter-sweet orange-tree, which seemed to make "Hesperian fables true." It was about thirty feet in height, and with branches that drooped to the ground, weighed down at the same time with great golden balls of fruit, and wreaths of pearly buds and blossoms. Every stage of fruit, from the tiny green ball of a month's growth to the perfected orange, were here; all the processes of life going on together in joyous unity. The tree exemplified what an orange-tree could become when fully fed, when its almost boundless capacity for digesting nutriment meets a full supply; and it certainly stood one of the most royal of trees. Its leaves were large, broad, and of that glossy, varnished green peculiar to the orange; and its young shoots looked like burnished gold. The bitter-sweet orange is much prized by some. The pulp is sweet, with a certain spicy flavor; but the rind, and all the inner membranes that contain the fruit, are bitter as quinine itself. It is held to be healthy to eat of both, as the acid and the bitter are held to be alike correctives of the bilious tendencies of the climate.

But the afternoon sun was casting the shadows the other way, and the little buzzing Mary Draper was seen puffing in the distance on her way back from Jacksonville; and we

walked leisurely down the live-oak avenues to the wharf, our hands full of roses and Oriental jessamine, and many pleasant memories of our neighbors over the way.

And now in relation to the general subject of farming in Florida. Our own region east of the St. John's River is properly a little sandy belt of land, about eighteen miles wide, washed by the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the St. John's River on the other. It is not by any means so well adapted to stock-farming or general farming as the western side of the river. Its principal value is in fruit-farming; and it will appear, by a voyage up the river, that all the finest old orange groves and all the new orange plantations are on the eastern side of the river.

The presence, on either side, of two great bodies of water, produces a more moist and equable climate, and less liability to frosts. In the great freeze of 1835, the orange groves of the west bank were killed beyond recovery; while the fine groves of Mandarin sprang up again from the root, and have been vigorous bearers for years since.

But opposite Mandarin, along the western shore, lie miles and miles of splendid land — which in the olden time produced cotton of the finest quality, sugar, rice, sweet potatoes — now growing back into forest with a tropical rapidity. The land lies high, and affords fine sites for dwellings; and the region is comparatively healthy. Then Hibernia, Magnolia, and Green Cove, on the one side, and Jacksonville on the other, show perfect assemblages of boarding-houses and hotels, where ready market might be found for what good farmers might raise. A colony of farmers coming out and settling here together, bringing with them church and schoolhouse, with a minister skilled like St. Bernard both in husbandry and divinity, might soon create a thrifty farming village. We will close this chapter with an extract from a letter of a Northern emigrant recently settled at Newport, on the north part of Appalachicola Bay.

September 22, 1872.

I have been haying this month; in fact I had mowed my orange grove, a square of two acres, from time to time, all summer. But this month a field of two acres had a heavy burden of grass, with cow-peas intermixed. In some parts of the field, there certainly would be at the rate of three tons to the acre. The whole field would average one ton the acre. So I went at it with a good Northern scythe, and mowed every morning an hour or two. The hay was perfectly cured by five P. M. same day, and put in barn. The land, being in ridges, made mowing difficult. Next year I mean to lay that land down to grass, taking out stumps, and making smooth, sowing rye and clover. I shall plough it now as soon as the hay is all made, and sow the rye and clover immediately. I have five cows that give milk, and four that should come in soon. These, with their calves, I shall feed through the months when the grass is poor. I have also a yoke of oxen and four young steers, with Trim the mule. I have already in the barn three to four tons of hay and corn-fodder, and two acres of cow-peas cured, to be used as hay. I hope to have five hundred bushels of sweet potatoes, which, for stock, are equal to corn. I made a hundred and ten bushels of corn, twenty-five to the acre. My cane is doing moderately well. Hope to have all the seed I want to plant fourteen acres next year. Bananas thrive beautifully; shall have fifty offsets to set out this winter; also three or four thousand oranges, all large-sized and fair.

All these facts go to show that, while Florida cannot compete with the Northern and Western States as a grass-raising State, yet there are other advantages in her climate and productions which make stock-farming feasible and profitable. The disadvantages of her burning climate may, to a degree, be evaded and overcome by the application of

the same patient industry and ingenuity which rendered fruitful the iron soil and freezing climate of the New England States.

XVIII

THE GRAND TOUR UP RIVER

The St. John's is the grand water-highway through some of the most beautiful portions of Florida; and tourists, safely seated at ease on the decks of steamers, can penetrate into the mysteries and wonders of unbroken tropical forests.

During the "season," boats continually run from Jacksonville to Enterprise and back again; the round trip being made for a moderate sum, and giving, in a very easy and comparatively inexpensive manner, as much of the peculiar scenery as mere tourists care to see. On returning, a digression is often made a Tekoi, where passengers cross a horse railroad of fifteen miles to St. Augustine, thus rendering their survey of East Florida more complete. In fact, what may be seen and known of the State in such a trip is about all that the majority of tourists see and know.

The great majority also perform this trip, and see this region, in the dead of winter, when certainly one half of the glorious forests upon the shore are bare of leaves. It is true that the great number of evergreen trees here make the shores at all times quite different from those of a Northern climate, yet the difference between spring and winter is as great here as there.

Our party were resolute in declining all invitations to join parties in January, February, and March; being determined to wait till the new spring foliage was in its glory. When the magnolia flowers were beginning to blossom we were ready, and took passage — a joyous party of eight or

or ten individuals — on the steamer Darlington, commanded by Captain Broch, and, as is often asserted, by "Commodore Rose."

This latter, in this day of woman's rights, is no mean example of female energy and vigor. She is stewardess of the boat, and magnifies her office. She is a colored woman, once a slave owned by Captain Broch, but emancipated, as the story goes, for her courage and presence of mind in saving his life in a steamboat disaster.

Rose is short and thick, weighing some two or three hundred, with a brown complexion, and a pleasing face and fine eyes. Her voice, like that of most colored women, is soft, and her manner of speaking pleasing. All this, however, relates to her demeanor when making the agreeable to passengers. In other circumstances, doubtless, she can speak louder, and with considerable more emphasis; and show, in short, those martial attributes which have won for her the appellation of the "Commodore." It is asserted that the whole charge of provisioning and running the boat, and all its internal arrangements, vests in Madam Rose; and that nobody can get ahead of her in a bargain, or resist her will in an arrangement.

She knows every inch of the river, every house, every plantation alongshore, its former or present occupants and history, and is always ready with an answer to a question. The arrangement and keeping of the boat do honor to her. Nowhere in Florida does the guest sit at a more bountifully furnished table. Our desserts and pastry were really, for the wilderness, something quite astonishing.

The St. John's River below Pilatka has few distinguishing features to mark it out from other great rivers. It is so wide that the foliage of the shores cannot be definitely made out; and the tourist here, expecting his palm-trees and his magnolias and flowering vines, is disappointed by sailing in what seems a never ending great lake, where the shores are

off in the distance too far to make out anything in particular. But, after leaving Pilatka, the river grows narrower, the overhanging banks approach nearer, and the foliage becomes more decidedly tropical in its character. Our boat, after touching as usual at Hibernia, Magnolia, and Green Cove, brought up at Pilatka late in the afternoon, made but a short stop, and was on her way again.

It was the first part of May, and the forests were in that fullness of leafy perfection which they attain in the month of June at the North. But there is a peculiar, vivid brilliancy about the green of the new spring leaves here which we never saw elsewhere. It is a brilliancy like some of the new French greens now so much in vogue, and reminding one of the metallic brightness of birds and insects. In the woods, the cypress is a singular and beautiful feature. It attains to a great age and immense size. The trunk and branches of an old cypress are smooth and white as ivory, while its light, feathery foliage is of the most dazzling golden green; and rising, as it often does, amid clumps of dark varnished evergreens, — bay and magnolia and myrtle, — it has a singular and beautiful effect. The long swaying draperies of the gray moss interpose everywhere their wavering outlines and pearl tints amid the brightness and bloom of the forest, giving to its deep recesses the mystery of grottoes hung with fanciful vegetable stalactites.

The palmetto-tree appears in all stages, from its earliest growth, when it looks like a fountain of great, green fan leaves bursting from the earth, to its perfect shape when, sixty or seventy feet in height, it rears its fan crown high in air. The oldest trees may be known by a perfectly smooth trunk, all traces of the scaly formation by which it has built itself up in ring after ring of leaves being obliterated. But younger trees, thirty or forty feet in height, often show a trunk which seems to present a regular criss cross of basket-work, — the remaining scales from whence the old leaves

have decayed and dropped away. These scaly trunks are often full of ferns, wild flowers, and vines, which hang in fantastic draperies down their sides, and form leafy and flowery pillars. The palmetto hammocks, as they are called, are often miles in extent along the banks of the rivers. The tops of the palms rise up round in the distance as so many haycocks, and seeming to rise one above another far as the eye can reach.

We have never been so fortunate as to be able to explore one of these palmetto groves. The boat sails with a provoking quickness by many a scene that one longs to dwell upon, study, and investigate. We have been told, however, by hunters that they afford admirable camping-ground, being generally high and dry, with a flooring of clean white sand. Their broad leaves are a perfect protection from rain and dew; and the effect of the glare of the campfires and torchlights on the tall pillars, and waving, fan-like canopy overhead, is said to be perfectly magical. The most unromantic and least impressible speak of it with enthusiasm.

In going up the river, darkness overtook us shortly after leaving Pilatka. We sat in a golden twilight, and saw the shores every moment becoming more beautiful; but when the twilight faded, and there was no moon, we sought the repose of our cabin. It was sultry as August, although only the first part of May; and our younger and sprightlier members, who were on the less breezy side of the boat, after fruitlessly trying to sleep, arose and dressed themselves, and sat all night on deck.

By this means they saw a sight worth seeing, and one which we should have watched all night to see. The boat's course at night is through narrows of the river, where we could hear the crashing and crackling of bushes and trees, and sometimes a violent thud, as the boat, in turning a winding, struck against the bank. On the forward part two great braziers were kept filled with blazing, resinous light-

wood, to guide the pilot in the path of the boat. The effect of this glare of red light as the steamer passed through the palmetto hammocks and moss-hung grottoes of the forest was something that must have been indescribably weird and beautiful; and our young friends made us suitably regret that our more airy sleeping accommodations had lost us this experience.

In the morning we woke at Enterprise, having come through all the most beautiful and characteristic part of the way by night. Enterprise is some hundred and thirty miles south of our dwelling-place in Mandarin, and, of course, that much nearer the tropical regions. We had planned excursions, explorations, picnics in the woods, and a visit to the beautiful spring in the neighborhood, but learned with chagrin that the boat made so short a stay that none of these things were possible. The only thing that appears to the naked eye of a steamboat traveler in Enterprise is a large hotel down upon the landing, said by those who have tested it to be one of the best-kept hotels in Florida. The aspect of the shore just there is no way picturesque or inviting, but has more that forlorn, ragged, desolate air that new settlements on the river are apt to have. The wild, untouched banks are beautiful; but the new settlements generally succeed in destroying all nature's beauty, and give you only leafless, girdled trees, blackened stumps, and naked white sand in return.

Turning our boat homeward, we sailed in clear morning light back through the charming scenery which we had slept through the night before. It is the most wild, dream-like, enchanting sail conceivable. The river sometimes narrows so that the boat brushes under overhanging branches, and then widens into beautiful lakes dotted with wooded islands. Palmetto hammocks, live-oak groves, cypress, pine, bay, and magnolia form an interchanging picture; vines hang festooned from tree to tree; wild flowers tempt the eye on the

near banks; and one is constantly longing for the boat to delay here or there: but on goes her steady course, the pictured scene around constantly changing. Every now and then the woods break away for a little space, and one sees orange and banana orchards, and houses evidently newly built. At many points the boat landed, and put off kegs of nails, hoes, ploughs, provisions, groceries. Some few old plantations were passed, whose name and history seemed familiar to Madam Rose; but by far the greater number were new settlements, with orchards of quite young trees, which will require three or four more years to bring into bearing.

The greater number of fruit orchards and settlements were on the eastern shore of the river, which, for the reasons we have spoken of, is better adapted to the culture of fruit.

One annoyance on board the boat was the constant and pertinacious firing kept up by that class of men who think that the chief end of man is to shoot something. Now, we can put up with good earnest hunting or fishing done for the purpose of procuring for man food, or even the fur and feathers that hit his fancy and taste.

But we detest indiscriminate and purposeless maiming and killing of happy animals, who have but one life to live, and for whom the agony of broken bones or torn flesh is a helpless, hopeless pain, unrelieved by any of the resources which enable us to endure. A parcel of hulking fellows sit on the deck of a boat, and pass through the sweetest paradise God ever made, without one idea of its loveliness, one gentle, sympathizing thought of the animal happiness with which the Creator has filled these recesses. All the way along is a constant fusillade upon every living thing that shows itself on the bank. Now a bird is hit, and hangs, head downward, with a broken wing; and a coarse laugh choruses the deed. Now an alligator is struck, and

the applause is greater. We once saw a harmless young alligator, whose dying struggles, as he threw out his poor little black paws piteously like human hands, seemed to be vastly diverting to these cultivated individuals. They wanted nothing of him except to see how he would act when he was hit, dying agonies are so very amusing!

Now and then these sons of Nimrod in their zeal put in peril the nerves, if not lives, of passengers. One such actually fired at an alligator right across a crowd of ladies, many of them invalids; and persisted in so firing a second time, after having been requested to desist. If the object were merely to show the skill of the marksman, why not practice upon inanimate objects? An old log looks much like an alligator: why not practice on an old log? It requires as much skill to hit a branch as the bird singing on it: why not practice on the branch? But no; it must be something that *enjoys* and can suffer; something that loves life, and must lose it. Certainly this is an inherent savagery difficult to account for. Killing for killing's sake belongs not even to the tiger. The tiger kills for food; man, for amusement.

At evening we were again at Pilatka, when the great question was discussed, Would we, or would we not, take the tour up the Ocklawaha to see the enchanted wonders of the Silver Spring? The Ocklawaha boat lay at the landing, and we went to look at it. The Ocklawaha is a deep, narrow stream, by the bye, emptying into the St. John's, with a course as crooked as Apollo's ram's horn, and a boat has been constructed for the express purpose of this passage.

The aspect of this same boat on a hot night was not inspiriting. It was low, long, and narrow; its sides were rubbed glassy smooth, or torn and creased by the friction of the bushes and trees it had pushed through. It was without glass windows, — which would be of no use in such

navigation, — and, in place thereof, furnished with strong shutters to close the air-holes. We looked at this same thing as it lay like a gigantic coffin in the twilight, and thought even the Silver Spring would not pay for being immured there, and turned away.

A more inviting project was to step into a sailboat, and be taken in the golden twilight over to Colonel Harte's orange grove, which is said — with reason, we believe — to be the finest in Florida.

We landed in the twilight in this grove of six hundred beautiful orange-trees in as high condition as the best culture could make them. The well-fed orange-tree is known by the glossy, deep green of its foliage, as a declining tree is by the yellow tinge of its leaves. These trees looked as if each leaf, if broken, would spurt with juice. Piles of fish guano and shell banks, prepared as top-dress for the orchard, were lying everywhere about, mingling not agreeably with the odor of orange blossoms. We thought to ourselves that, if the orange orchard must be fed upon putrefying fish, we should prefer not to have a house in it. The employee who has charge of the orchard lives in a densely shaded cottage in the edge of it. A large fruit-house has recently been built there; and the experiments of Colonel Harte seem to demonstrate that, even if there occur severe frosts in the early winter, there is no sort of need, therefore, of losing the orange crop. His agent showed us oranges round and fair that had been kept three months in moss in this fruit-house, and looking as fresh and glossy as those upon the trees. This, if proved by experience, always possible, does away with the only uncertainty relating to the orange crop. Undoubtedly the fruit is far better to continue all winter on the trees, and be gathered from time to time as wanted, as has always been the practice in Florida. But, with fruit-houses and moss, it will be possible, in case of a threatened fall of temperature, to secure

the crop. The oranges that come to us from Malaga and Sicily are green as grass when gathered and packed, and ripen, as much as they do ripen, on the voyage over. We should suppose the oranges of Florida might be gathered much nearer ripe in the fall, ripen in the house or on the way, and still be far better than any from the foreign market. On this point fruit-growers are now instituting experiments, which, we trust, will make this delicious crop certain as it is abundant.

Sailing back across the water, we landed, and were conveyed to the winter country seat of a Brooklyn gentleman, who is with great enthusiasm cultivating a place there. It was almost dark; and we could only hear of his gardens and grounds and improvements, not see them. In the morning, before the boat left the landing, he took us a hasty drive around the streets of the little village. It is an unusually pretty, attractive-looking place for a Florida settlement. One reason for this is, that the streets and vacant lots are covered with a fine green turf, which, at a distance, looks like our New England grass. It is a mixture of Bermuda grass with a variety of herbage, and has just as good general effect as if it were the best red-top.

There are several fine residences in and around Pilatka, — mostly winter seats of Northern settlers. The town has eight stores, which do a business for all the surrounding country for miles. It has two large hotels, several boarding-houses, two churches, two steam sawmills, and is the headquarters for the steamboats of the upper St. John's and its tributaries. Four or five steamers from different quarters are often stopping at its wharf at a time. The Dictator and City Point, from Charleston, run to this place outside by the ocean passage, and, entering the mouth of the St. John's, stop at Jacksonville by the way. The Nick King and Lizzie Baker, in like manner, make what is called the inside trip, skimming through the network of islands

that line the coast, and bringing up at the same points. Then there are the river lines continually plying between Jacksonville and this place, and the small boats that run weekly to the Ocklawaha: all these make Pilatka a busy, lively, and important place.

With Pilatka the interest of our return voyage finished. With Green Cove Springs, Magnolia, Hibernia, at all of which we touched on our way back, we were already familiar; and the best sight of all was the cottage under the oaks, to which we gladly returned.

XIX

OLD CUDJO AND THE ANGEL

The little wharf at Mandarin is a tiny abutment into the great blue sea of the St. John's waters, five miles in width. The opposite shores gleam out blue in the vanishing distance; and the small wharf is built so far out that one feels there as in a boat at sea. Here, trundled down on the truck along a descending tramway, come the goods which at this point await shipment on some of the many steamboats which ply back and forth upon the river; and here are landed by almost every steamer goods and chattels for the many families which are hidden in the shadows of the forests that clothe the river's shore. In sight are scarce a dozen houses, all told; but far back, for a radius of ten or fifteen miles, are scattered farmhouses whence come tributes of produce to this point. Hundreds of barrels of oranges, boxes of tomatoes and early vegetables, grapes, peaches, and pomegranates, here pause on their way to the Jacksonville market.

One morning, as the Professor and I were enjoying our morning stroll on the little wharf, an unusual sight met our eye, — a bale of cotton, long and large, pressed hard and solid as iron, and done up and sewed in a wholly workman-

like manner that excited our surprise. It was the first time since we had been in Mandarin — a space of some four or five years — that we had ever seen a bale of cotton on that wharf. Yet the whole soil of East Florida is especially adapted not only to the raising of cotton, but of the peculiar long-staple cotton which commands the very highest market price. But for two or three years past the annual ravages of the cotton-worm had been so discouraging that the culture of cotton had been abandoned in despair. Whence, then, had come that most artistic bale of cotton, so well pressed, so trim and tidy, and got up altogether in so superior a style ?

Standing by it on the wharf was an aged negro, misshapen, and almost deformed. He was thin and bony, and his head and beard were grizzled with age. He was black as night itself; and but for a glittering, intellectual eye, he might have been taken for a big baboon, — the missing link of Darwin. To him spoke the Professor, giving a punch with his cane upon the well-packed, solid bale: —

"Why, this is splendid cotton! Where did it come from? Who raised it?"

"*We* raise it, sah, — me 'n' dis yer boy," pointing to a middle-aged black man beside him; "we raise it."

"Where?"

"Oh! out he'yr a piece."

A lounging white man, never wanting on a wharf, here interposed: —

"Oh! this is old Cudjo. He lives up Julington. He's an honest old fellow."

Now, we had heard of this settlement up Julington some two or three years before. A party of negroes from South Carolina and Georgia had been induced to come into Florida and take up a tract of government land. Some white man in whom they all put confidence had undertaken for them the task of getting their respective allotments sur-

veyed and entered for them, so that they should have a solid basis of land to work upon. Here, then, they settled down, and, finding accidentally that a small central lot was not inclosed in any of the allotments, they took it as an indication that there was to be their church, and accordingly erected there a prayer booth, where they could hold those weekly prayer meetings which often seem to the negroes to take the place of all other recreations. The neighboring farmers were not particularly well disposed towards the little colony. The native Floridian farmer is a quiet, peaceable being, not at all disposed to infringe the rights of others, and mainly anxious for peace and quietness. But they supposed that a stampede of negroes from Georgia and Carolina meant trouble for them, meant depredations upon their cattle and poultry, and regarded it with no friendly eye; yet, nevertheless, they made no demonstration against it. Under these circumstances, the new colony had gone to work with untiring industry. They had built log cabins and barns; they had split rails and fenced in their land; they had planted orange-trees; they had cleared acres of the scrub-palmetto, — and any one that ever has seen what it is to clear up an acre of scrub-palmetto will best appreciate the meaning of that toil. Only those black men, with sinews of steel and nerves of wire, — men who grow stronger and more vigorous under those burning suns that wither the white men, — are competent to the task.

But old Cudjo had at last brought his land from the wild embrace of the snaky scrub-palmetto to the point of bearing a bale of cotton like the one on the wharf. He had subdued the savage earth, brought her under, and made her tributary to his will, and demonstrated what the soil of East Florida might, could, and would do, the cotton-worm to the contrary notwithstanding.

And yet this morning he stood by his cotton, drooping and dispossessed. The white man that had engaged to take

up land for these colonists had done his work in such a slovenly, imperfect manner that another settler, a foreigner, had taken up a tract which passed right through old Cudjo's farm, and taken the land on which he had spent four years of hard work, — taken his log cabin and barn and young trees, and the very piece that he had just brought to bearing that bale of cotton. And there he stood by it, mournful and patient. It was only a continuation of what he had always experienced, — always oppressed, always robbed and cheated. Old Cudjo was making the best of it in trying to ship his bale of cotton, which was all that was left of four years' toil.

"What!" said the Professor to him, "are you the old man that has been turned out by that foreigner?"

"Yes, sah!" he said, his little black eyes kindling, and quivering from head to foot with excitement. "He take ebryt'ing, ebryt'ing, — my house I built myself, my fences, and more 'n t'ree t'ousand rails I split myself: he take 'em all!"

There is always some bitter spot in a great loss that is sorer than the rest. Those rails evidently cut Cudjo to the heart. The "t'ree t'ousand rails" kept coming in in his narrative as the utter and unbearable aggravation of injustice.

"I split 'em myself, sah; *ebry one*, t'ree t'ousand rails! and he take 'em all!"

"And won't he allow you anything?"

"No, sah; he won't 'low me not'ing. He say, 'Get along with you! don't know not'ing 'bout *you!* dis yer land mine.' I tell him, '*You* don't know old Cudjo, but de Lord know him; and by'm by, when de angel Gabriel come and put one foot on de sea and t' odder on de land, and blow de trumpet, he blow once for old Cudjo! You mind now!'"

This was not merely spoken, but acted. The old black

kindled, and stepped off in pantomime. He put, as it were, one foot on the sea and the other on the land; he raised his cane trumpet-wise to his mouth. It was all as vivid as reality to him.

None of the images of the Bible are more frequent, favorite, and operative among the black race than this. You hear it over and over in every prayer meeting. It is sung in wild chorus in many a "spiritual." The great angel Gabriel, the trumpet, the mighty pomp of a last judgment, has been the appeal of thousands of wronged, crushed, despairing hearts through ages of oppression. Faith in God's justice, faith in a final triumph of right over wrong, a practical faith, — such had been the attainment of this poor, old, deformed black. That and his bale of cotton were all he had to show for a life's labor. He had learned two things in his world lesson, — work and faith. He had learned the power of practical industry in things possible to man; he had learned the sublimer power of faith in God for things impossible.

. . . . . .

Well, of course we were indignant enough about poor old Cudjo; but we feared that the distant appeal of the angel, and the last trump, was all that remained to him; and, to our lesser faith, that seemed a long way to look for justice.

But redress was nearer than we imagined. Old Cudjo's patient industry and honest work had wrought favor among his white neighbors. He had lived down the prejudice with which the settlement had first been regarded; for, among quiet, honest people like the Floridians, it is quite possible to live down prejudice. A neighboring justice of the peace happened to have an acquaintance in Washington, from this very district, acquainted with all the land and land-titles. He wrote to this man an account of the case, and he interested himself for old Cudjo. He went to the land-office to investigate the matter. He found that, in both cases, cer-

tain formalities necessary to constitute a legal entrance had been omitted, and he fulfilled for old Cudjo these formalities, thus settling his title; and, moreover, he sent legal papers by which the sheriff of the county was enabled to do him justice; and so old Cudjo was reinstated in his rights.

The Professor met him, sparkling and jubilant, on the wharf once more.

"Well, Cudjo, 'de angel' blew for you quicker than you expected."

He laughed all over. "Ye', haw, haw! Yes, massa." Then, with his usual histrionic vigor, he acted over the scene. "De sheriff, he come down dere. He tell dat man, 'You go right off he'yr. Don't you touch none dem rails. Don't you take one chip, — not one chip. Don't you take' — Haw, haw, haw!" Then he added, —

"He come to me, sah; he say, 'Cudjo, what you take for your land?' He say he gib me two hunder dollars. I tell him, 'Dat too cheap; dat all too cheap.' He say, 'Cudjo, what will you take?' I say, 'I take ten t'ousand million dollars! dat 's what I take.' Haw, haw, haw!"

XX

THE LABORERS OF THE SOUTH

Who shall do the work for us? is the inquiry in this new State, where there are marshes to be drained, forests to be cut down, palmetto plains to be grubbed up, and all under the torrid heats of a tropical sun.

"Chinese," say some; "Swedes," say others; "Germans," others.

But let us look at the facts before our face and eyes.

The thermometer, for these three days past, has risen over ninety every day. No white man that we know of dares stay in the fields later than ten o'clock; then he re-

tires under shade to take some other and less-exposing work. The fine white sand is blistering hot: one might fancy that an egg would cook, as on Mt. Vesuvius, by simply burying it in the sand. Yet the black laborers whom we leave in the field pursue their toil, if anything, more actively, more cheerfully, than during the cooler months. The sun awakes all their vigor and all their boundless jollity. When their nooning-time comes, they sit down, not in the shade, but in some good hot place in the sand, and eat their lunch, and then stretch out, hot and comfortable, to take their noon siesta with the full glare of the sun upon them. Down in the swamp-land near our house we have watched old Simon as from hour to hour he drove his wheelbarrow, heavy with blocks of muck, up a steep bank, and deposited it. "Why, Simon!" we say; "how *can* you work so this hot weather?"

The question provokes an explosion of laughter. "Yah, hah, ho, ho, ho, misse! It be hot; dat so: ho, ho, ho!"

"How *can* you work so? I can't even think how you can do such hard work under such a sun."

"Dat so; ho, ho! Ladies can't; no, dey can't, bless you, ma'am!" And Simon trundles off with his barrow, chuckling in his might; comes up with another load, throws it down, and chuckles again. A little laugh goes a great way with Simon; for a boiling spring of animal content is ever welling up within.

One tremendously hot day, we remember our steamer stopping at Fernandina. Owing to the state of the tide, the wharf was eight or ten feet above the boat; and the plank made a steep inclined plane, down which a mountain of multifarious freight was to be shipped on our boat. A gang of negroes, great, brawny, muscular fellows, seemed to make a perfect frolic of this job, which, under such a sun, would have threatened sunstroke to any white man. How they ran and shouted and jabbered, and sweated their shirts

through, as one after another received on their shoulders great bags of cottonseed, or boxes and bales, and ran down the steep plane with them into the boat! At last a low, squat giant of a fellow, with the limbs and muscles of a great dray-horse, placed himself in front of a large truck, and made his fellows pile it high with cotton-bags; then, holding back with a prodigious force, he took the load steadily down the steep plane till within a little of the bottom, when he dashed suddenly forward and landed it half across the boat. This feat of gigantic strength he repeated again and again, running up each time apparently as fresh as if nothing had happened, shouting, laughing, drinking quarts of water, and sweating like a river-god. Never was harder work done in a more jolly spirit.

Now, when one sees such sights as these, one may be pardoned for thinking that the negro is the natural laborer of tropical regions. He is immensely strong; he thrives and flourishes physically under a temperature that exposes a white man to disease and death. The malarial fevers that bear so hard on the white race have far less effect on the negro; it is rare that they have what are called here the "shakes;" and they increase and multiply, and bear healthy children, in situations where the white race deteriorate and grow sickly.

On this point we had an interesting conversation with a captain employed in the Government Coast Survey. The duties of this survey involve much hard labor, exposure to the fiercest extremes of tropical temperature, and sojourning and traveling in swamps and lagoons, often most deadly to the white race. For this reason, he manned his vessel with a crew composed entirely of negroes; and he informed us that the result had been perfectly satisfactory. The negro constitution enabled them to undergo with less suffering and danger the severe exposure and toils of the enterprise; and the gayety and good nature which belonged to the race

made their toils seem to sit lighter upon them than upon a given number of white men. He had known them, after a day of heavy exposure, traveling through mud and swamps, and cutting saw-grass, which wounds like a knife, to sit down at evening and sing songs and play on the banjo, laugh and tell stories, in the very best of spirits. He furthermore valued them for their docility, and perfect subjection to discipline. He announced strict rules, forbidding all drunkenness and profanity, and he never found a difficulty in enforcing these rules: their obedience and submission were perfect. When this gentleman was laid up with an attack of fever in St. Augustine, his room was beset by anxious negro mammies, relations of his men, bringing fruits, flowers, and delicacies of their compounding for "the captain." Those who understand and know how to treat the negroes seldom have reason to complain of their ingratitude.

But it is said by Northern men, who come down with Northern habits of labor, that the negro is inefficient as a laborer.

It is to be conceded that the influence of climate and constitution, and the past benumbing influences of slavery, do make the habits of Southern laborers very different from the habits of Northern men, accustomed, by the shortness of summer and the length of winter, to set the utmost value on their working-time.

In the South, where growth goes on all the year round, there really is no need of that intense, driving energy and vigilance in the use of time that are needed in the short summers of the North: an equal amount can be done with less labor.

But the Northern man, when he first arrives, before he has proved the climate, looks with impatient scorn on what seems to him the slow, shilly-shally style in which both black and white move on. It takes an attack of malarial

fever or two to teach him that he cannot labor the day through, under a tropical sun, as he can in the mountains of New Hampshire. After a shake or two of this kind, he comes to be thankful if he can hire Cudjoe or Pompey to plough and hoe in his fields through the blazing hours, even though they do not plough and hoe with all the alacrity of Northern farmers.

It is also well understood that, in taking negro laborers, we have to take men and women who have been educated under a system the very worst possible for making good, efficient, careful, or honest laborers. Take any set of white men, and put them for two or three generations under the same system of work without wages, forbid them legal marriage and secure family ties, and we will venture to predict that they would come out of the ordeal a much worse set than the Southern laborers are.

We have had in our own personal experience pretty large opportunities of observation. Immediately after the war, two young New England men hired the Mackintosh Plantation, opposite to Mandarin, on the west bank of the St. John's River. It was in old times the model plantation of Florida, employing seven hundred negroes, raising sugar, rice, Sea-Island cotton. There was upon it a whole village of well-built, comfortable negro houses, — as well built and comfortable as those of any of the white small farmers around. There was a planter's house; a schoolhouse, with chambers for the accommodation of a teacher, who was to instruct the planter's children. There were barns, and a cotton-gin and storehouse, a sugar-house, a milk and dairy house, an oven, and a kitchen; each separate buildings. There were some two or three hundred acres of cleared land, fit for the raising of cotton. This whole estate had been hired by these young men on the principle of sharing half the profits with the owner. After they had carried it on one year, some near relatives became partners, and then we

were frequent visitors there. About thirty laboring families were employed upon the place. These were from different, more northern States, who had drifted downward after the Emancipation Act to try the new luxury of being free to choose their own situation and seek their own fortune. Some were from Georgia, some from South and some from North Carolina, and some from New Orleans; in fact, the débris of slavery, washed together in the tide of emancipation. Such as they were, they were a fair specimen of the Southern negro as slavery had made and left him.

The system pursued with them was not either patronizing or sentimental. The object was to put them at once on the ground of free white men and women, and to make their labor profitable to their employers. They were taught the nature of a contract; and their agreements with their employers were all drawn up in writing and explained to them. The terms were, a certain monthly sum of money, rations for the month, rent of cottage, and privileges of milk from the dairy. One of the most efficient and intelligent was appointed to be foreman of the plantation, and he performed the work of old performed by a driver. He divided the hands into gangs; appointed their places in the field; settled any difficulties between them; and, in fact, was an overseer of the detail. Like all uneducated people, the negroes are great conservatives. They clung to the old ways of working, — to the gang, the driver, and the old field arrangements, — even where one would have thought another course easier and wiser.

In the dim gray of the morning, Mose blew his horn; and all turned out and worked their two or three hours without breakfast, and then came back to their cabins to have corncake made, and pork fried, and breakfast prepared. We suggested that the New England manner of an early breakfast would be more to the purpose, but were met by the difficulty, nay, almost impossibility, of making the

negroes work in any but the routine to which they had been accustomed. But in this routine they worked honestly, cheerfully, and with a will. They had the fruits of their labors constantly in hand, in the form either of rations or wages; and there appeared to be much sober content therewith.

On inquiry it was found that, though living in all respectability in families, the parties were, many of them, not legally married; and an attempt was made to induce them to enter into holy orders. But the men seemed to regard this as the imposing of a yoke beyond what they could bear. Mose said he had one wife in Virginny and one in Carliny; and how did he know which of 'em he should like best? Mandy, on the female side, objected that she could not be married yet for want of a white lace veil, which she seemed to consider essential to the ceremony. The survey of Mandy in her stuff gown and cowhide boots, with her man's hat on, following the mule with the plough, brought rather ludicrous emotions in connection with this want of a white veil.

Nevertheless the legal marriages were few among them. They lived faithfully in their respective family relations; and they did their work, on the whole, effectively and cheerfully. Their only amusement, after working all day, seemed to be getting together and holding singing and prayer meetings, which they often did to a late hour of the night. We used to sit and hear them, after ten or eleven o'clock, singing and praying and exhorting with the greatest apparent fervor. There were one or two of what are called preachers among them, — men with a natural talent for stringing words together, and with fine voices. As a matter of curiosity, we once sat outside, when one of these meetings was going on, to hear what it was like.

The exhortation seemed to consist in a string of solemn-sounding words and phrases, images borrowed from Scripture,

scraps of hymns, and now and then a morsel that seemed like a Roman Catholic tradition about the Virgin Mary and Jesus. The most prominent image, however, was that of the angel, and the blowing of the last trumpet. At intervals, amid the flying cloud of images and words, came round something about Gabriel and the last trump, somewhat as follows: "And he will say, 'Gabriel, Gabriel, blow your trump; take it cool and easy, cool and easy, Gabriel: dey 's all bound for to come.' "

This idea of taking even the blowing of the last trump cool and easy seemed to be so like the general negro style of attending to things, that it struck me as quite refreshing. As to singing, the most doleful words with the most lugubrious melodies seemed to be in favor.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,"

was a special favorite. With eyes shut and mouth open, they would pour out a perfect storm of minor-keyed melody on poor old Dr. Watts's hymn, mispronouncing every word, till the old doctor himself could not have told whether they were singing English or Timbuctoo.

Yet all this was done with a fervor and earnest solemnity that seemed to show that they found something in it, whether we could or not: who shall say? A good old mammy we used to know found great refreshment in a hymn the chorus of which was, —

"Bust the bonds of dust and thunder;
Bring salvation from on high."

Undoubtedly the words suggested to her very different ideas from what they did to us, for she obstinately refused to have them exchanged for good English. But when the enlightened, wise, liberal, and refined for generations have found edification and spiritual profit from a service chanted in an unknown tongue, who shall say that the poor negroes of our plantation did not derive real spiritual benefit from their night services? It was at least an aspiration, a

reaching and longing for something above animal and physical good, a recognition of God and immortality, and a future beyond this earth, vague and indefinite though it were.

As to the women, they were all of the class born and bred as field hands. They were many of them as strong as men, could plough and chop and cleave with the best, and were held to be among the best field laborers; but, in all household affairs, they were as rough and unskilled as might be expected. To mix meal, water, and salt into a hoecake, and to fry salt pork or ham or chicken, was the extent of their knowledge of cooking; and as to sewing, it is a fortunate thing that the mild climate requires very slight covering. All of them practiced, rudely, cutting, fitting, and making of garments to cover their children; but we could see how hard was their task, after working all day in the field, to come home and get the meals, and then, after that, have the family sewing to do. In our view, woman never was made to do the work which supports the family; and, if she do it, the family suffers more for want of the mother's vitality expended in work than it gains in the wages she receives. Some of the brightest and most intelligent negro men begin to see this, and to remove their wives from field labor; but on the plantation, as we saw it, the absence of the mother all day from home was the destruction of any home life or improvement.

Yet, with all this, the poor things, many of them, showed a most affecting eagerness to be taught to read and write. We carried down and distributed a stock of spelling-books among them, which they eagerly accepted, and treasured with a sort of superstitious veneration; and Sundays, and evenings after work, certain of them would appear with them in hand, and earnestly beg to be taught. Alas! we never felt so truly what the loss and wrong is of being deprived of early education as when we saw how hard, how

almost hopeless, is the task of acquisition in mature life. When we saw the sweat start upon these black faces, as our pupils puzzled and blundered over the strange cabalistic forms of the letters, we felt a discouraged pity. What a dreadful piece of work the reading of the English language is! Which of us would not be discouraged beginning the alphabet at forty?

After we left, the same scholars were wont to surround one of the remaining ladies. Sometimes the evening would be so hot and oppressive, she would beg to be excused. "O misse, but two of us will fan you all the time!" And "misse" could not but yield to the plea.

One of the most dreaded characters on the place was the dairywoman and cook Minnah. She had been a field hand in North Carolina, and worked at cutting down trees, grubbing land, and mauling rails. She was a tall, lank, powerfully built woman, with a pair of arms like windmill sails, and a tongue that never hesitated to speak her mind to high or low. Democracy never assumes a more rampant form than in some of these old negresses, who would say their screed to the king on his throne if they died for it the next minute. Accordingly, Minnah's back was all marked and scored with the tyrant's answers to free speech. Her old master was accustomed to reply to her unpleasant observations by stretching her over a log, staking down her hands and feet, and flaying her alive, as a most convincing style of argument. For all that, Minnah was neither broken nor humbled: she still asserted her rights as a human being to talk to any other human being as seemed to her good and proper, and many an amusing specimen of this she gave us. Minnah had learned to do up gentlemen's shirts passably, to iron and to cook after a certain fashion, to make butter, and do some other household tasks; and so, before the wives of the gentlemen arrived on the place, she had been selected as a sort of general housekeeper and manager indoors; and,

as we arrived on the ground first, we found Minnah in full command, — the only female presence in the house.

It was at the close of a day in May, corresponding to our August, that Mrs. F—— and baby and myself, with sundry bales of furniture and household stuff, arrived at the place. We dropped down in a lazy little sailboat which had lain half the day becalmed, with the blue, hazy shores on either side melting into indefinite distance, and cast anchor far out in the stream, and had to be rowed in a smaller boat to the long wharf that stretched far out into the waters. Thence, in the thickening twilight, we ascended, passed through the belt of forest trees that overhung the shore, and crossed the wide fields of fine white sand devoted to the raising of cotton. The planter's house was a one-story cottage, far in the distance, rising up under the shelter of a lofty tuft of Spanish oaks.

Never shall we forget the impression of weird and almost ludicrous dreariness which took possession of us as Mrs. F—— and myself sat down in the wide veranda of the one-story cottage to wait for the gentlemen, who had gone down to assist in landing our trunks and furniture. The black laborers were coming up from the field; and, as one and another passed by, they seemed blacker, stranger, and more dismal than anything we had ever seen.

The women wore men's hats and boots, and had the gait and stride of men; but now and then an old hooped petticoat, or some cast-off, thin, bedraggled garment that had once been fine, told the tale of sex, and had a woefully funny effect.

As we sat waiting, Minnah loomed up upon us in the twilight veranda like a gaunt Libyan sibyl, walking round and round, surveying us with apparent curiosity, and responding to all our inquiries as to who and what she was by a peculiarly uncanny chuckle. It appeared to amuse her extremely that Mr. F—— had gone off and left the pantry

locked up, so that she could not get us any supper, we being faint and almost famished with our day's sail. The sight of a white baby dressed in delicate white robes, with lace and embroidery, also appeared greatly to excite her; and she stalked round and round with a curious simmer of giggle, appearing and disappearing at uncertain intervals, like a black sprite, during the mortal hour and a half that it cost our friends to land the goods from the vessel.

After a while, some supper was got for us in a wide, desolate apartment, fitted up with a small cooking-stove in the corner.

Never shall we forget the experience of endeavoring to improvise a corncake the next morning for breakfast. We went into the room, and found the table standing just as we had left it the night before, — not a dish washed, not a thing done in the way of clearing. On inquiring for Minnah, she was gone out to milking. It appeared that there were sixteen cows to be milked before her return. A little colored girl stood ready to wait on us with ample good nature.

"Lizzie," said we, "have you corn meal?"

"Oh, yes 'm!" and she brought it just as the corn had been ground, with the bran unsifted.

"A sieve, Lizzie."

It was brought.

"A clean pan, Lizzie. Quick!"

"All right," said Lizzie; "let me get a pail of water." The water was to be drawn from a deep well in the yard. That done, Lizzie took a pan, went out the door, produced a small bit of rag, and rinsed the pan, dashing the contents upon the sand.

"Lizzie, have n't you any dish-cloth?"

"No 'm."

"No towels?"

"No 'm."

"Do you always wash dishes this way?"

"Yes' m."

"Well, then, wash this spoon and these two bake-pans."

Lizzie, good-natured and zealous as the day is long, bent over her pail, and slopped and scrubbed with her bit of rag.

"Now for a pan of sour milk," said we.

It was brought, with saleratus and other condiments, and the cake was made.

But, on examination, the flues of the little cooking-stove were so choked with the resinous soot of the lightwood which had been used in it, that it would scarcely draw at all, and the baking did not progress as in our nice Stuart stove in our Northern home. Still the whole experience was so weirdly original that, considering this was only a picnic excursion, we rather enjoyed it.

When we came to unpack china and crockery and carpets, bureau and bedsteads and dressing-glass, Minnah's excitement knew no bounds. Evidently she considered these articles (cast-off remnants of our Northern home) as the height of splendor.

When our upper chamber was matted, and furnished with white curtains and shades, and bed, chairs, and dressing-glass, Minnah came in to look, and her delight was boundless.

"Dear me! O Lord, O Lord!" she exclaimed, turning round and round. "Dese yer Northern ladies, — they hes everything, and they does everything!"

More especially was she taken with the pictures we hung on the walls. Before one of these (Raphael's Madonna of the Veil) Minnah knelt down in a kind of ecstatic trance, and thus delivered herself: —

"O good Lord! if there ain't de Good Man when he was a baby! How harmless he lies there! so innocent! And here we be, we wicked sinners, turning our backs on him, and going to the Old Boy. O Lord, O Lord! we ought to be better than we be: we sartin ought."

This invocation came forth with streaming tears in the most natural way in the world; and Minnah seemed, for the time being, perfectly subdued. It is only one of many instances we have seen of the overpowering influence of works of art on the impressible nervous system of the negro.

But it is one thing to have an amusing and picturesque specimen of a human being, as Minnah certainly was, and another to make one useful in the traces of domestic life.

As the first white ladies upon the ground, Mrs. F—— and myself had the task of organizing this barbaric household, and of bringing it into the forms of civilized life. We commenced with the washing.

Before the time of our coming, it had been customary for the gentlemen to give their washing into the hands of Minnah or Judy, to be done at such times and in such form and manner as best suited them. The manner which *did* suit them best was to put all the articles to soak indefinitely in soapsuds till such time as to them seemed good. On being pressed for some particular article, and roundly scolded by any of the proprietors, they would get up a shirt, a pair of drawers, a collar or two, with abundant promises for the rest when they had time.

The helpless male individuals of the establishment had no refuge from the feminine ruses and expedients, and the fifty incontrovertible reasons which were always on hand to prove to them that things could be done no other way than just as they were done; and in fact found it easier to get their washing back again by blandishments than by bullying.

We ladies announced a regular washing-day, and endeavored to explain it to our kitchen cabinet; our staff consisting of Minnah and Judy, detailed for house service.

Judy was a fat, lazy, crafty, roly-poly negress, the Florida wife of the foreman Mose, and devoted to his will and pleasure in hopes to supplant the "Virginny" and "Carliny"

wives. Judy said yes to everything we proposed; but Minnah was "kinky" and argumentative; but finally, when we represented to her that the proposed arrangement was customary in good Northern society, she gave her assent.

We first proceeded to make a barrel of soda washing-soap in a great iron sugar-kettle which stood out under the figtrees, and which had formerly been used for evaporating sugar. Minnah took the greatest interest in the operation, and, when the soap was finished, took the boiling liquid in pailfuls, setting them on the top of her head, and marching off to the barrel in the house with them, without ever lifting a finger.

We screamed after her in horror, —

"Minnah, Minnah! If that should fall, it would kill you!"

A laugh of barbaric exultation was the only response, as she actually persisted in carrying pailful after pailful of scalding soap on her head till all was disposed of.

The next day the washing was all brought out under the trees and sorted, Mrs. F —— and myself presiding; and soon Minnah and Judy were briskly engaged at their respective tubs. For half an hour "all went merry as a marriage-bell." Judy was about half through her first tubful when Mose came back from his morning turn in the fields, and summoned her to come home and get his breakfast. With Judy's very leisurely and promiscuous habits of doing business, this took her away for half the forenoon. Meanwhile Minnah murmured excessively at being left alone, and more especially at the continuous nature of the task.

Such a heap of clothes to be washed *all in one day!* It was a mountain of labor in Minnah's imagination, and it took all our eloquence and our constant presence to keep her in good humor. We kept at Minnah as the only means of keeping her at her work.

But, after all, it was no bad picnic to spend a day in the open air in the golden springtime of Florida. The birds were

singing from every covert; the air was perfectly intoxicating in its dreamy softness; and so we spread a camp for the baby, who was surrounded by a retinue of little giggling, adoring negroes, and gave ourselves up to the amusement of the scene. Our encampment was under the broad leaves of a group of figtrees; and we hung our clothes to dry on the sharp thorns of a gigantic clump of *Yucca gloriosa*, which made an admirable clothes-frame.

By night, with chuckling admiration, Minnah surveyed a great basketful of clean clothes, — all done in one day.

The next day came the lesson on ironing; and the only means of securing Minnah and Judy to constant work at the ironing-table was the exercise of our own individual powers of entertainment and conversation. We had our own table, and ironed with them; and all went well till Judy remembered she had to make preparations for Mose's dinner, and deserted. Minnah kept up some time longer; till finally, when we went in the next room on an errand, she improved the opportunity to desert. On returning, we saw Minnah's place vacant, a half-finished shirt lying drying on the table.

Searching and calling, we at last discovered her far in the distance, smoking her pipe, and lolling tranquilly over the fence of a small inclosure where were sixteen calves shut up together, so that maternal longings might bring the cow mothers home to them at night.

"Why, Minnah, what are you doing?" we said as we came up breathless.

"Laws, missis, I wanted to feed my calves. I jest happened to think on 't." And forthwith she turned, started to the barn, and came back with a perfect haymow on her head. Then, crossing the fence into the inclosure, she proceeded to make division of the same among the calves, who tumultuously surrounded her. She patted one and cuffed another, and labored in a most maternal style to make them

share their commons equally; laughing in full content of heart, and appearing to have forgotten her ironing-table and all about it.

It was in vain to talk. "She was tired ironing. Did anybody ever hear of doing up all one's things in a day? Besides, she wanted to see her calves: she felt just like it." And Minnah planted her elbows on the fence, and gazed and smoked and laughed, and talked baby-talk to her calves, till we were quite provoked; yet we could not help laughing. In fact, long before that day was done, we were out of breath, used up and exhausted with the strain of getting the work out of Minnah. It was the more tantalizing, as she *could* do with a fair amount of skill anything she pleased, and could easily have done the whole in a day had she chosen.

It is true, she was droll enough, in a literary and artistic view, to make one's fortune in a magazine or story; but, when one had a house to manage, a practical humorist is less in point than in some other places.

The fact was, Minnah, like all other women bred to the fields, abominated housework like a man. She could do here and there, and by fits and starts and snatches; but to go on in anything like a regular domestic routine was simply disgusting in her eyes. So, after a short period of struggle, it was agreed that Minnah was to go back to field work, where she was one of the most valuable hands; and a trained house servant was hired from Jacksonville.

Minnah returned to the field with enthusiasm. We heard her swinging her long arms, and shouting to her gang, "Come on, den, boys and gals! I'm for the fields! I was born, I was raised, I was fairly begot, in de fields; and I don't want none o' your housework."

In time we obtained a cook from Jacksonville, trained, accomplished, neat, who made beautiful bread, biscuit, and rolls, and was a comfort to our souls. But this phœnix was

soon called for by the wants of the time, and was worth more than we could give, and went from us to enjoy forty dollars per month as cook in a hotel.

Such has been the good fortune of all the well-trained house servants since emancipation. They command their own price. The untrained plantation hands and their children are and will be just what education may make them.

The education which comes to them from the State from being free men and voters, able to make contracts, choose locations, and pursue their own course like other men, is a great deal; and it is operating constantly and efficaciously.

We give the judgment of a practical farmer accustomed to hire laborers at the North and the South; and, as a result of five years' experiment on this subject, he says that the negro laborer, *carefully looked after*, is as good as any that can be hired at the North. In some respects they are better. As a class they are more obedient, better-natured, more joyous, and easily satisfied.

The question as to whether, on the whole, the negroes are valuable members of society, and increasing the material wealth of the State, is best answered by the returns of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, — an institution under the patronage of government. The report of this institution for the year 1872 is before us, and from this it appears that negro laborers in the different Southern States have deposited with this trust company this year the sum of THIRTY-ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE DOLLARS.

The report also shows that, year by year, the amount deposited has increased. Thus, in 1867, it was only $1,624,883; in 1868 it was three million odd; in 1869 it was seven million and odd; in 1870, twelve million and odd; in 1871, nineteen million and odd.

These results are conclusive to the fact that, as a body,

the Southern laborers are a thrifty, industrious, advancing set; and such as they are proved by the large evidence of these figures, such we have observed them in our more limited experience.

Our negro laborers, with all the inevitable defects of imperfect training, ignorance, and the negligent habits induced by slavery, have still been, as a whole, satisfactory laborers. They keep their contracts, do their work, and save their earnings. We could point to more than one black family about us steadily growing up to competence by industry and saving.

All that is wanted to supply the South with a set of the most desirable skilled laborers is simply education. The negro children are bright; they can be taught anything; and if the whites, who cannot bear tropical suns and fierce extremes, neglect to educate a docile race who both can and will bear it for them, they throw away their best chance of success in a most foolish manner. No community that properly and carefully educates the negro children now growing up need complain of having an idle, thriftless, dishonest population about them. Common schools ought to prevent that. The teaching in the common schools ought to be largely industrial, and do what it can to prepare the children to get a living by doing something well. Practical sewing, cutting and fitting, for girls, and the general principles of agriculture for boys, might be taught with advantage.

The negroes are largely accused of being thievish and dishonest. *A priori* we should expect that they would be so. We should imagine that to labor without wages for generations, in a state of childish dependence, would so confuse every idea of right and wrong that the negro would be a hopeless thief.

Our own experience, however, is due in justice to those we have known.

On the first plantation, as we have said, were about

thirty families from all the different Southern States. It might be supposed that they were a fair sample.

Now as to facts. It was the habit of the family to go to bed nights and leave the house doors unlocked, and often standing wide open. The keys that locked the provisions hung up in a very accessible place, and yet no robbery was ever committed. We used to set the breakfast-table over night, and leave it with all the silver upon it, yet lost nothing.

In our own apartment we put our rings and pins on our toilet cushions, as had been our habit. We had bits of bright calico and ribbons, and other attractive articles, lying about; and the girl that did the chamberwork was usually followed by a tribe of little curious, observing negroes: and yet we never missed so much as a shred of calico. Neither was this because they did not want them; for the gift of a strip of calico or ribbon would throw them into raptures: it was simply that they did not steal.

Again: nothing is more common, when we visit at the North, than to have the complaint made that fruit is stolen out of gardens. We have had people tell us that the vexation of having fruit carried off was so great that it took away all the pleasure of a garden.

Now, no fruit is more beautiful, more tempting, than the orange. We live in an orange grove surrounded by negroes, and yet never have any trouble of this kind. We have often seen bags of fine oranges lying all night under the trees, and yet never have we met with any perceptible loss. Certainly it is due to the negroes that we have known to say that they are above the average of many in the lower classes at the North for honesty.

We have spoken now for the average negro: what we have said is by no means the best that can with truth be said of the finer specimens among them. We know some whose dignity of character, delicacy, good principle, and

generosity are admirable, and more to be admired because these fine traits have come up under the most adverse circumstances.

In leaving this subject, we have only to repeat our conviction that the prosperity of the more Southern States must depend, in a large degree, on the right treatment and education of the negro population.

Date Due

Stowe, Harriet Elizabeth.

Writings.

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